

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

(From the Atlantic Monthly for November.)
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[The narrative to which this note is introductory was found among the papers of the late Professor R. B. Rastus Larabee, and as an acquaintance of the gentleman to whom they were bequeathed, I was requested to prepare it for publication. This turned out a very easy task, for the document proved of so extraordinary a character that it published at all, it should obviously be without change. It appears that the professor did really, at one time in his life, have an attack of vertigo, or something of the sort, under circumstances similar to those described by him, and to that extent his narrative may be founded on fact. How soon it shifts from that foundation, or whether it does at all, the reader must conclude for himself. It appears certain that the professor never related to any one, while living, the strange features of the experience here narrated, but this might have been merely from fear that his standing as a man of science would be thereby injured.—Edmund Bellamy.]

THE PROFESSOR'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the experience of which I am about to write, I was professor of astronomy and higher mathematics at Abercrombie College. Most astronomers have a specialty, and mine was the study of the planet Mars, our nearest neighbor but one in the Sun's little family. When no important celestial phenomena in other quarters demanded attention, it was on the ruddy disc of Mars that my telescope was oftentimes focused. I was never weary of tracing the outlines of its continents and seas, its capes and islands, its bays and straits, its lakes and mountains. With intense interest I watched from week to week of the Martian winter the advance of the polar ice-cap toward the equator, and its corresponding retreat in the summer; testifying across the gulf of space as plainly as written words to the existence on that orb of a climate like our own. A specialty is always in danger of becoming an infatuation, and my interest in Mars, at the time of which I write, had grown to be more than strictly scientific. The impression of the nearness of this planet, heightened by the wonderful distinctness of its geography as seen through a powerful telescope, appeals strongly to the imagination of the astronomer. On fine evenings I used to spend hours, not so much critically observing as brooding over its radiant surface, till I could almost persuade myself that I saw the breakers dashing on the bold shore of Kepler land, and heard the muffled thunder of avalanches descending the snow-clad mountains of Mitchell. No earthly landscape had the charm to hold my gaze of that far-off planet, whose oceans, to the unpracticed eye, seem but darker, and its continents lighter, spots and bands.

Astronomers have agreed in declaring that Mars is undoubtedly habitable by beings like ourselves, but as may be supposed, I was not in a mood to be satisfied with considering it merely habitable. I allowed no sort of question that it was inhabited. What manner of beings these inhabitants might be I found a fascinating speculation. The variety of types appearing in mankind even on this small earth makes it most presumptuous to assume that the denizens of different planets may not be characterized by diversities far profounder. Wherein such diversities, coupled with a general resemblance to man, might consist, whether in more physical differences or in different mental laws, in the lack of certain of the great passions of men or the possession of quite others, were weird themes of never-fading attractions for my mind. The El Dorado visions with which the virgin mystery of the New World inspired the early Spanish explorers were tame and prosaic compared with the speculations which it was perfectly legitimate to indulge, when the problem was the conditions of life on another planet.

It was the time of the year when Mars is

most favorably situated for observation, and anxious not to lose an hour of the precious season, I had spent the greater part of several successive nights in the observatory. I believed that I had made some original observations as to the trend of the coast of Kepler Land between Lagrange Peninsula and Christie Bay, and it was to this spot that my observations were particularly directed.

On the fourth night other work detained me from the observing-chair till after midnight. When I had adjusted the instrument and took my first look at Mars, I remember being unable to restrain a cry of admiration. The planet was fairly dazzling. It seemed nearer and larger than I had ever seen it before, and its peculiar ruddiness more striking. In thirty years of observation, I recall, in fact, no occasion when the absence of exhalations in our atmosphere has coincided with such cloudlessness in that of Mars as on that night. I could plainly make out the white mounds of vapor at the opposite edges of the lighted disc, which are the mists of its dawn and evening. The snowy mass of Mount Hall over against Kepler Land stood out with wonderful clearness, and I could unmistakably detect the blue tint of the ocean of De La Rue, which washes its base—a feat of vision often, indeed, accomplished by star-gazers, though I had never done it to my complete satisfaction before.

I was impressed with the idea that if I ever made an original discovery in regard to Mars, it would be on that evening, and I believed that I should do it. I trembled with mingled exultation and anxiety, and was obliged to pause to recover my self-control. Finally, I placed my eye to the eyepiece and directed my gaze upon the portion of the planet in which I was especially interested. My attention soon became fixed and absorbed much beyond my wont, when observing, and that itself implied no ordinary degree of abstraction. To all mental intents and purposes I was on Mars. Every faculty, every susceptibility of sense and intellect, seemed gradually to pass into the eye, and become concentrated in the act of gazing. Every atom of nerve and will power combined in the strain to see a little, and yet a little, and yet a little, clearer, farther, deeper.

The next thing I knew I was on the bed that stood in a corner of the observing-room, half raised on an elbow, and gazing intently at the door. It was broad daylight. Half a dozen men, including several of the professors and a doctor from the village, were around me. Some were trying to make me lie down, others were asking me what I wanted, while the doctor was urging me to drink some whiskey. Mechanically repelling their offers, I pointed to the door and ejaculated, "President Byxbee—coming," giving expression to the one idea which my dazed mind at that moment contained. And sure enough, even as I spoke the door opened, and the venerable head of the college, somewhat bowed with climbing the steep stairway, stood on the threshold. With a sensation of prodigious relief, I fell back on my pillow.

It appeared that I had swooned while in the observing-chair, the night before, and had been found by the janitor in the morning, my head fallen forward on the telescope, as if still observing, but my body cold, rigid, pulseless and apparently dead.

In a couple of days I was all right again, and should soon have forgotten the episode but for a very interesting conjecture which had suggested itself in connection with it. This was nothing less than that, while I lay in that swoon, I was in a conscious state outside and independent of the body, and in that state received impressions and exercised perceptive powers. For this extraordinary theory I had no other evidence than the fact of my knowledge in the moment of awaking that President Byxbee was coming up the stairs. But slight as this clue was, it seemed to me unmistakable in its significance. That knowledge was certainly in my mind on the instant of arousing from the swoon. It certainly could not have been there before I fell into the swoon. I must therefore have gained it in the mean time; that is to say, I must have been in a conscious, perceptive state while my body was insensible.

If such had been the case, I reasoned that it was altogether unlikely that the trivial impression as to President Byxbee had been the only one which I had received in that state. It was far more probable that it had remained over in my mind, on waking from the swoon, merely because it was the latest of a series of impressions received while outside the body. That these impressions were of a kind most strange and startling, seeing that they were those of a disembodied soul exercising faculties more spiritual than those of the body, I could not doubt. The desire to know what they had been grew upon me, till it became a longing which left me no repose. It seemed intolerable that I should have secrets from myself, that my soul should withhold its experiences from my intellect. I would gladly have consented that the acquisitions of half my waking lifetime should be blotted out, if so be in exchange I might be shown the record of what I had seen and known during those hours of which my waking memory showed no trace. None the less for the conviction of its hopelessness, but rather all the more, as the perversity of our human nature will have it, the longing for this forbidden lore grew on me, till the hunger of Eve in the Garden was mine.

Constantly brooding over a desire that I felt to be vain, tantalized by the possession of a clue which only mocked me, my physical condition became at length affected. My health was disturbed and my rest at night

was broken. A habit of walking in my sleep, from which I had not suffered since childhood, recurred, and caused me frequent inconvenience. Such had been, in general, my condition for some time, when I awoke one morning with the strangely weary sensation by which my body usually betrayed the secret of the impositions put upon it in sleep, of which otherwise I should often have suspected nothing. In going into the study connected with my chamber, I found a number of freshly written sheets on the desk. Astonished that any one should have been in my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on looking more closely, to observe that the handwriting was my own. How much more than astounded I was on reading the matter that had been set down, the reader may judge if he shall peruse it. For these written sheets apparently contained the longed-for but despairful record of those hours when I was absent from the body. They were the lost chapter of my life; or rather, not lost at all, for it had been no part of my waking life, but a stolen chapter—stolen from that sleep-memory on whose mysterious tablets may well be inscribed tales as much more marvelous than this as this is stranger than most stories.

It will be remembered that my last recollection before awaking in my bed, on the morning after the swoon, was of contemplating the coast of Kepler Land with an unusual concentration of attention. As well as I can judge—and that is no better than any one else—it is with the moment that my bodily powers succumbed and I became unconscious that the narrative which I found on my desk begins.

THE DOCUMENT FOUND ON MY DESK.

Even had I not come as straight and swift as the beam of light that made my path, a glance about would have told me to what part of the universe I had fared. No earthly landscape could have been more familiar. I stood on the high coast of Kepler Land where it trends southward. A risk westerly wind was blowing and the waves of the ocean of De La Rue were thundering at my feet, while the broad blue waters of Christie Bay stretched away to the southwest. Against the northern horizon, rising out of the ocean like a summer thunder-head, for which at first I mistook it, towered the far-distant, snowy summit of Mount Hall.

Even had the configuration of land and sea been less familiar, I should none the less have known that I stood on the planet whose ruddy hue is at once the admiration and puzzle of astronomers. Its explanation I now recognized in the tint of the atmosphere, a coloring comparable to the haze of Indian summer, except that its hue was a faint rose instead of purple. Like the Indian summer haze, it was impalpable, and without impering the view bathed all objects near and far in a glamour not to be described. As the gaze turned upward, however, the deep blue of space so far overcame the roseate tint that one might fancy he were still on Earth.

As I looked about me I saw many men, women and children. They were in no respect dissimilar, so far as I could see, to the men, women and children of the Earth, save for something almost childlike in the untroubled serenity of their faces, unfurrowed as they were by any trace of care, of fear, or of anxiety. This extraordinary youthfulness of aspect made it difficult, indeed, save by careful scrutiny, to distinguish the young from the middle-aged, maturity from advanced years. Time seemed to have no tooth on Mars.

I was gazing about me, admiring this crimson-lighted world, and these people who appeared to hold happiness by a tenuous but much firmer than men's, when I heard the words, "You are welcome," and, turning, saw that I had been accosted by a man with the stature and bearing of middle age, though his countenance, like the other faces which I had noted, wonderfully combined the strength of a man's with the serenity of a child's. I thanked him, and said, "You do not seem surprised to see me, though I certainly am to find myself here." "Assuredly not," he answered. "I knew, of course, that I was to meet you to-day. And not only that, but I may say I am already in a sense acquainted with you, through a mutual friend, Professor Edgerly. He was here last month, and I met him at that time. We talked of you and your interest in our planet. I told him I expected you." "Edgerly?" I exclaimed. "It is strange that he has said nothing of this to me. I meet him every day." But I was reminded that it was in a dream that Edgerly, like myself, had visited Mars, and on waking had recalled nothing of his experience, just as I should recall nothing of mine. When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescopes to find out the secrets of the universe. "Do your people visit the Earth in the same manner?" I asked my companion. "Certainly," he replied; "but there we find no one able to recognize us and converse with us as I am conversing with you, although myself in the waking state. You, as yet, lack the knowledge we possess of the spiritual side of the human nature which we share with you." "That knowledge must have enabled you to learn much more of the Earth than we know of you," I said. "Indeed it has," he replied. "From visitors such as you, of whom we entertain a concourse constantly, we have acquired familiarity with your civilization, your history, your manners, and even your literature and languages. Have you not noticed that I am talking with you in English, which is cer-

tainly not a tongue indigenous to this planet?" "Among so many wonders I scarcely observed that," I answered. "For ages," pursued my companion, "we have been waiting for you to improve your telescopes so as to approximate the power of ours, after which communication between the planets would be easily established. The progress which you make is, however, so slow that we expect to wait ages yet." "Indeed, I fear you will have to," I replied. "Our opticians already talk of having reached the limits of their art." "Do not imagine that I spoke in any spirit of petulance," my companion resumed. "The slowness of your progress is not so remarkable to us as that you make any at all, burdened as you are by a disability so crushing that if we were in your place I fear we should sit down in utter despair." "To what disability do you refer?" I asked. "You seem to be men like us," and so we are," was the reply, "save in one particular, but there the difference is tremendous. Endowed otherwise like us, you are destitute of the faculty of foresight, without which we should think our other faculties well-nigh valueless." "Foresight?" I repeated. "Certainly you cannot mean that it is given only to know the future?" "It is given not only to us," was the answer, "but so far as we know, to all other intelligent beings of the universe except yourselves. Our positive knowledge extends only to our system of moons and planets and some of the nearer foreign systems, and it is conceivable that the remoter parts of the universe may harbor other blind races like your own; but it certainly seems unlikely that so strange and lamentable a spectacle should be duplicated. One such illustration of the extraordinary deprivations under which a rational existence may still be possible ought to suffice for the universe." "But no one can know the future except by inspiration of God," I said. "All our faculties are by inspiration of God," was the reply, "but there is surely nothing in foresight to cause it to be so regarded more than any other. Think a moment of the physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are placed in the front of your heads. You would deem it an odd mistake if they were placed behind. That would appear to you an arrangement calculated to defeat their purpose. Does it not seem equally rational that the mental vision should range forward, as it does with us, illuminating the path one is to take, rather than backward, as with you, revealing only the course you have already trodden, and therefore have no more concern with? But it is no doubt a merciful provision of Providence that renders you unable to realize the grotesqueness of your predicament, as it appears to us." "But the future is eternal!" I exclaimed. "How can a finite mind grasp it?" "Our foreknowledge implies only human faculties," was the reply. "It is limited to our individual careers on this planet. Each of us foresees the course of his own life, but not that of other lives, except so far as they are involved with his."

"That such a power as you describe could be combined with merely human faculties is more than our philosophers have ever dared to dream," I said. "And yet who shall say, after all, that it is not in mercy that God has denied it to us? If it is a happiness, as it must be, to foresee one's happiness, it must be most depressing to foresee one's sorrows, failures, yes, and even one's death. For if you foresee your lives to the end, you must anticipate the hour and manner of your death,—is it not so?" "Most assuredly," was the reply. "Living would be a very precarious business, were we uninformed of its limit. Your ignorance of the time of your death impresses us as one of the saddest features of your condition." "And by us," I answered. "It is held to be one of the most merciful." "Foreknowledge of your death would not, indeed, prevent you dying once," continued my companion, "but it would deliver you from the thousand deaths you suffer through uncertainty whether you can safely count on the passing day. It is not the death you die, but these many deaths you do not die, which shadow your existence. Poor blindfolded creatures that you are, cringing at every step in apprehension of the stroke that perhaps is not to fall till old age, never raising a cup to your lips with the knowledge that you will live to quaff it, never sure that you will meet again the friend you part with for an hour, from whose hearts no happiness suffices to banish the chill of an ever-present dread, what idea can you form of the God-like security with which we enjoy our lives and the lives of those we love! You have a saying on earth, 'To-morrow belongs to God'; but here to-morrow belongs to us, even as to-day. To you, for some inscrutable purpose, he sees fit to dole out life moment by moment, with no assurance that each is not to be the last. To us he gives a lifetime at once, fifty, sixty, seventy years,—a divine gift indeed. A life such as yours would, I fear, seem of little value to us; for such a life, however long, is but a moment long, since that in all you can count on." "And yet," I answered, "though knowledge of the duration of your lives may give you an enviable feeling of confidence while the end is far off, is that not more than offset by the daily growing weight with which the expectation of the end, as it draws near, must press upon your minds?" "On the contrary," was the response, "death, never an object of fear, as it draws nearer becomes more and more a matter of indifference to the moribund. It is because you live in the past that death is grievous to you. All your knowledge, all your affections, all your interests, are rooted in the past, and on that account, as life lengthens, it strengthens its hold on you,

and memory becomes a more precious possession. We, on the contrary, despise the past, and never dwell upon it. Memory with us, far from being the morbid and monstrous growth it is with you, is scarcely more than a rudimentary faculty. We live wholly in the future and the present. What with foretaste and actual taste, our experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are exhausted of interest by the time they are past. The accumulated treasures of memory, which you relinquish so painfully in death, we count no loss at all. Our minds being fed wholly from the future, we think and feel only as we anticipate; and so, as the dying man's future contracts, there is less and less about which he can occupy his thoughts. His interest in life diminishes as the ideas which it suggests grow fewer, till at the last death finds him with his mind a *tabula rasa*, as with you at birth. In a word, his concern with life is reduced to a vanishing point before he is called on to give it up. In dying he leaves nothing behind." "And the after-death?" I asked. "Is there no fear of that?" "Surely," was the reply, "it is not necessary for me to say that a fear which affects only the more ignorant on Earth is not known at all to us, and would be counted blasphemous. Moreover, as I have said, our foresight is limited to our lives on this planet. Any speculation beyond them would be purely conjectural, and our minds are repelled by the slightest taint of uncertainty. To us the conjectural and the unthinkable may be called almost the same."

"But even if you do not fear death for itself," I said, "you have hearts to break. Is there no pain when the ties of love are sundered?" "Love and death are not foes on our planet," was the reply. "There are no tears by the bedside of our dying. The same beneficent law which makes it so easy for us to give up life forbids us to mourn the friends we leave, or them to mourn us. With you it is the intercourse you have had with friends that is the source of your tenderness for them. With us it is the anticipation of the intercourse we shall enjoy which is the foundation of fondness. As our friends vanish from our future with the approach of their death, the effect on our thoughts and affections is as it would be with you if you forgot them by lapse of time. As our dying friends grow more and more indifferent to us, we, by operation of the same law of our nature, become indifferent to them, till at the last we are scarcely more than kindly and sympathetic watchers about the beds of those who regard us equally without keen emotions. So at last God gently unwinds instead of breaking the bands that bind our hearts together, and makes death as painless to the surviving as to the dying. Relations meant to produce our happiness are not the means also of torturing us, as with you. Love means joy, and that alone, to us, instead of blessing our lives for a while only to desolate them later on, compelling us to pay with a distinct and separate pang for every thrill of tenderness, exacting a tear for every smile."

"There are other partings than those of death. Are these, too, without sorrow for you?" I asked. "Assuredly," was the reply. "Can you not see that so it must needs be with beings freed by foresight from the disease of memory? All the sorrow of parting, as of dying, comes with you from the backward vision which precludes you from beholding your happiness till it is past. Suppose your life destined to be blessed by a happy friendship. If you could know it beforehand, it would be a joyous expectation, brightening the intervening years and cheering you as you traversed desolate periods. But no; not till you meet the one who is to be your friend do you know of him. Nor do you guess even then what he is to be to you, that you may embrace him at first sight. Your meeting is cold and indifferent. It is long before the fire is fairly kindled between you, and then it is already time for parting. Now, indeed, the fire burns well, but henceforth it must consume your heart. Not till they are dead or gone do you fully realize how dear your friends were and how sweet was their companionship. But we—we see our friends afar off coming to meet us, smiling already in our eyes, years before our ways meet. We greet them at first meeting, not coldly, not uncertainly, but with exultant kisses, in an ecstasy of joy. They enter at once into the full possession of hearts long warmed and lighted for them. We meet with that delirium of tenderness with which you part. And when to us at last the time of parting comes, it only means that we are to contribute to each other's happiness no longer. We are not doomed, like you, in parting, to take away with us the delight we brought our friends, leaving the ache of bereavement in its place, so that their last state is worse than their first. Parting here is like meeting with you, calm and unimpassioned. The joys of anticipation and possession are the only food of love with us, and therefore Love always wears a smiling face. With you he feeds on dead joys, past happiness, which are likewise the sustenance of sorrow. No wonder love and sorrow are so much alike on earth. It is a common saying among us that, were it not for the spectacle of the earth, the rest of the worlds would be unable to appreciate the goodness of God to them; and who can say that this is not the reason the piteous sight is set before you?"

"You have told me marvelous things," I said, after I had reflected. "It is, indeed, but reasonable that such a race as yours should look down with wondering pity on the Earth. And yet, before I grant so much, I want to ask you one question. There is known in

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(104 West 29th Street, New York.)

AWAKENING.

With careless feet and dim, unseeing eyes
We plod along the weary ways of life,
Closest our ears to angel harmonies
Hidden from sight the deeper mysteries
With which the spirit-world is ever rife.

One touch of the enchanter's hand, and lo!
We waken up to a new heaven and earth,
O balmy air, O golden sunset glow!
O wondrous fragrance of the flowers that blow
In the glad sunshine of the heart's new birth.

O soul of mine, that trembles to the touch
Of fairy fingers never felt before,
A vision's presence broodeth like a dove,
Fills and enfolds me with a perfect love
Unknown, undreamed of in the days of yore.

Tis the sweet token of the great "To Come."
Thou'gates ajar soft falling on me now,
Then, it will be the earthly part must die
Before we hark in immortality.
Or catch the radiance from a heavenly brow.
—Elizabeth P. Matthews.

THE NEW YEAR.

Once more the bells ring out upon the midnight air, and the year 1887 is born! Whatever gifts he may bring, we may be sure they are good—if we make them so. Sorrow and loss, happiness and gain, these are banes or blessings, as we will. The New Year may bring fresh inspiration, high resolves, and a determined will to make them efficacious, if we only put ourselves into that attitude which co-operates with divine energies. Individuality, independence, courage, heroism, are magnets which attract forces of the same kind, and grow by what they feed upon. Shaped by intelligence and guided wisely, their possessor undertakes and accomplishes what would appall feeble souls.

In the past, women have generally lacked that self-reliance which later days have taught as necessary. It is in process of evolution, and she is fortunate who can keep her perfect sweetness and yet rise above conformity to judge and decide for herself. Patience! we shall win a higher standpoint, and live more truly and nobly. "If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak.... Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. It is only as a person puts off all foreign support and stands alone, that he becomes strong."

The soul makes its own dates, and our New Year begins when we have reached a higher level and gained a better vantage ground. Every upward step is a new growth and a new era. It is not so much matter how swiftly the months fly. Gray hairs may show upon the temples and wrinkles creep along the face,—the spirit within knows neither seasons nor age nor decay. If it marks upon the dial of consciousness increasing power and sweetness,—those two hands upon the face turned world-ward,—then shall the years bring that inward joy and peace that rise superior to age and decay, and stamp ineffaceable lines of beauty upon the chastened features. They are celestial cosmetics, unobtainable upon the street. Through prayer, which is only holy aspiration, and by the aid of untiring efforts of the will, are they evolved from the interior sources of being. May such be our New Year, friends everywhere!

WOMAN IN TEMPERANCE.

An Address to all Knights of Labor, Trades Unions, and other Labor Organizations.
Under the above heading, the W. C. T. U. have issued a circular, only a portion of which can be copied into this column. There must be sympathy with the noble, uplifting object of the Union, and admiration for the character of the prime movers in it, in the hearts of all who love humanity. It may be doubted if the methods of the Union are sufficiently radical, since temperance means something more than abstention from strong drink but it has done vast good. Its stamp upon the next generation will be much greater than upon this, since it is upon children that a lasting impression must be made. To be kept from evil is better than repentance. Every woman will be more than glad to help lift the load of suffering that now presses so hard upon innocent and helpless families, through this great bane of civilized life. And every one will heartily join in this preliminary recognition of the advanced stand taken by the Knights of Labor, for which they should receive the thanks of womankind. After an introduction, the circular goes on to say:

"We rejoice in your broad platform of mutual help, which recognizes neither sex, race nor creed. Especially do we appreciate the tendency of your great movement to elevate women industrially to their rightful place, by claiming that they have equal pay for equal work; recognizing them as officers and members of your societies, and advocating the ballot in their hands as their rightful weapon of self-help in our representative government."

"As temperance women, we have been especially glad to note your hostile attitude toward the saloon, the worst foe of woman and of the workingman, and of the home. We read with joy of the vow made by the newly elected officers of the Knights of Labor at the convention in Richmond, Va., when, with hands raised to Heaven, they pledged themselves to total abstinence.... Permit us to ask your careful consideration of this statement of our belief:

"The central question of labor reform is not so much how to get higher wages, as how to turn present wages to better account. For waste harms most those who can least afford it. It is not over-production so much as under-consumption that grinds the faces of the working men. Fourteen hundred millions annually drawn, chiefly from the pockets of the working men, by saloon-keepers and cigar-dealers, means less flour in the barrel, less coal in the cellar, and less clothing for the laborer's families. We grieve to see them give their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfies not. We suggest that if, by your request, pay-day were universally changed from Saturday to Monday, this would do much to increase the capital at home.

"The life insurance statistics prove that while the average life of the moderate drinker is but thirty-five years and a half, that of the total abstinent is sixty-four years. The successful explorers and soldiers, the famous athletes, pedestrians, rowers and shots are men who do not rob web their brains, or paralyze their nerves with alcoholic drink.

"We believe that the work of our societies, resulting in laws by which nearly one-half the children of the United States are being taught in the public schools the evil effects of intoxicating liquors upon the tissues of the body and the temper of the mind, merits your earnest co-operation, and will prove one of your strongest re-enforcements in the effort to elevate your families to nobler levels of opportunity. We believe that the study of hygiene, including a knowledge of the

most healthful foods and the discovery that these are of the cheaper and non-stimulating class, with a careful consideration of the scientific methods by which, in the preparation of food, a little can be made to go a long way in home economies, are well worthy of your attention. We ask you to aid us in our endeavors to have taught in all the departments of our public schools, those beneficent laws of health which relate to wholesome living in respect to diet, dress, sleep, exercise and ventilation, so that this teaching shall be given to every child as one of the surest means to its truest happiness.

"We ask your attention to our White Cross pledge of equal chastity for man and woman; of pure language and a pure life. We ask your help in our efforts to secure adequate protection by law for the daughters of the poor and rich alike, from the cruelty of base and brutal men. We ask your help in our endeavors to preserve the American Sabbath with its rest and quiet, redeeming it from being as now the harvest time of the saloon-keeper, when he gathers in the hard earnings of the working man, and we promise you our co-operation in your efforts to secure the Saturday half-holiday, which, we believe, will do so much to change the Sabbath from a day of recreation to one of rest at home and for the worship of God. We rejoice to note that the Central Labor Union of New York City petitioned its municipal officers to close the saloons upon the Sabbath day, and we earnestly hope that all such societies may soon petition for their closing every day, and order a perpetual boycott upon the dealers in alcoholic poison.

"We call your attention to our departments of evangelistic temperance meetings; work for railroad employes, lumbermen, herdsmen, miners, soldiers and sailors; also to our efforts to organize free kitchen and kindergarten, and hands of hope; to supply free libraries and reading rooms, temperance lodging-houses and restaurants, and to reach out a helping hand to fallen women as well as fallen men. We have a publishing house at 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, which sent out thirty million pages of temperance literature in the last year, and which is conducted by women, and its types set by women compositors. Our national organ, *The Union Signal*, has good words for all lawful efforts made by working men and women for their own best interests.

"We ask you to do all in your power for the cause of prohibition, which is pre-eminently your cause. With the dram-shop and its dandish temptations overthrown, what might you not attain of that self-mastery which is the first condition of success; and what might you not achieve of protection and happiness in those homes which are the heart's true resting place! Your ballots hold the balance of power in this land of the world's hope. We ask those of you who are voters to cast them only for such measures and such men as are solemnly committed to the prohibition of every brewery, distillery and dram-shop in the nation. And that women may come to the rescue in this great emergency, also as an act of justice toward those who have the most sacred claim on your protection, we hope that you may see your way clear to cast your ballots only for such measures and such men as are pledged to the enfranchisement of women."

This circular is signed by Miss Frances E. Willard, President, and Mrs. Caroline B. Ruel, Cor. Sec., both noble workers and true women.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Bible Passages, and Comments Thereon.

BY R. RICHARD JEN.

It is from Matthew, 5, 6, and 7th chapters, containing the celebrated Sermon on the Mount, that I propose to select some utterances of our Palestine brother, for short comments—not that in this direction I can hope to do better than others have done, or as well; but because the occasion and my feelings influence me so to do. Following, then, is my selection of utterances from that old but never threadbare sermon:

"Blessed are the merciful."
"Blessed are the pure in heart."
"Blessed are the peacemakers."
Why? Because a person is kindly disposed, if merciful, and must be law abiding and good, if "pure in heart" and a "peacemaker."
"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

Why? Because all such, as an example of what we should be, are worth following, each being, or becoming, as it were, a "light to the world."
"Swear not at all."

Why? Because if the daily life or moral character of a person is not such as to recommend him or her for truthfulness, the taking of an oath no matter of what form or kind, or under what circumstances, would not better fit either for speaking the truth.
"Love your enemies—bless them;" "do good to them."

Why? Because to overlook a wrong and repay an injury with a blessing by doing good (the more practical the good done the better) to whoever has displeased you, is proof of a kind and generous disposition; while to act otherwise than kindly and return evil for evil, would show a cruel retaliating disposition, and, instead of repairing, only add another wrong—and by second party—to the wrong or wrongs committed.

"Be ye perfect"—i. e., always striving to be good.
Why? Because to live the highest life—as all should endeavor to do—is, in the sense here meant, "to be perfect."
"When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Why? Because when one's ostentatious, or do a kindness only to be noticed of men, do not evidence that sensitive regard for another's feelings that the donor should possess, particularly when such giving, instead of healing, only wounds and makes more apparent the helplessness and hopelessness of the recipient's condition.
"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

Why? Because when one's treasure is "there with the heart be" and it is better by kindly acts and just living while upon earth to merit the highest reward of the other life while here we build for ourselves, so to speak, such homes as will be found to best suit the condition of each—homes "not made with hands eternal in the heavens;" and where, it may be thought, are the "many mansions" referred to in John 14:2.

"The light of the body is the eye."
Why? Because it is right we should be known as we are by all, and our sins found out, that, however cloaked, the tell-tale eye discloses; and the more effectually disclosed when attempts are made to conceal and cover up the effects of sin upon the body; thus, to the end, that the eye becoming more luminous, our bodies in their pure state shall be "filled" with the clear brilliance of its light.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
Why? Because to "ask," to "seek," or to "knock," requires an effort of the mind or will, and—in the sense here meant, or that might be construed to be so meant—such an effort is necessary to feel sufficiently awakened to grasp the fact that, unless questioning the why and wherefore of things nothing would be learned or inferred; that, without seeking no discoveries would be made or ever anything found that should be or has been; and that, without knocking, the seal and silence of nature would remain unbroken, her chambers unopened, and her secrets unknown.
"All things whatsoever ye wish that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Why? Because to do as we would be done by, leads to kindly feeling and to a reciprocal desire to do right and deal justly by all, doing no wrong nor conceiving evil of any one; while the life lived (and with each so living) enlarges for good; and more and more, in practice and influence, approaches the perfection of the Golden Rule, making of earth

more an Eden and of us all more Christ-like or Christed.

Thus endeth the above.
Some one has said "the good in this world predominates over the bad." I believe it, and more. I have no doubt but the eternal order of things means for us, the human race, that the good here is ever increasing, while the bad is as ever diminishing; else would creation (so called) be a failure, and God only a divine myth. Christ, then, whose birth, nearly 1900 years ago, is believed by many millions of our earth's people to have been peculiarly signalled; never lived and died for nothing; on the contrary, in fact, his life and death all down the ages has told for something, and will more gradually tell for something in future than in past ages, particularly as the higher conception of the truth of his sayings and precepts shall obtain, and their influence for better (with the life work of every other good man and woman) be felt; and the increasing populations of the world by such means be lifted to higher levels of life, with juster ideas entertained of its object.

Geo. P. Colby's Work in Oregon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

As announced in my last we are traveling through Oregon, holding meetings under the auspices of the Oregon State Spiritual Society. The first place visited was McMinnville, where we held three meetings, at the last of which Mr. Colby gave tests from the platform, which were truly wonderful. From McMinnville we went to Corvallis, where Mr. Colby held the first spiritual meetings ever conducted in that place. Like every other place he has visited, numbers were convinced of the truth of our grand philosophy. Our next stopping point was Astoria, where a few zealous Spiritualists are trying to keep the banner of truth aloft. The meetings at this place were held in crowded houses. There is quite a spiritualistic sentiment prevailing here. Quite a number joined the society. In Eugene City the hall was packed to overflowing at both meetings, and the people expressed themselves as deeply interested and instructed. Two meetings were held at Junction City and considerable interest was manifested. The following two nights were devoted to Harrisburg, a village of about 500 inhabitants, composed principally of farmers and innkeepers, with a sprinkling of Spiritualists. Great interest was created, and before long Harrisburg will doubtless have a local society. Sunday and Monday nights were devoted to Salem, the meetings being held in Reed's Opera House, at the first of which Mr. Colby gave some tests from the platform, and so deeply interested the audience that a great many besieged him for private sittings. Mr.'s method of answering questions by the use of his hands and feet, and a sprinkling of Spiritualism. Great interest was created, and before long Harrisburg will doubtless have a local society. 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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 1, 1887.

A New Year's View.

In the world of business, the past year has been one of moderate prosperity for the country. The volume of traffic has been very large, but profits have diminished. Many find that with greatly increased business the savings of the year are less than they had expected. This is not discouraging to those who have been cautious enough not to discount anticipated gains and have thereby kept their affairs well in hand. This week and next will witness many failures, possibly more than for the same period last year, yet few or none are likely to be of national importance and they need not be taken as indicative of "hard times" ahead. A leading mercantile agency predicts a fair degree of commercial prosperity with no widespread depression for at least three years to come, provided no unforeseen complications arise. Philanthropists and reformers may look upon the progress made in the past twelve months with much satisfaction. New and large accessions of wealth have been added to numerous charitable enterprises. A deeper and more practical interest in the unfortunate may be noted, and this is quite largely due to the combined efforts of women, who have in various parts of the country through national, state and local societies labored effectively in the cause of temperance and morals. The later and more rational methods of dealing with these grave questions is bearing splendid fruit. The more firmly these workers for humanity plant themselves upon a scientific basis, the more rapid will be their success; this, many temperance workers are fast coming to understand.

The interests of wage-workers have received more attention than ever before during the same period. Capital and Labor have often been arrayed on opposite sides in severe contests, and as a rule with results favorable to labor. In so far as the claims of wage-workers are just and equitable, it is to be hoped they will always succeed. But the sooner the chimerical schemes and treasonable plottings of foreign born revolutionists, who live off the discontent they foster, are effectually and permanently squelched, the better for all decent people, especially for the poor and moderately well-to-do. Until wage-workers can learn to look with judicial fairness, free from undue personal bias, upon all questions of seeming conflict between capital and labor, until they learn to consider the interests of the employer as well as those of the employed, until they learn to think and act for themselves and cease to be the suppliant tools of charlatans and visionaries, until then will they continue to fall in exercising that power which now lies impotent in their hands. No amount of selfishness and short-sighted greed on the part of monopolists, railroad wreckers, stock and grain gamblers and manufacturers, and there is plenty of it, can justify acts of tyranny, treason or violence on the part of wage-workers. This is a land where the ballot is mightier than the bullet, where law may be made more effective than lead. Enduring advantage can only come by slow, peaceful educational methods. Thousands of sincere men in all classes of society are studying the complex social problems; and the reign of complete, even-handed justice steadily draws nearer.

In the religious world the trend is steadily forward toward broader, more humane, and rational ground. Racial walls gradually grow thinner and the ties of brotherhood strengthen.

Spiritualism, as a distinctive public movement, has little to show in the way of gain. But nevertheless its phenomena and philosophy have to-day a far wider, deeper and stronger hold than one year ago. This is well-known to those who have facilities for

gaining the necessary information. Silently, gently, but irresistibly it is penetrating everywhere. The close student can find its traces in the pulpits and pews of every religious denomination.

In all the various fields, secular and religious, we know of none where the outlook is so promising as that of Spiritualism. During the past year many parasites and excrecences have been permanently removed; higher ground has been taken, and it will be held. Let every true Spiritualist take fresh hope with the year and resolve to do all that in him lies to ennoble and benefit the cause during the year of 1887.

Tell the Truth Courageously.

If all the private and hidden facts of spirit presence and power were made known it would be a mighty help in the great task of rousing and convincing a listless and doubting world. We know of experiences in private séances in this city, and in families where these things have come with sudden and surprising force of conviction, which, if publicly known, would have great influence. Not a church of any name, not a social circle, high nor low, and most in the higher, is without its strange experiences of vision or trance, of sight or sound whispered about with bated breath, feared, shuddered over, and often at last accepted with joy unspeakable. What is true here is quite as true elsewhere. We greatly wish the time to come "when that which is hidden shall be revealed." That time is approaching; signs of its dawning day are visible, but the dawn is yet faint. More is told of than ever, but how much remains untold! How much the waiting world needs more! In our weekly journalistic work we greatly need more. Could we but be allowed to tell what we know, could only the pledge of secrecy that keeps our pen silent and other's lips sealed be made void, our pages would be too narrow to give the well attested yet hidden facts of spirit presence.

This is especially brought to mind by some late revelations. A few weeks ago we noted the publication in the *Hartford Daily Times* of an able and courageous editorial on "Faith in things seen"—really a frank report of the fact that Professor Calvin E. Stowe, a ripe scholar, especially in Bible lore, a deep thinker, a man of noble character, fit husband of such a woman as Harriet Beecher Stowe, had "spiritual visitors so real that he was sometimes for a moment at fault as to whether they were not still in the earthly body." It was told that for thirty years his almost daily experience revealed to him the fact that the so-called dead can and do return. For that long time he was a spirit seer, a clairvoyant, a man who believed and knew the real presence of the departed.

Our esteemed friend, Rev. J. D. Hull of Roxbury, wrote this excellent letter to the *Hartford Times*:

"Thank you for the editorial in the *Times*, giving the public some distinct information respecting the belief of the late Professor Stowe in the great fact of spiritual communication, and not only his belief in it, but the grounds of his belief in his own personal mediumship. This is a fact of which I was made aware more than twenty years ago, on very direct authority. And the knowledge of it has cost him dearly, been limited to a circle of the Professor's most intimate friends. One of them writes me this week: 'Professor Stowe believed in Spiritualism from personal experience, which he often told of. He was clairvoyant in a strange way.' 'If the Professor himself was not a rigid skeptic on the subject, I see no reason why such of his friends as are informed respecting his experience should be so. The testimony of such a man is of no ordinary value. Not only a well informed man on all subjects of modern thought and inquiry, but a trained scholar familiar with the philosophic and theological speculations of the past, stepped to the lips in Bible lore—not only this, but a keen and critical observer by the very structure of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and sound judgment—it would not be easy to name a witness of higher authority on any subject with which he possessed acquaintance. And if, as is believed, he had remarkable opportunities—such as they can be—of no matter how earnestly they seek them—for examining and testing the phenomena on which the claims of direct spirit communication are based, it is not due to the great interests of truth that his experiences and their results upon his own convictions should not be withheld from a conscientious groping and half-bewildered world such as this?'"

"Will some near friend, well acquainted with the principal facts, respond to this suggestion?"

What better or higher service could Harriet Beecher Stowe render to the world than to make up a book of her beloved husband's experiences and faith and knowledge. Is it not a sacred duty to do this?

In all these family affairs we know how often circumstances make alliance wise, for a time, and we would not meddle in the sacred confidences of the home, but it is sometimes that "a fear of man which bringeth a snare" far more than anything else that keeps back the truth. We do not say it is so in this case of Mrs. Stowe or others of the family. Surely her life has been marked by noble fidelity to duty, and therefore we need the weight of her womanly name for this great truth and hope that her sense of duty, and of its great importance, may prompt her to give it.

Another like matter is a letter which Rev. E. E. Hale, a Boston Unitarian, had the goodness to write to *Our Best Words*, Rev. Mr. Douthett's fortnightly journal in Shelbyville, Ill. This letter we also give:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—The sermon regarding which you write is in the new volume of Dr. Bellows' sermons. The title is "The Secret of the Lord."

Dr. Bellows often told the story of the birth of the sermon. He has told it to me, and my memory of it is accurate.

He was to preach one of what we call "Theatre Sermons." We had taken the Boston Theatre, the largest in Boston, and one of the largest in the world, for religious services Sunday evening. Dr. Bellows had come on from New York to preach. He stayed, as he always did, at Dr. Bartoll's home—which he used to call, in joke, "Hotel Bartoll." He preached somewhere in the morning, and after service came back to his room and took a pile of MSS. to select a proper sermon for the evening. As he did so, a voice behind him said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Bellows turned and there was no one there. He said to himself, "If I did not know what sort of things hallucinations are, I should regard this as a special call to preach on that text." But in fact he did go on with his MSS. and picked out a sermon for the evening from among them. He went down to the theatre and told the story, and the company fell to discussing hallucinations. In the evening he went to the theatre. With a company of gentlemen he went in upon the stage and took his seat. Some other person conducted the devotional exercises and read

the Scripture. When it was time for the sermon, Dr. Bellows went forward with his manuscript, but it on the music stand which was provided for it, and, as he opened it, a voice behind him said, audibly, to him, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." He did not pause a moment. He said to the vast congregation, "I had intended to speak to you on another subject, but an intimation of a sort which I am not in the habit of disregarding suggests to me that I shall speak from the text: 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'"

"I do not know where this text is precisely. You will find it among the Psalms not far from the beginning of the book of Psalms."

Then he preached, substantially the sermon which you find in the collection. But till that moment he had never planned it nor in any way arranged it.

He was himself interested in the sermon. After he had preached it he wrote it out as we now have it. I have seen the MSS. and I think there are eighty places noted on it where he had preached it. I think he told me that he had never repeated any other sermon so often.

I know he told me that more than seventy persons, most of them strangers, had come to him or had written to him to say that they went to hear him preach from curiosity merely, having before yielded wholly to skeptical notions regarding the Being and Presence of God; and that the view of this sermon of the Great Experiment of Human Life had recalled them to faith and worship.

Mr. Douthett speaks of it as "an instance of inspiration." Is it not more? That voice from no visible source, responding to no wish or thought of his own, so near him, so distinct and emphatic—what or who but an invisible, yet real spirit person sermon was clear and convincing far beyond could have spoken to Dr. Bellows? That most others of that gifted preacher, yet given without preparation. Did not his inspiring help in the use of his own faculties come from an attendant spirit? Such a fact in the life of such a man it would seem should have gone to every Unitarian home at least, yet it has been little spoken of!

Two things are needed. A deep sense of the great importance of experiences like these, and of the world's great need to know them, and a courageous resolve not to hold them back when occasions come to make them known.

The Newspaper.

Nothing more certainly illustrates change and progress than the history of the newspaper. Intermixed with local news and ephemeral gossip, one large Sunday issue contains a small library, vitalized, epitomized and paraphrased.

This is the natural outcome of an age and country where he who runs may read, and read while he runs. History is recorded hour by hour while it is being made. Every species of trade, handicraft, science, art and religious faith has its organ or organs. It is one of the greatest factors in education, public opinion and morals.

In the nature of things the influence of the press must grow greater, not less. And upon the managers of this engine of tremendous power rest responsibilities in corresponding ratio.

In a weekly paper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, devoted to the arts, sciences, literature, general reform and spiritual philosophy, whatever relates to the welfare of humanity falls within its province. "Of one blood are all the nations of the earth." With common sympathies, common aims and a common destiny, yet with individual diversity, men pursue their careers, and whatever affects even the least of them, affects all. A paper dealing with these vital topics must be broad, discriminating and catholic, yet must it pursue special objects which are never to be lost sight of in the general trend of progress.

Among the foremost of these are proofs of immortality through communion with the departed. Such proof is necessary. M. J. Savage has well declared: "Traditional orthodoxy has nothing to say to any one who needs to have anything said. What it offers 'in the way of proof, is itself sadly in need of being proved. Church tradition is authority only to those who have not investigated it.'" With a judicial spirit befitting this most momentous subject, the JOURNAL must sift and weigh evidence presented through different media, and try to give to each fact its proper place in the foundation and superstructure of truth. In this subject, partiality would be foolish and error fatal.

Given a continued and progressive existence, and this is assumed as the basis of the JOURNAL—nothing cognate to the subject can be ignored. Even our orthodox friends are now at one with us on this point. At the beginning of the Civil War the clergy were instructed to "preach religion and let politics alone," religion meaning everything theoretical and nothing practical.

To-day it is otherwise. Rev. Lyman Abbott, of the *Christian Union*, says, "Churches must 'cease to strive with one another about' things that none of us know much about," and teach more earnestly the brotherhood "of man."

Such a paper as the JOURNAL has to meet the needs of every temperament, condition and development. One mail brings a communication asking the editor to give more space to the God-idea, while the very next letter denies the existence of a Supreme Being. Both are known to be earnest, truth-loving persons, working for the good of their kind. Both should unite with the JOURNAL in helping to bring about the spiritual development of mankind. At least we can agree in this, that—

"What mortals think they know of God
A thousand times rehearse
What mortals do not know of God
Pills all the universe."

and bend our energies to help forward needed reforms and incite to righteous living, rather than to hair-splitting and theorizing. In order to have a vigorous paper, special evils require heroic treatment. Here again the timid may be needlessly frightened. A viper must be killed with blows, not persuasion.

The world is overrun with platitudes about charity, love and forgiveness. What it needs is to be told how to be just, wise and spiritual-minded. General statements are pointless; specific and definite objects should have specific and definite instruments for their attainment. Constructive work is necessary. A new truth drives out an old error; and they conserve strength who help in the process of upbuilding.

Animated by this spirit, the duty of the JOURNAL is to continually affirm the principles of justice, fraternity and universal progress.

Five Cents a Week is "Exorbitant."

An esteemed subscriber at Peru, Nebraska, renewing his subscription, speaks of his interest in the JOURNAL and efforts to obtain subscribers. On the latter subject he says:

I must say to you in a friendly way, that when I approach a man and ask him to subscribe for the JOURNAL, I am usually told that the price is so exorbitant he cannot afford it. Then I am referred to other papers of larger size that are sent out for less than half the amount. So that ends it. And what can I say then? Why it simply closes my mouth; you see how it is. Perhaps some explanation from you would set this matter all right. I write this in kindness to you, hoping you may so regard it.

This would be amusing did it not display such parsimony, moral obtuseness and ignorance on the part of those who offer the excuse. The JOURNAL is what is technically called a "class paper," filled with matter on special subjects not to be found in any other paper outside of its class. Its reading columns are filled almost entirely with original matter. This matter is "set up" each week especially for the JOURNAL, requiring the services of printers, proof-readers, associate editors and clerks, and goes to subscribers fresh and new. And subscribers are taxed not quite five cents a week for a large eight-page paper, thus fitted.

It is true that weekly papers published in the offices of great dailies and made up of matter selected from the daily editions of the week at a mere nominal expense, for mechanical labor, blank paper and postage, are sent out at half the price of the JOURNAL—even less in some cases. But the expense of such a paper is not one-quarter that of the JOURNAL and is usually entirely paid, with a large margin over, by the profits of the advertising pages.

Those who answer our friend's solicitation by declaring that \$2.50 a year is an "exorbitant" price are quite likely to be the people who try to palm off stale eggs, diseased meat and rancid butter upon the publisher of their local paper, and when he declines to receive pay for subscriptions in such offal, retaliate by telling him they can get a big weekly from Chicago or New York for a dollar a year, and don't want to patronize such a pesky mean man as he is any how, and have only taken his paper to aid in keeping him out of the poor house.

We don't think such people would get any nourishment out of the JOURNAL. They will have to develop intellectually, spiritually and morally before they can translate and understand it.

"Leads Them All."

A private letter from a New York gentleman who is well known as a lawyer and student of political economy, and well versed in spiritual philosophy, speaks of the Christmas number of the JOURNAL thus:

The JOURNAL of this date is one of precious richness. I am in the weekly habit of going into the largest reading room in this city (the Mercantile Library) and spending much time with the monthly and weekly publications—the latter religious. I do this in order to keep posted a little on the moving ethical world. There is nothing among them all that begins to compare with this issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. In high and true thought on religious and spiritual matters. Accept my hearty congratulations that your paper leads them all.

GENERAL ITEMS.

This issue of the JOURNAL will be nearly as large as that of last week. It is astonishing to note the rapidly increasing interest in really first-class Spiritualist publications.

The *Christian Register* says: "Disparage Spiritualism as we may, it has come to stay. Its disbelievers show it to be a heterodox child with orthodox progenitors."

"Progress From Poverty" is the title of the forthcoming critical review of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" mentioned in last week's JOURNAL.

Mr. John Slater writes that he is enjoying California very much. He met with a warm reception there, and is giving tests at Odd Fellows Hall in San Francisco.

Mrs. Anna B. Carroll of Baltimore, Md., speaks in high terms of the mediumship of Miss M. Gaulle. She lectures and describes spirits so that they are easily recognized.

The meetings at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., are well attended. Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham occupies the rostrum this month, J. J. Morse in January, and Mrs. Gladden in March.

The holiday number of the *Golden Gate* reached the JOURNAL office two days before Christmas. It is double the usual size and contains much valuable and interesting matter.

Several articles especially adapted to the Christmas number were unavoidably crowded out, much to our regret. But they will not be out of date in this issue, and may secure really more attention for coming after the hurry of the feast is past.

J. M. Allen has been lecturing in the Western Reserve, Ohio. He lectured at Middlefield, Newburg, Mesopotamia and Mantua Station. During this month he lectures at St. Louis, Mo. His address there will be North 4th Street.

Mrs. Margaret E. Parker, ex-president of the British Woman's Temperance Association, spent Christmas with Miss Frances Willard and left for Los Angeles, Cal., this week. Mrs. Parker is a consistent Spiritualist and the JOURNAL commends her to the kind attention of friends on the Pacific Coast.

That grand medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, whose wonderful powers are spoken of at length in another column, anticipates an extended trip through the East next Summer; she will be accompanied by Mr. Whitney, and we bespeak for them a cordial welcome among Spiritualists "wherever they roam."—*Golden Gate*.

Some months ago the natives of a certain district in Australia predicted the approach of floods, and left their low-lying villages for the higher country. The floods came several weeks later, and the natives said that their information had been gathered from the ants, which had built their nests in the trees, instead of, as usual, on the ground.

The *Golden Gate* says: "Believing in a future life, most Spiritualists, so-called, become contented, alas! over that fact and hug that idea to themselves, and never realize the infinitude of possibilities for the human mind—its great spiritual growth, its duties to other souls in this earth-life, and that heaven is not in the future life any more than it is here."

Contributions to the Foreign Missionary Board are reported as falling off about one-fourth since the Des Moines meeting and discussions. This is what we foretold and expected. The old and hideous absurdity that all heathens are eternally damned is dying out—as darkness fades before light. The tolls are too large for the grist; the cost too great for the small results. The pagans nearer home need more light. For these reasons—especially for the first—less money goes to the old Board. "Small by degrees and beautifully less" is the tendency.

A correspondent sends the JOURNAL a protest against the common objection raised concerning professional mediums, that they receive pay for their services. He says with truth that when one objects to a medium merely on the ground that pay for services is asked, and requests the name of a private medium, a good reply is: "I don't care about professional preachers. Do you know a good private preacher?" As this matter had already been touched in editorial comments upon a letter published on the sixth page, before the receipt of our esteemed correspondent's views, we refer him and others thereto.

The other day a young wife in the last stages of quick consumption was dying at Creston, Iowa. She had suffered much. For several hours her husband and her mother, so reluctant to part with her, had nursed the spark of life in her. She seemed to have gone but they struggled to hold her to consciousness. She opened wide her eyes and looking at them said: "Let me go, father has come and is waiting to take me back; oh, let me go." They withdrew their hands and she peacefully died. It is incidents like this, says the *Gate City*, that give mankind its profoundest belief in another life.

The publisher of the JOURNAL positively declines to act as receiver of money for Dr. W. M. Hale, or to answer by letter inquiries as to his responsibility. Before inserting the advertisement of Dr. Hale's paper, in which he offered a book premium, careful investigation was made as to the bona fide nature of the scheme. This investigation resulted in giving the publisher of the JOURNAL confidence in Dr. Hale's responsibility, and that confidence is still unshaken, but those interested must invariably transact their business with, and make inquiries of, Dr. Hale.

As a rendezvous for cranks Boston has heretofore taken the cake, but Chicago bids fair to wrest it from her Yankee sister. In fact, if the brood now here doesn't swarm before grass grows, Chicago will be entitled to the whole bakery. It is rumored that a couple of Board of Trade operators, whose business has been injured by the suppression of "puts and calls," are forming a syndicate to deal in cranks. It is said the first venture will be to buy a brace of these carpet-baggers at their intrinsic value and then by skillful use of the clergy as advertisers—a la American Opera Company and Col. Ingersoll—to work up a boom which will effect a sale at the value these twins respectively put upon themselves. It will require considerable fine work and possibly a dozen pulpit phillipics, but the projectors of the scheme have, so the story goes, invited the preachers to attend an exhibition of crankery and arranged with three daily papers to send reporters around to interview the clerical gentlemen on the matter. "This will insure sufficient advertising, and the proprietor of some dime museum will no doubt be found ready to pay the amount necessary to secure the prizes. The movers of this scheme are reported to have selected as the champion crank one Cyrus Romulus Teed, M. D., P. S. K., S. A. S. W., B. S. P. These abbreviations belong to the new order of things and may be translated as follows:

M. D.—Dealer in Mesomorphysics.
P. S. K.—President, School of Korreshan.
S. A. S. W.—Self-Anointed Savior of the World.
B. S. P.—Bamboozler of Silly People.
The syndicate is said to have decided upon one E. B. Philbrook, T. O. S.—The Only Believable—late of New York and inventor of "Problems in Nature," as the second investment. It is to be hoped the scheme will work and that the JOURNAL's readers will do nothing to make it miscarry.

while much more low-voiced and much less

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
CALLED.

BY MRS. E. H. DUFFY.

The noonday sun beats on my throbbing brow,
I'll sit and rest me in this grateful shade.
I look about and around me, and see now,
Beneath the sheltering trees themselves have
laid

To seek repose from labor of the day,
I too, have labored since the early dawn.
In willing toil each hour has passed away,
While all my strength into my work has gone;
Languid, and rested never, striving still
With all my heart and soul to do my Master's will.

The earth is beautiful; the sun, the trees,
The flowers, the sweetest fruit beneath my feet,
The trickling stream, the whisper of the breeze
Mid quivering leaves, the rose's perfume sweet,
The clouds that float athwart the summer sky,
And trail their shadows on the verdant earth,
The hum of bees, the sweet bird's minstrelsy,
The voice of childhood, and its shouts of mirth,
My soul at these with rapture runneth o'er;
Would it were larger yet—I might enjoy the more.

How good it is to rest from labor done,
A little while, and in my leisure feel
How beautiful is earth, old care begone,
And let life's sweetest pleasures o'er my senses steal!
One cannot tell how bliss, how bliss is life,
In the quick hurry of the morning hours,
When all is work, and weariness and strife;
Then let me rest my head upon these flowers,
And from my resting strength and courage gain
To work begin anew, and bear its care and pain.

Who calls me? Hark! It is the Master's voice!
And has He come to me thus late at noon?
I who have toiled till morning hours were done,
And only thought to wait till dawn the west
The sun should circle on. Here, Lord, am I,
With hasting footsteps toward my work I go,
My soul refreshed, my heart all hopefully
Turns to my Lord, nor rest again shall know,
Till evening shall come, and work be done
For me, and all who live, at setting of the sun.

He calls me, come! My Lord, I cannot come!
The day is but half ended; see, the sun
Is high above my head; 'tis not my doom
That I should leave unfinished what I've done.
Nay, let me labor on through wearying day,
And when the glowing comes, and sunlight fades
In evening twilight, solemn, dim, and gray,
When all is bright above, below the shades
Of night are gathering, then my soul will rise
Gladly through gates of pearl to seek the upper skies.

Again He calls me! Nay, I cannot come!
Spare me one little hour, my Lord, I plead,
To finish something; then my lips all dumb,
Willing I'll follow Thee where'er Thou lead.
Now all is wasted of the morning hours,
If I may not my work resume again.
Why may I spend this, then, of all my powers,
If all my spending has been thus in vain?
I cannot come! Why summon me so soon?
The day Thou promised me, and now 'tis only noon.

Yet still He calls me! Must I therefore go?
I had not cared to gather heaps of gold,
Nor shining gems to glad my heart; oh, no!
Upon my soul these bubbles have no hold,
Nor even care I for the voice of fame,
To sound my name; yet I have only one cry;
Nor sought to write an imperishable name,
In shining letters, on history's page.
Friendship I valued; love I valued more,
And life has brought to me of these a generous store.

But I had hoped, if life its fullest span
Had stretched for me, to do what I might do,
When he should feel to help my fellow man
To rise again; and thus the whole day through
Stretch out an aiding hand unto the weak;
Give voice of comfort to the sorely tried;
And while I toiled for others thus, yet seek
To rest and strengthen my own soul beside,
By reading of the mysteries divine
Which through the book of nature gloriously shine.

Those whom I hold with a sustaining hand
Will fall if I withdraw it; whom I cheered
In their deep grief, in black despair will stand
When I am gone, and all that I have feared
Of evil will return; I have only this to say,
Of my own limitations, and of Thy might,
Of my own ignorance, while my soul has turned
The more and more to read those pages bright
In which Thou stand'st revealed, oh, Lord, one
hour
That I may learn to comprehend Thy wondrous power.

Yet still he calls, and will not be denied;
"Vain child of earth, and dost thou therefore say
Thy pain strength with others can abide,
When thou thyself art tormented by the way?
My everlasting arms will those sustain
Whom thou hast weakly led, and dost thou
think
Thy deep desires for wisdom are in vain?
That thou in death of Lethe's waters drink?
I call to life, to death. Thy soul shall turn
To freer, fuller channels to labor and to learn."

Thus spake th' almighty One, and at His voice,
My soul is filled with everlasting peace;
Oh Him I lay my burdening, and all of mine
And feel all care and toils of earth to cease
Forever to my soul. I catch the heavenly strain
Of waiting angels on the farther shore,
There shall I find my Master's work again,
And there in wisdom grow forevermore.
Gladly I go, for here no more is home,
Yea, Lord, I hear Thee; farewell, life. Dear Lord,
I come!

Religious Based on the Teachings of Jesus.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

The wonderful place that Jesus of Nazareth has been made to fill in the religious world for the past seventeen centuries is worthy of thought. How many have quarrelled, what volumes of dispute, how much hatred engendered—oh! how much blood has been shed in consequence of difference of opinion regarding him! A system of religion embraced by so many millions of the human family, and regarded as the only one acceptable to God, takes its rise from that one individual, though he preached his doctrine but three years, and was crucified for heresy. We have no word written by him, for his writing in the sand was not copied. The multitude of sects and creeds of to-day based upon him, or the position he holds and his relation to God's government, are so many and various that unanimity of opinion seems impossible.

The events of to-day are throwing much light upon the mysteries of the past. Jacob's "ladder" is being brought into requisition, and the ascending and descending angels are bringing glad tidings. Mystery, the Babylon has fallen, and life and immortality are brought to light. The letter has slain its millions, but the spirit is bringing life. Christ comes to those who profess to be his, however, and they will not receive him, but each succeeding Christmas will find the New Heaven and the New Earth nearer to us. We have been favored for several Sundays past by the inspired ministrations of Mrs. Clara A. Field, who is a power for good. Mrs. Brigham gives us one lecture each month. A social is to be tendered Mrs. B. in the hall this evening after her lecture. Her usefulness, we think, is constantly increasing. P. THOMPSON.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Mr. Mahan writes: I received your reminder, and was glad that it came in time, as I do not want to be without the Journal—not even one number—as long as I am able to pay for it, and it continues to maintain its present standard of excellence for I feel that there is a power back of you that will control, and see that no backward steps are taken.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with inevitable resolution, who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully, and whose reliance on truth and virtue is the most unflinching.—W. E. CHANNING.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.
Fear Versus Love.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." 1 John 4:18.

The first fifteen years of my life were harrowed with fear. The tortures of the fabled hell were my constant companions. Every beauty was shadowed with its impenetrable gloom, every delicate flower was tinged with the grim coloring of infinite wrath. I trembled at the thought of death, and life was a perpetual echo of the eternal wail. Beautiful childhood smiled at me through the lurid atmosphere of "Total depravity," and haunting-demons touched my dreams with awful bodings and frequent climaxes of unspeakable agony. I prayed and wept in secret. The grave was the door to the judgment; and dismal doom hung like a midnight pall over all beyond. All nature was depraved and at war with its Infinite Author. To love nature was to offend God; to enjoy life was to earn eternal death. To read a newspaper was a mortal crime. To join the warblers in their Sabbath song was to invoke divine vengeance upon my helpless head—if not in this world, in an eternity of woe among demons and their prey. At about eight years of age my father chastised me for swearing. For ten or fifteen minutes—which seemed to me as many days—he held me threatening rod over me and over me, and I took the enormity of my sin and the penalty in store for me in the world of lost souls.

He pictured the scene in hell, my writhing body in the burning lake, with the smoke of brimstone darkening the flames to midnight hues; a sea of fire for my eternal bed (?), and the devil walking over us enjoying our cries, carrying a great truck full of coils of torture, and a great fork with which he thrust the eternally wailing souls away, and after a million years of this torture, with no abatement of the agony, the journey would scarcely be begun.

The picture of this horror burned much deeper into my quivering flesh than did the bleeding blows of the birchen rod which followed. Through all these years of my ignorant acceptance of all I was taught, I do not think I entertained a doubt of the literal accuracy of these pictures of horror. I believed, and therefore I suffered. I have seldom met a believer in the sense that I believed. To accept such a doom was the object of life. It eclipsed all else. It enervated all moral impulses—for morality divorced from religion, was the most dangerous snare. Life had but one meaning, and that was eternal slavery. To resist the carcase of an infidel despot that was too ugly to meet, and so long obscured by the devil was horrible, but to meet God was infinitely worse! As years of understanding broadened my views of life, some help came in to lessen the gloom and ameliorate.

But all the modifications, changing the torture from physical to mental, and grading according to the sins, did not remove the cloud nor give light to the landscape where this despair had so long obscured all but the evil in nature. Verily, "a fearful torment!" Was there any "perfect love" that "casteth out fear"? I had not found it. But after eighteen years of this living death and dread, softened and subdued during the last two, an echo broke upon the ear of my soul. It came through a whirlwind of ridicule and theological abuse, but it came, and never was a sound more welcome. It was the echo of the mystic ray that forever from my mind, day the dream of horror faded from my mind. The great world, beneath, around, above me, was suddenly transformed. The black shadows laden with tears, lit up with the hues of a million rainbows. The frowns of divine wrath glowed with love and promise. Eternal hope crowned every cloud. It was not phenomena that converted me, but it helped to confirm. These trifling raps were not my mysterious "word" of wisdom, but the speech of reason and the appeals of love. Eternal progress spoke in every sound. Death had not destroyed our friends, nor alienated their affections. Memory spoke from behind the veil and the music of other years breathed upon the aisles of silence, and we were face to face with our loved and lost. They were not in hell nor the grave, nor locked up with God, but in the air, in the light, in the love. Though unconvinced by the Christian's hope, they were still our friends and able to come and go at will, and as natural as before the change. All of this and much more meant something to me. It not only meant life and progress beyond the grave, but it meant life and progress here.

O what a change! Unceasing gratitude fills my soul for this precious revelation. But the old world was dark before me; sin abounded, and there was no remedy. Christ had not abolished it, nor saved the world, nor any considerable part of it, if any, from the dreaded doom. Churches quarrelled over the "Word of God," and the letters of a dry creed were exalted above the revelations of science, or the duties of life, and our eternal welfare consisted in obedience to the doctrine set forth in interpretations of the "Word of God." To believe wrong was death, eternal death; to doubt the interpretations of authority was more dangerous than a lifetime of debauchery; to think outside the creed was a crime; to accept the great truths of the gospel in their simplicity, against the time-honored authority, was heresy, "antichristian," and must be punished. Honest lives counted nothing with God, if there was a shadow of doubt in belief. To be "drawn in" is taught from the pulpit to-day. In the face of the scripture, "as a man soweth so shall he also reap," we are informed that all our good works and moral devotion are worthless as helps before God, and have no saving influence without faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. Hence my condition forty years ago is illustrated in the lives of millions to-day (save that I believed with all my soul while I think of really do believe to-day, though I think I do it all) and these millions are more slaves, 1,500 years of Christian rule has not saved the world. By their own showing the majority still go the downward road to ruin!

Is God omnipotent? Is Christ the Lord? and are 1,500 years of constant work inadequate to show the fruits of omnipotent love? But Spiritualism brings the answers. Accepting all good in Christianity and all other religions, taking the methods of science and the world as it is, it brings to our relief such power and grace as no other system ever has. It shows us God hidden in the least of things, and ever expressing the divine character according to the conditions and opportunity. It accepts not only the divinity of Christ, but enlarges that indefinitely by showing us the divinity of all men and all things. The evils that beset us are rendered comparatively harmless by the knowledge which shall make us the masters and progressively evolve the all-saving power, and we see that "Error shall die of its own dark death, while the good liveth on forever." Spiritualism gives eternal hope, predicated upon knowledge, and lights the "valley and shadow of death" with smiles of immortal millions waiting to welcome us. It proves that this life is a school, and all of our character we have made here is ours forever. We have everything to live for, work for. A few days or years of struggle and pain are nothing, since we know we shall live forever and "grow in grace and knowledge of truth." It gives new courage and strength to fight the battles of life, and to work on faithfully, making every day richer with the stores of righteousness and victories of habit and temptation. Without Spiritualism this world would be a farce, a mockery, a failure—existence nothing to be thankful for.

With Spiritualism this life is everything to be desired, even under adverse fortune, for the *sine qua non* is not a creed, nor escape from justice, but life with its infinite possibilities and endowments, leading from victory to victory, from glory to glory forever. There can be no permanent misfortune; therefore we may rejoice in our temporal misfortune, for we know that the discipline will bring its rewards. Spiritualism sheds a divine light over all things temporal as well as spiritual; while it is glorious to live by, it is better still to die by. If I were offered a choice to-day, of this whole world and all that is in it, with full power to make all laws, dictate all nations and

people, and use it as I please the rest of my life, with the mental and spiritual conditions imposed by my early teachings, and take it subject to all the mocking despair and eternal woe which made my young life wretched; or to be as I am with the rich world laughing at my weakness, and the necessities of life coming by daily toil, exposure, and sacrifice of comfort, to live and die in obscurity, with the halo of spiritual truth lighting my way and the high outlook before me inviting and cheering as I struggle along, I should spurn the proffer of boundless wealth, and count myself rich beside the slave who accepts such a price. There is no enterprise, no humdrum duty, no worldly aims, no religious mystery, no struggle between manhood and monstrosity, no sorrow-laden heart, no grief-stricken home, no pangs of pain with passion's tears or pressed by an aching head, that is not touched and hallowed by the glory and sweetness, the power and promise that breathe and burn forever from the love-light morning and rosy splendor whose dewy kisses fall in tender fragrance from the smiling horizon where angels walk unseen and drop love's blessings down.

Private Letter Answered.

The following letter was written to our valued contributor, Mr. Thomas Harding, who forwards it to the JOURNAL with a request that it be published with such answer as we see fit to make.

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter in answer to mine, asking you to criticize a sermon preached by one of our congregational ministers on Retribution, etc. On looking it over I find that there is but little to criticize. I see the question of the heathen and others who have never known Jesus, as the common saying is, is now agitating the religious (?) world, and the more they stir it, the more absurd the question will look to thousands who have never thought much about it heretofore. The subject of Spiritualism I have studied considerably, so much that I am a believer in that doctrine, and yet I find a great many things believed in by professed Spiritualists, that look to me as absurd as the question of retribution that is disturbing the orthodox ministry throughout the world.

I see the Spiritualists are a good deal divided; so far as I know, I take the ground that is advocated by the RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL at Chicago. I have never read the JOURNAL much until lately, and the more I read it the better I like it. I pronounce it the best paper I have ever read. Its contributors are first-class writers, and they seem to take hold of every subject, and explain it to the understanding of all its readers. I have read with interest the several subjects that have come from your pen, and have admitted that you have done well in the JOURNAL for several reasons.—It is independent, always ready to expose any fraud practiced by pretended Spiritualists, and these frauds are a dreadful pull back to Spiritualism.

I commenced my investigation by attending séances at private houses, but not of the plan you have adopted. They were held with a half-lit room, and the sitters were seated in a circle, and from 25 to 30 cents each. Then fifteen or twenty form a circle; as the dancing master says, "All join hands around"—lights put out, dark as the Egyptian darkness—singing for a while, then the performance commenced. Mr. Harding, I cannot say I ever got much "light" out of dark séances. I finally quit, reasoning in this way: Why darken the room for our spirit friends to come to us? Why should they choose darkness rather than light? I cannot believe that choice is made because their "deeds are evil." No! No! But I do believe that there is much evil done and frauds committed in these dark séances. I cannot reconcile the argument advanced by those who believe in dark séances. I would like your mind on that matter. I read a long exposure by Mrs. Tyler, published in the JOURNAL, Aug. 7th, and the comments made by the advocates of dark séances, and I am sure that you will not believe that choice is made because their "deeds are evil." No! No! But I do believe that there is much evil done and frauds committed in these dark séances. I cannot reconcile the argument advanced by those who believe in dark séances. I would like your mind on that matter. I read a long exposure by Mrs. Tyler, published in the JOURNAL, Aug. 7th, and the comments made by the advocates of dark séances, and I am sure that you will not believe that choice is made because their "deeds are evil." No! No! But I do believe that there is much evil done and frauds committed in these dark séances. I cannot reconcile the argument advanced by those who believe in dark séances. I would like your mind on that matter. 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The Blindman's World.

(Continued from First Page.)

our world a certain sweet madness, under the influence of which we forget all that is unworldly in our lot, and would not change it for a god's. So far is this sweet madness regarded by men as a compensation, and more than a compensation, for all their miseries that if you know not love as we know it, if this loss be the price you have paid for your divine foresight, we think ourselves more favored of God than you. Confess that love, with its reserves, its surprises, its mysteries, its revelations, is necessarily incompatible with a foresight which weighs and measures every experience in advance.

"Of love's surprises we certainly know nothing," was the reply. "It is believed by our philosophers that the slightest surprise would kill beings of our constitution like lightning; though of course this is merely theory, for it is only by the study of earthly conditions that we are able to form an idea of what surprise is like. Your power to endure the constant buffetings of the unexpected is a matter of supreme amazement to us; nor, according to our ideas, is there any difference between what you call pleasant and painful surprises. You see, then, that we cannot envy you these surprises of love which you find so sweet, for to us they would be fatal. For the rest, there is no form of happiness which foresight is so well calculated to enhance as that of love. Let me explain to you how this befalls. As the growing boy begins to be sensible of the charms of woman, he finds himself, as I dare say it is with you, preferring some type of face and form to others. He dreams oftenest of fair hair, or may be of dark, of blue eyes or brown. As the years go on, his fancy, brooding over what seems to him the best and loveliest of every type, is constantly adding to this dream face, this shadowy form, traits and lineaments, hues and contours, till at last the picture is complete, and he becomes aware that on his heart thus subtly has been depicted the likeness of the maiden destined for his arms.

"It may be years before he is to see her, but now begins with him one of the sweetest offices of love, one to you unknown. Youth on earth is a stormy period of passion, chafing in restraint or rioting in excess. But the very passion whose awaking makes this time so critical with you is here a reforming and educating influence, to whose gentle and potent sway we gladly confide our children. The temptations which lead your young men astray have no hold on a youth of our happy planet. He hoards the treasures of his heart for its coming mistress. Of her alone he thinks, and to her all his vows are made. The thought of license would be treason to his sovereign lady, whose right to all the revenues of his being he joyfully owns. To rob her, to abate her high prerogatives, would be to impoverish, to insult, himself; for she is to be his, and her honor, her glory, are his own. Through all this time that he dreams of her by night and day, the exquisite reward of his devotion is the knowledge that she is aware of him as he is, and that in the inmost shrine of a maiden heart his image is set up to receive the incense of a tenderness that needs not to restrain itself through fear of possible cross or separation.

"In due time their converging lives come together. The lovers meet, gaze a moment into each other's eyes, then throw themselves each on the other's breast. The maiden has all the charms that ever stirred the blood of an earthly lover, but there is another glamour over her which the eyes of earthly lovers are shut to,—the glamour of the future. In the blushing girl her lover sees the fond and faithful wife, in the blithe maiden the patient, pain-consecrated mother. On the virgin's breast he beholds his children. He is present, even as his lips take the first fruits of hers, of the future years during which she is to be his companion, his ever-present solace, his chief portion of God's goodness. We have read some of your romances describing love as you know it on Earth, and I must confess, my friend, we find them very dull.

"I hope," he added, as I did not at once speak, "that I shall not offend you by saying we find them also objectionable. Your literature possesses in general an interest for us in the picture it presents of the curiously inverted life which the lack of foresight compels you to lead. It is a study especially prized for the development of the imagination, on account of the difficulty of conceiving conditions so opposed to those of intelligent beings in general. But our women do not read your romances. The notion that a man or woman should ever conceive the idea of marrying a person other than the one whose husband or wife he or she is destined to be is profoundly shocking to our habits of thought. No doubt you will say that such instances are rare among you, but if your novels are faithful pictures of your life, they are at least not unknown. That these situations are inevitable under the conditions of earthly life we are well aware, and judge you accordingly; but it is needless that the minds of our maidens should be pained by the knowledge that there anywhere exists a world where such travesties upon the sacredness of marriage are possible.

"There is, however, another reason why we discourage the use of your books by our young people, and that is the profound effect of sadness, to a race accustomed to view all things in the morning glow of the future, of a literature written in the past tense and relating exclusively to things that are ended." "And how do you write of things that are past except in the past tense?" I asked. "We write of the past when it is still the future, and of course in the future tense," was the reply. "If our historians were to wait till after the events to describe them, not alone would nobody care to read about things already done, but the histories themselves would probably be inaccurate; for memory, as I have said, is a very slightly developed faculty with us, and quite too indistinct to be trustworthy. Should the Earth ever establish communication with us, you will find our histories of interest; for our planet, being smaller, cooled and was peopled ages before yours, and our astronomical records contain minute accounts of the earth from the time it was a fluid mass. Your geologists and biologists may yet find a mine of information here."

In the course of our further conversation it came out that, as a consequence of foresight, some of the commonest emotions of human nature are unknown to Mars. They feel whom the future has no mystery can, of course, know neither hope nor fear. Moreover, every one being assured what he shall attain to and what not, there can be no such thing as rivalry, or emulation, or any sort of competition in any respect; and therefore all the brood of heartburnings and hatreds, engendered on Earth by the strife of man with man, is unknown to the people of Mars, save from the study of our planet. When I asked if there were not, after all, a lack of spontaneity, of sense of freedom, in leading lives fixed in all details beforehand, I was reminded that there was no difference in that respect between the lives of the people of Earth and of Mars, both alike being according to

God's will in every particular. We knew that will only after the event, they before,—that was all. For the rest, God moved them through their will as he did us, so that they had no more sense of compulsion in what they did than we on Earth have in carrying out an anticipated line of action, in cases where our anticipations chance to be correct. Of the absorbing interest which the study of the plan of their future lives possessed for the people of Mars, my companion spoke eloquently. It was, he said, like the fascination to a mathematician of a most elaborate and exquisite demonstration, a perfect algebraical equation, with the glowing realities of life in place of figures and symbols.

When I asked if it never occurred to them to wish their futures different, he replied that such a question could only have been asked by one from the earth. No one could have foresight, or clearly believe that God had it, without realizing that the future is as incapable of being changed as the past. And not only this, but to foresee events was to foresee their logical necessity so clearly that to desire them different was as impossible as seriously to wish that two and two made five instead of four. No person could ever thoughtfully wish anything different, for so closely are all things, the small with the great, woven together by God that to draw out the smallest thread would unravel creation through all eternity.

While we had talked the afternoon had waned, and the sun had sunk below the horizon, the roseate atmosphere of the planet imparting a splendor to the cloud coloring, and a glory to the land and sea scape, never paralleled by an earthly sunset. Already the familiar constellations appearing in the sky reminded me how near, after all, I was to the Earth, for with the unaided eye I could not detect the slightest variation in their position. Nevertheless, there was one wholly novel feature in the heavens, for many of the host of asteroids which circle in the zone between Mars and Jupiter were vividly visible to the naked eye. But the spectacle that chiefly held my gaze was the Earth, swimming low on the verge of the horizon. Its disc, twice as large as that of any star or planet as seen from the earth, flashed with a brilliancy like that of Venus. It is, indeed, a lovely sight," said my companion, "although to me always a melancholy one, from the contrast suggested between the radiance of the orb and the benighted condition of its inhabitants."

We called it 'The Blindman's World.' As he spoke he turned toward a curious structure which stood near us, though I had not before particularly observed it. "What is that?" I asked. "It is one of our telescopes," he replied. "I am going to let you take a look, if you choose, at your home, and test for yourself the powers of which I have boasted; and having adjusted the instrument to his satisfaction, he showed me where to apply my eye to what answered to the eye-piece.

I could not repress an exclamation of amazement, for truly he had exaggerated nothing. The little college town which was my home lay spread out before me, seemingly almost as near as when I looked down upon it from my observatory windows. It was early morning, and the village was waking up. The milkmen were going their rounds, and workmen, with their dinner-pails, were hurrying along the streets. The early train was just leaving the railroad station. I could see the puffs from the smoke-stack, and the jets from the cylinders. It was strange not to hear the hissing of the steam, so near I seemed. There were the college buildings on the hill, the long rows of windows flashing back the level sunbeams. I could tell the time by the college clock. It struck me that there was an unusual bustle around the buildings, considering the earliness of the hour. A crowd of men stood about the door of the observatory, and many others were hurrying across the campus in that direction. Among them I recognized President Byrbee, accompanied by the college janitor. As I gazed they reached the observatory, and passing through the group about the door, entered the building. The president was evidently going up to my quarters. At this I flashed over me quite suddenly that all this bustle was on my account. I recalled how it was that I came to be on Mars, and in what condition I had left affairs in the observatory. It was high time I were back there to look after myself.

Here abruptly ended the extraordinary document which I found that morning on my desk. That it is the authentic record of the conditions of life in another world which it purports to be I do not expect the reader to believe. He will no doubt explain it as another of the curious freaks of somnambulism set down in the books. Probably it was merely that, possibly it was something more. I do not pretend to decide the question. I have told all the facts of the case, and have no better means for forming an opinion than the reader. Nor do I know, even if I fully believed it the true account, it seems to be, that it would have affected my imagination much more strongly than it has. That story of another world has, in a word, put me out of joint with ours. The readiness with which my mind has adapted itself to the Martian point of view concerning the Earth has been a singular experience. The lack of foresight among the human faculties, a lack I had scarcely thought of before, now impresses me, ever more deeply, as a fact out of harmony with the rest of our nature, belying its promise,—a moral mutilation, a deprivation arbitrary and unaccountable. The spectacle of a race doomed to walk backward, beholding only what has gone by, assured only of what is past and dead, comes over me from time to time with a sadly fantastic effect which I cannot describe. I dream of a world where love always wears a smile, where the partings are as tearless as our meetings, and death is king no more. I have a fancy, which I like to cherish, that the people of that happy sphere, fancied though it may be, represent the ideal and normal type of our race, as perhaps it once was, as perhaps it may yet be again.

S. KRATOS LARRABEE.

Among the illustrations for 'The Life of Lincoln,' in the Century for November, was a fine portrait of Sarah Bush Lincoln (step-mother of Abraham Lincoln) at the age of seventy-six. This portrait explains the most important influence in the president's early life. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln said to Abraham: "I can say—what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say—Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together."

I had a son John who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expected to.

Doest thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—Franklin.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.—Thales.

A Mother can not be Happy in Heaven When her Child is in Sin.

BY MRS. MARY A. AHRENS.

On a cold biting day in December, of the year—when unusual hard times had cut down wages, limiting food and fuel even in the homes of the provident, want and squalor ran riot in the homes of the intemperate. A number of noble men and women banded together, calling themselves the Citizens' League. Many were the charities bestowed by them, and warmth and love entered homes wherever they went. A certain minister of this city asked as a special favor to be allowed to go in company with a member of the band, into some of the places where the two spectres, Fever and Famine, were sure to be found. In accordance with his wishes, Mr. M. this day took him by the arm; soon they found themselves in a hovel where the living were fast becoming spectres; for lying on a dirty pile of tainted bedding were a woman and child. As the visitors came near, they believed the woman to be dead, so hollow and ghastly the eyes, so pinched and wan the face, that it seemed as though merciful death must have ended a life of sorrow and want; but no, there is a light of life still in those rolling eyes, and a voice from out those thin lips proclaiming a consciousness still to hunger and want. Her story was soon told; he, the strong one on whom she once had leaned, once had loved, yes, still loved, had fallen into bad ways; times grew hard, work scarce, and then he got discouraged, gave up trying, did odd jobs when he could get them; then he went to drinking—and that was all.

Yes, the baby was sick; please God it might die, but then there were Fanny and Mary, what would become of them? If it were not for them, she too would like to go with the baby. As she spoke she turned her face in the direction of a dark corner of the room; the visitors' eyes followed her gaze. They saw crouching in a fear two little girls, about the age of ten or twelve. No word nor smile could win them, hunger and cold had pinched and stunted them; it would take food and clothing to nourish and warm their bodies into life ere their tongues could be loosened.

Mr. M. gathered from the woman, that her husband was now at a drinking place close by. "Poor Tom," she said, "did not always stay away so long; this time he had not been home for two days." Mr. M. and the minister who wanted a better acquaintance with sin and misery than his church members afforded him, went to the place designated by the woman. They found Tom. Mr. M. entered into conversation with him, gave a vivid description of the place they had just left. Tom looked up in surprise and said: "Why, that's my home; it beats all hell, the misery that is there!" Mr. M. then spoke of the time when it must have seemed happier and brighter; of a time when he must have loved the woman he made his wife; spoke of his early manhood, when he would have scorned to drink up the money which should have gone for food and fuel; yes, he spoke, to him of the love and strength in him now, bloated and bearded even though he was.

Poor Tom could not stand this. He could bear curses, they suited him; but words of sympathy touched a chord which vibrated all through his nature. Looking up into the face of this man who had addressed him as a brother, tears came into his eyes. "What can I do," he said, "Nobody wants me, nobody will give me work."

Mr. M. grasped Tom's hand. "You come home with us, and we'll see; only be a man once more."

Tom went to his home. The same kind hand carried food and fuel to the wretched hovel. In a few days the baby died, but the mother lived on,—attended only now by one spectre; Fever alone kept watch; Famine had been driven out. Tom had been induced to sign a pledge; work had been given him by one of Chicago's most philanthropic men. In a few weeks he was able to earn the food his family needed.

Just at this time there appeared an angel in Tom's house. Where once had lain the poor suffering complaining woman, made bitter by neglect, there now lay a patient, hopeful; patient with her own pain, and hopeful for him who had been the love of her youth.

"Oh! Tom," she would say, "I shall stay with you until you have earned enough money to rent and furnish just one room, where you, Fanny and Mary can live. Then I shall go where baby is waiting for me. Yes, Tom, dear baby and I shall be together, but then you know, I shall wait and wait for you and the girls. Fanny is most a woman now. Tom, when I am gone she will wash and cook for you."

All this time the suffering earth-worm was getting ready for the wings which, in all times, poets and painters have given unto his ministering angels who do his bidding. And thus we repeat, there was an angel in Tom's home. For days she remained with them, cheering and directing her children; a consolation to Tom when he returned from his work and found her still able to speak to him.

The day came when Tom once more tenderly raised the light form of his wife in his arms, placed it in a rocking chair, which he proudly said, he had earned for her. Tom and Mr. M. carried the chair with its light burden out from the old hovel—out into the air—down the street—up a flight of stairs into Tom's new home, all earned and paid for by himself. As they placed the chair in the middle of the room, the suffering woman raised her eyes, a smile of peace came over her face and she said: "Tom's home! Now the girls are safe. I am ready to go." Yes, she was. Loving hands carried her into a new home—"the house not made with hands," where ministering angels were waiting for her, and where her baby was waiting for her, too, up in the presence of her father, who said, "Enter thou into the joy of thy rest!"

Months have lengthened into years. Tom and his girls have found new friends, but none so dear as those who led him from sin; who watched and waited upon his dear wife; and who consoled him when she went away; among them all none more revered and respected than Mr. M., who has been so steadfast and true, ever ready to counsel with him, ever mindful and watchful over the two girls.

About four years after the death of the mother, Mr. M. was spending an evening with us. Our conversation turned upon the question of life beyond the grave or a continuance of the life that is, and a belief in Spiritualism. Mr. M. said: "I should like some proof that my loved ones are near me; that they do watch over us," and much more of the same sort. Then he related the above story to me, giving many little details, and closed his remarks by saying: "I don't know why I tell you this unless it came because I got a letter to-day from the minister who went with me that time, and it has brought it all back." As he rose to leave, I attending him to the door of the parlor, he turned and

said: "Some day I shall introduce you to Tom; he wants to speak to you." Something like a rustle over in one corner of the room attracted my attention, and there by the side of the organ I saw standing the picture of a man. I looked at it a moment, recognized it as the likeness of a man who came and introduced himself to me at a public meeting the Sunday before. A light came into my mind. I spoke to my husband: "Why, I know Tom! They have just shown me his picture." By "they" I mean those influences or spirits which have so constantly instructed and as constantly mystified me. We thought the coincidence a strange one. We said good night, and separated.

The next Sunday I was present at a meeting where tests and messages from departed ones were given. A stranger to me rose and turning to Mr. M., who sat near him, said: "There stands by your side the form of a woman. She tells me to thank you for what you have done for her, but that she is in great trouble. I don't get any name." I was seated on the opposite side of the hall, when a spirit voice said: "It is Tom's wife; get up and tell him so." Being willful, I refused to do this. Again the voice entreated me to tell him the name. Under cover of the singing, I rose and went to Mr. M.'s side and gave him the communication. Quick as a flash, a mother's agony was poured into me. My heart seemed bursting with the intense strain, when the voice of a woman said distinctly and audibly: "Tell him that a mother can not rest in heaven when her child is in sin."

I gave the message as given to me, saying, "I don't know what it means. Do you?" As I looked up for an answer, I saw tears in Mr. M.'s eyes, and with much agitation he said: "My God, Mrs. A., I do! You go home with me. There is work to be done; we need you." I went. A strange revelation of spirit intercourse and watchfulness was in store for me. Mr. M. and his wife related the following, giving me most reliable proof why a mother could not be happy in heaven when her child was in sin; and showing me once again how the two worlds unite, and how spirit embodied may work with spirit disembodied, or vice versa.

Tom had yielded to solicitations of relatives, and Mary had gone to live with an aunt, a distance away from the city. Thus the girls were separated. Fanny, now a girl of sixteen, had been missing from her home for ten days or more. She had been sought for, and at last been found in a place of iniquity, under circumstances so sad and disgraceful, that it seemed a pity she were not dead. Now that she was found the grave question was, What to do with her? It was a case that called for firmness, and yet the girl could not be reached by force, or at least could not be rescued by it. Her father in his despair was angry one moment, and the next weeping. A home she must have with some restraints. A lady who had influence and could secure admission into the Industrial school at Evanston, was interested in the girl; but the girl's consent to go there must be won. From 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 at night we pleaded, persuaded and prayed with this girl to consent to the terms, and to go willingly into the school. At last we were rewarded. The next day her father accompanied her to her new home, and left her with watchful friends, none more so than her own mother who had now become her guardian angel.

Fell Dead While Blaspheming.

Four years ago John A. Brown, an intelligent colored man, for many years a resident of this city, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, studied medicine under Dr. Edward VonDonhoff, the well-known surgeon of 109 East Chestnut Street. Brown was an apt pupil, and followed his studies with much application under Dr. VonDonhoff for two years, with much advantage to himself. At the end of that time he went off to New York and attended lectures in one of the largest and best medical colleges in the country. When his course was finished he graduated in the upper half of his class, and came back to Louisville to settle and practice his profession. He was well acquainted with the colored people; conversed well and dressed smartly, and before long he had a large and lucrative practice. The only drawback to his popularity was the fact that he never attended church, and openly boasted of being an atheist. Dr. Brown, being a single man, occupied a sleeping-room over his office at 1411 Grayson Street.

Last Sunday night about 10:30 o'clock Brown met Rachael Jones and Elvira Smith, colored women, who together occupied a house in his neighborhood, as they were coming from church, and accompanied them home. One of the women asked him inside, and he entered. Several more colored people came in, and the company were sitting around the fireplace talking, when a religious controversy sprang up between two of the men. They were arguing their point when Dr. Brown stopped them. He said they were two fools, and were talking a mere lot of bosh. He said there was no Christ, and that the person of that name was merely an ordinary person who happened to be better morally than the people among whom he lived. He said there was no God, and that he was an imaginary person whom people liked to believe in simply because it makes them comfortable. He made fun of sacred things, and was in the midst of a tirade of awful blasphemy, when he fell from his chair a corpse.



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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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UP AMONGST THE STARS.

BY J. G. JACKSON.

In our own childhood we look above with wonder when the darkness of the night has opened to us the twinkling beauties of the sky. Thus also in the infancy of the human race, ere the light of science had revealed the meaning of those countless orbs, it must have been the same with all men—they could but gaze and question. A large proportion of earth's people still have no realization of the meaning of the stars. Many yet blindly regard the Jewish scriptures as a veritable store of truthful revelation—still cherish the ideas taught in divinity (?) schools, that, in some sense, allegorically or otherwise, the Book of Genesis must be regarded as a wonderful mine of inspired truth. To the scientist, who is measurably relieved from the hereditary bias caused by ages of false culture, it is easy to perceive how mythical and fanciful are the records we have been thus blindly schooled to venerate.

That every star (properly so-called) represents a sun, is now known beyond a peradventure; and the development of every sun from its original mass of revolving cosmic matter, necessarily implies an off-throwing and co-development of attendant planetary worlds, that are but children, so to speak, of the condensing central luminary, and must ever revolve around and be vivified by the light and heat of this their original parent; at least—

"Until the sun grows cold
And leaves the judgment book unrolled";
that is, until, in the progress of some cycle of time only less than eternity, these suns may, in very truth, one by one successfully "grow cold" and die!—but die only (as is true of all shapes and forms of death) to pass through the laboratory of universal nature, and be evolved, thenceforth, into other and more harmonious forms throughout these endless cycles of eternal life; for, is it not true, as our spiritual philosophy inculcates, that all visible material nature exists but as a basis from which to evolve enduring—still higher, more perfect and more enduring—existence? Stars, then, we repeat, are all stupendous living centres of light—heat—force—individualized types of the Divine and Eternal Power.

Were our sun extinguished all visible forms of life, beauty and growth on earth, would perish; so on every other planet of our system. Thus also would it be with every star, or system of stars that the night reveals. The death (growing cold) of any one of them would involve the cessation of all life dependent upon its vivifying beams.

Before we attempt to grasp the tremendous realization of what "the stars" imply, let us question science as to their magnitude. Our star—our own central sun—is a globe, surrounded by a terribly convulsed and seething ocean of flame, equal in bulk to one million four hundred thousand earths such as we tread upon. Yet science reveals that this, our sun, tremendous as it thus appears to be, must really be classed amongst the smaller samples of fruit in the Gardens of the Infinite. Astronomers, through the patient labor of years, have been able to approximate the distance from us of some of the nearer stars; but it is still an unsolved problem, to certainly determine the real magnitude of any, no telescope having yet been constructed that will show a star-disk sufficiently well-defined to make a micrometric measurement thereof possible.

But, nevertheless, through an estimation of the observed intensity of the light of our

sun as compared with the light reaching us from those stars whose distances are approximated, a means is obtained for computing their relative intrinsic brilliancy, and hence to give a good guess touching their real relative magnitudes.

In this way some recent computer estimates the beautiful sample star, "Alpha Lyra," at more than sixty thousand times the bulk and power of our own solar orb. Sirius, the Dog-Star, is another sun of inconceivable magnitude, and doubtless there are many others of greater glory than our own as well as many of less.

Prof. Newcomb, well known as one of our best and most conservative astronomers, remarks in this line of inquiry, "That our sun is really a star less than the average, which would modestly twinkle among the smaller of its fellows if removed to the distance from us at which they appear."

As to the number of these stars—these awful centres of material and spiritual life and growth, it is estimated that there are nearly fifty millions in view through our best modern telescopes.

What thoughts are these, could we only rise to them? How could we, informed of these facts, still reverence the petty so-called "inspiration" that treats of the apparent expanse of the sky as a "firmament" called "heaven"; as a solid arch "dividing the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament"; and which when speaking of the "two great lights"—the sun and moon—placed in this firmament, had no words for that infinitude of suns and planets—that limitless universe—compared with which, the "great light" (our little sun) is truly but a drop in the infinite ocean, and our far less moon but a grain of sand on its boundless shore—that "inspiration" which had no word to speak of these myriads of distant suns save that: "He made the stars also"; that "inspiration" again, which, after four thousand more years of human attainment appears in the mind of the "only Son" of the Infinite God, "by whom he made the worlds" as only this: "The stars shall fall from heaven" (Mat. 24: 29; Mark 13: 35).

Dear readers of the JOURNAL, do you catch my meaning? It is this: The vast growth of knowledge since the Jewish book of Genesis was written—and since Jesus taught and prophesied what was never fulfilled and never can be—has opened to the thought of man a universe of worlds infinitely beyond conception to the writers of the earlier day, and no less exceeding that of the reputed miraculously endowed founder of the Christian faith.

Oh! that the world of men could rise to its true appreciation, and become enabled to perceive, in all and through all—from the least to the greatest—in the material and in the spiritual, the unceasing reign of an Infinite Divine Presence that rules and guides by law alone.

Descending from these flights of thought, what shall we say of—"Up Amongst the Stars,"—the heading of these lines? I answer only this: We are now amongst the stars in very truth, in degree, the same as is possible for us to be.

Were we to take flight and approach sufficiently near to any one of the infinite host—either our own sun or any other—your material frames would vaporize in the intensity of its heat with a most sudden cremation, and what effect might be made upon your spiritual constitution, experienced wisdom alone can tell.

Should we visit the region of Sirius, or his compeer, it would be but to alight upon some one of his majestic train of planets, to find congenial friends and (as is not improbable) a more beautiful and perfected home than ours. But Sirius' world there appear only as a mighty sun, and from the shadow-side of our temporary sojourning place, the same stellar vault would twinkle above us though changed somewhat in apparent conformation; while some learned resident of that distant home of sentient beings might point out to us our poor little sun, obscurely visible—not to be missed if utterly extinguished. On an other hand were we to visit the Pleiades, thinking to get "Amongst the Stars," they would, as we approached, so widely flee asunder, that on alighting upon the planetary dependents of either one of them, we would find ourselves near but that one star of the group, and it would be as our own sun or as Sirius, a vast controlling centre, while the others would shine as stars more or less remote, so far asunder in reality are the individuals of that beautiful group which, in the olden time, was reputed to be shedding their "sweet influences" upon the earth. We could still look aloft from our place of visitation in the Pleiades; and fancy how beautiful it must be—"Up Amongst the Stars."

These are not mere fanciful speculations; but well grounded deductions based upon the proven truths of science.

Will our readers ask: What good is to result from knowing and appreciating all the astounding facts to which we have alluded? Shall I attempt to tabulate the answers?

1. It will tend to enlarge our minds, and raise us above the overvaluation of the narrow and petty influences which surround us, thus to perceive such an infinite cosmos yielding obedience forever to Divinely sustained and omnipresent law.

2. It will enable us to justly appreciate the narrow ideas of Deity, which, existed in the minds of the earlier and uncultured fathers of our race, whose God was but an enlarged man, endowed with passions and weaknesses similar to their own, and whose world and its creation, to them so momentous, would

count as naught, on a general view, if blotted out and utterly extinguished from the stupendous whole.

3. It will make any rationally expansive intellect reject with scorn the thought that this Divine Presence which upholds all this infinite cosmos, is the father of but one son, begotten of a woman of obscure race on the little planet earth, and elevated by the narrow conceptions and pious frauds of weak minded devotees to the fanciful (we might well say blasphemous) elevation of a co-equal with that Infinite Presence, and only Savior of the race of men (presumably upon all the myriads of worlds) from the inharmonies and weaknesses incident to their evolution, and only to be outgrown under the divine order which is forever tending from the lower to the higher, as through knowledge and wise obedience we are enabled to work in accord with its unflinching demands.

4. It will finally tend to the banishment of all forms of mental and physical slavery, whether to the dogmas of the inventors of "cunningly devised tables," or to the superstitious dreams of the weak and the ignorant.

Then may our human race arise in their might as a united power to "replenish the earth and subdue it"—overcome yet more and more its various imperfections—give their time more and more to the courageous seeking after wisdom, in the material, moral, mental and spiritual; and thus render our now utterly imperfect world, possibly equal to many on the material plane, now existing or to be discovered, "Up Amongst the Stars." Hockessin, Del.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Evolution at the Helm—The Bright Side of Chaps.

BY S. L. TYRELL.

My few words on so great a theme as the above, must, of course, be abrupt and disconnected—some thoughts, perhaps nebulous, with many missing links to be supplied by the reader. The social sky, all agree, to-day looks dark and threatening; but every cloud has two sides, a dark and bright; its color mainly depends on the standpoint of the observer. What is dark from the valley below, is golden upon its sunny side, seen from the mountain top above it; so with the social cloud now over us; if viewed from the low plane of commerce and political economy, it seems a coming cyclone; but if regarded as a grand, natural phenomenon in an established order of human development, it at once assumes the tints of the rainbow, and becomes a cheering bow of promise, instead of an omen of destruction.

Two theories of the universe embrace all the essential thought of the world upon its origin and end. One view excludes design, and gives us a "chance world"; the other, a world governed by intelligence. The fearful, supreme mystery of all human thought is man himself. Materialistic science traces man's nebulous, backward path till his origin fades out in the pale mist of vanishing matter. Physiological speculation here also loses its starting-point, and all its mysterious germs and "potencies" evaporate in the fiery, primeval crucible, and vanish away with the ethereal rocks into the invisible void of seeming nothingness; but from behind this impenetrable veil, man has in some way come with nerves to suffer, and a soul to exult or despair. Where is this mysterious evolution of the eternal ages bound? What is his destiny? Is the living question of the hour. Is the world with its priceless freight of soul and nerve, drifting before the winds of blind, relentless fate, or has it a pilot steering it to a definite goal? Of all the world theories, the chance theory is the most despairing. An intelligence, although a demon, may be supposed capable of reform, change and mercy; while the attributes of insensate matter may eternally go on evolving sentient life to suffer, heedless of agony or prayer.

The philanthropist is ever asking, What is the meaning of human existence? What is nature's ideal destiny for the race? Have we a solid basis in science and history for hopeful prophecy, or must we yield our hope to a gloomy pessimism? Theology is no more a recognized prophet; science and history must be the seers to unveil our future. In philosophy, facts are the basis of infallible prophecy. From the fact that matter falls to the ground, and has always done so, through all known time, we believe that it falls by an established law, and will continue to fall in the future. The law of human progress rests also on facts of observation, and its basis is equally safe and scientific. All history and prehistoric records show a uniform and persistent advance in mind and morals, and we are as scientifically bound to believe in future progress as to believe that apples will ripen and fall in autumn. The law of progress is so clearly demonstrated to-day, that even a gloomy, agnostic pessimist may catch a gleam of hope from his cold fatalism; for if matter is so fortunately endowed with mental and moral "potencies" as to naturally crystallize into such beautiful forms, as conscience, love and tender human sympathy, it must continue to obey its immutable laws, and he has a ground of faith as sure and scientific as chemical affinity or gravitation.

Theist may confirm his faith in a grand outcome for man, from the truth that mind has fixed laws as well as matter. Intelligence cannot be conceived to act without motive, and since the adaptations in the universe which result in pleasure, so infinitely

outnumber those of an opposite tendency, we must believe that benevolence is the ruling attribute of Deity, and must determine all divine volition. Since the self-existent creator did not originate his own life, he cannot lay it down, nor abdicate his throne, but must remain the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and must forever in the future as in the past, work persistently against the powers of evil. Theistic reasonings have ever been confronted with the supreme mystery of the existence of misery or evil in a world governed by a God both good and omnipotent. It is idle to pretend that theology or metaphysics can logically reconcile the conflicting facts of evil, and a good and absolutely omnipotent Deity.

The logical Mill dared to follow his logic to its legitimate results, and solved the dark problem of the ages by the startling doctrine of a limited Deity—a God truly benevolent yet not strictly omnipotent. Mill's theory satisfies the reason better than any other, and gives us the conception of a world the best possible that Deity could make; a world incomplete, but progressing toward a more perfect ideal. A moment's abstract thought must show us that evil is inseparable from any conceivable creation, since every created thing must be finite and limited, and hence imperfect, and imperfection is but another name for evil. The original problem before the divine intelligence was: Necreation or an imperfect one. Divine goodness was impelled to create, and hence we have a world of apparently conflicting forces. But the unwelcome concession of a limited creator need not disturb our faith in a glorious future for man. Past progress demonstrates a power competent to cope with stubborn fate to a degree that will at length make earth an Eden. The hands of the evolutionary clock move so slow that present motion is unseen; but contrasts of the past and present show a sure and persistent advance all along the ages. The marvelous upward movement of man, in science, morals and art, may be shown by a single representative comparison. The stone hatchet and the ocean cable show us at a glance the infinite chasm that divides the ages. Evolution never retreats; she holds all positions gained, for a new base. Her advance has been greater in the last century than in any previous thousand years. Telling on patiently through the uncounted ages she has prepared her implements, and her future prowess will be far more wonderful than in the past. She has at last evolved, as her co-worker, that miraculous instrument, the human brain, with power to apply directly the laws of development, and by intelligent art, produce results in a few months or years which might not have been reached in centuries by the unaided efforts of "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest."

Huxley says evolution is not always uniform in her steps, but sometimes, suddenly produces almost miraculous creations. She has in recent times made one of her exceptional leaps, and carried man farther towards her ideal civilization in a century than in thousands of former years. The rapid development of inventive genius has virtually made man a creator. He now makes artificial men to do his servile labor. England or the United States can do the work of the world now with their artificial men. Kind nature has nearly finished man, her masterpiece. She has given him almost deific attributes, and handed him the key to Paradise! He can enter if he will. All that man needs now to open the gates of Eden is a little further development of his moral, sympathetic nature, and this heedful unfoldment is fast progressing. The germ of maternal love, nursed in the heart of the primitive mother, has by hereditary laws extended beyond the patriarchal household, to tribes, clans and nations; and as by disease, superfluous parts are weakened, and finally eliminated from the physical organism, so the developing spirit of kinship among the nations, is weakening the savage, warlike instinct of primeval man, and will at last evolve an improved variety of humanity, who "will by nature do the things of the law."

The "boycott" the "lockout" and the "strike" are only the upheavals of a social earthquake, struggling to elevate the world. The fiery convulsions that rent the crust of the old earth raised priceless treasures to our reach. The question returns, What will be the final outcome of the "labor trouble"? Nature is not blind nor impotent, she will conquer in the end. Through the smoke of the conflict between the social forces the white flag is already seen; and the main result is no longer doubtful. Evolution's grand ideal from the beginning is human happiness; and human brotherhood is the divine law to fulfill her design. Fraternal brotherhood is the "divine event toward which creation moves." Evolution's chief agent in reconstructing civilized society will be the miraculous inventive genius of modern man. Labor saving machinery is the key to Paradise. The logical step to this final goal are direct and plain. Invention will still go on with increasing force. The sick will never supplant the reaper nor the thimble the sewing machine. The race will still obey the law of nature, and multiply, regardless of Malthus and the quacks. Artificial men of steel will crowd nature's workmen to the wall. The Democratic idea of equality, universally awakened in the expanded mind of modern man, will enfranchise the world, and the enfranchised world will practically adopt the popular political theory that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," and will claim possession of the world by divine right.

regardless of previous kingly "grants" and titles.

Political economy cannot disguise the stubborn fact, that the world will in some way subsist upon the products of the world, either as workmen, paupers or criminals; and when the resources of labor fail, there must inevitably grow up an idle, pauper or criminal aristocracy, living at ease on the revenues of capital; hence, property through self-love and in self-defence, will be compelled to yield to the evolutionary law recorded in the Golden Rule. The conflict can end only in some fraternal form of just and wise co-operation. That end is ordained to come and beyond lies that millennial era for which in all ages the good have worked and prayed. Our scientific seers tell us the moon is dead, and that mother earth is on the road to death. This is doubtless so; but at the estimated speed of half a second in two thousand years, there will be ample time before the burial. Cleveland, Ohio.

Boston Spiritualism—The Unitarians.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It is nearly three years since I left my work upon the Pacific Coast, the main particulars of which you can hardly have forgotten. I was there nearly seventeen years, and I cannot but think that a reasonable share of the present activity in our cause there has sprung from seed sown from the granary of my Liberal and Reform Book Store, on Kearney street, San Francisco. It is quite possible, however, that some tares may also have sprung up; but as I have a firm faith that the life of tares is but brief, whilst the pure wheat of the truth can never die, I can still reflect with joy upon the work done through my instrumentality there.

Since my return to this eastern land I have not been wholly inactive, though from the necessity of my condition I have been comparatively quiet. My first work was one of observation, first among the Spiritualists of Boston, then among my old friends, the Unitarians, especially the ministers with whom I am still in regular standing, and among whom I have many whose hearty sympathies I seem to retain; many who do not think the less of me on account of my more than thirty years of outspoken Spiritualism.

As a result of my observation of the state of Boston Spiritualism, I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in this on respect at least; there was not so great an advance toward the higher religious phases of our faith as I had anticipated. In other words, the proportion of mere phenomenalists, of wonder-seekers almost exclusively, was greater than I had expected to find in a city of such general advancement. I had supposed that here at least the tendency to mistake the scaffolding for the sacred inmost of the temple itself, would by this time be fast disappearing. But in this respect there was hardly any improvement above the San Francisco I had so recently left.

With my Unitarian brethren I found an encouraging advancement from the position occupied at the time of my leaving, nearly seventeen years ago. Their theology had become more radical and progressive; whilst their attitude toward Spiritualism had greatly improved. Here I felt that I had a special work to do, and in which I succeeded considerably beyond my expectations. I was allowed to introduce and defend our faith in the minister's Monday Club, where I found quite a number of partial and of full supporters; and even what was once the conservative denominational organ, the *Christian Register*, opened its columns to me for a candid but decided defence of the faith, and the result of what I thus published was of a highly satisfactory character as appeared in the responses received personally, and also through the *Register* columns. Indeed, the general tone of that paper in one direction seems now to be quite reasonably fair and satisfactory, the editor being a decidedly able exponent of a growing liberalism. He seems to be a highly intuitive and inspirational man, who having years ago outgrown his Baptist creed, is still being strongly impelled in the direction of a faith more satisfactory than the accepted Unitarianism of the day; and well this may be the case, for although surely there is some movement here, yet is it wavering slow toward the more cheering and perfect mount of vision presented by the unfoldment of our modern Spiritualism.

I did think at first that the aims of a liberal Unitarianism might be so far expanded as to give a warm and general welcome to our new proofs of the nearness and activity of the angelic world, and thus a much needed help to be imparted to the somewhat dull, un-moving power of the Unitarian pulpit. But probably Unitarians as a denomination are destined to go on much in the old routine of comparatively small progress and work, whereas if they would but expand their sympathies and borders, so as practically to receive the new proofs of a near and conscious intercommunication between the seen and unseen worlds, the power of their pulpit ministrations and of their humanitarian efforts generally would be almost infinitely extended.

With hearty sympathies in the good work you are doing in your excellent paper, I am as ever, cordially yours in the faith. Cambridgeport, Mass. HIRSHMAN SNOW.

It is indignantly denied that there is dissatisfaction on the part of Gen. Logan's family with the medical treatment he received in his last illness.

THREE PREACHERS.

A Look Back on the Horizon of Time
When the World Was Young.

*The Belled, Hairy Man, in Black, Who was
Born in Calamity—On the Shores of the
Sea of Galilee, and Those of Lake Michi-
gan—From Jeremiah to Sam Jones.*

THE FIRST PREACHER.

Dimly through the centuries, in the obscure twilight of time's morning, far down on the eastern horizon, one may see a region and peoples, unique, bizarre, sensational in their characteristics. They are ill-defined, they are distorted as their reflection passes through the innumerable years which separate them from the present, as the rays from an object are bent in their movement through water. The curious one who stands on the summit of the nineteenth century and glances back through the interminable distance sees what resemble the disturbing visions of a broken slumber. There are trees as men walking; there are giants and dwarfs. A great smoke lies over the area through which penetrate the red flames of burning cities. A chariot of fire rises into the air and blazes a resplendent pathway athwart the sky, and disappears in the zenith. Fierce combats rage over this region, and hot lightnings fall from the clouds and blast myriads of human victims. Hissing serpents, fanged and deadly, crawl among the people, and the old and the young, men, women and children, fly shrieking and dying before them.

The mountains tremble in terror, and the earth shudders convulsively in the grasp of the earthquake; the lakes, seas and rivers rise and swell above their beds to the mountain-tops, and then subside, leaving the slopes and valleys thickly strewn with sudden dead. Rivers are turned into blood; dense darkness which can be felt rests for days over the landscape; a burning bush with a flame that sears the eye lights up the sky and is not consumed. Armed hosts struggle in the mountains and on the lowlands and litter the ground with their slain; populous and fertile areas are devastated by the overflow of floods of war and are left a desert.

It is a wonderful, full of mystery, destruction, war, turmoil, death and sublime confusion. The dead come forth at the bidding of some potent genius; the arid rocks, smitten by the wand of an enchanter, gush cool torrents of water; men with blood on their garments and with the hot breath of the avenger scorching them like the blasts of a furnace, flee to the cities of refuge. Interminable trains of captives march across the borders and disappear forever.

II.

It was in this region of wrath, enchantment, dread agencies, and terrifying manifestations of unknown powers that the first preacher, the first prophet, originated. He was born of the flames, the smoke, the mystery, the idolatry, the war, the anarchy. He was not the development of mere conventionality, but of necessity. The nation was imperiled, religion was endangered. Idolatry menaced the altar, and he was born.

This creation had no chameleon-like qualities; he did not reflect the hues of his surroundings. Of one of them it is said: "He was a hairy man and girl with a girdle of leather about his loins." Neither purple, nor fine linen, nor luxurious surroundings were his. Simply characterized every moment of his life. The Shonamite woman understood this, for when she invited him to visit her she made him a "little chamber on the wall, and set for him there a bed and a table, and a stool and a candlestick, and gave him some bread."

The paragonages of these men were in the recesses of the hills, their theological tomes were the stars, the skies, the uneasy winds, the swelling buds and the blossoming plants. In the dense solitude of the inner wilderness they communed with nature's hidden forces and believed that they stood close to the abiding place of the great Jehovah. They dwelt apart from the masses. When the sins of the nation became flagrant they roused themselves and went in search of the offenders. The ravines, the highways, the streets of the cities, the palaces of the great, were their auditoriums. Clad in a single garment of black horsehair stuff, which enveloped him like a mantle, with belt, and scrip, and staff, the original preacher strode through the land wherever there were people to hear and sins to be denounced. With long, unkempt, straggling locks bleached by sun and wind, and brawny, hirsute limbs and emaciated features, he was the impersonation of rude and effective strength. His eyes flashed with fire, his nostrils were aflame with righteous wrath, and his voice smote like a sledge hammer the air and the consciences of his hearers.

A specimen of one of these early sermons, thundered among the broken heights of Samaria, or reverberating through the streets of Jerusalem, or across the pasture lands of Judea, may be of interest.

III.

"Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings."

"Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes and see not and ears and hear not. Fear ye not me? saith the Lord; will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree that they cannot pass it, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it? But this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone. "Obey my voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways I have commanded you, and that it may be well unto you."

"Oh that my head were waters and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep a day and a night for the slain of the daughters of my people. For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold of me."

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no health physician there? Why is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? Give glory to the Lord your God before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble on the dark mountains, and while ye look on the light; he will turn it into the shadow of death, and make it great darkness. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places, and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears."

"I have seen thy adulteries and thy neighborings, the lewdness of thy whoredoms, and thy abominations on the hills in the fields. Woe unto thee, oh Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean?"

"Behold, the days will come, saith the Lord, when they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, saying, know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest, for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more."

IV.

A deep silence prevails as he closes his

burning words. The awed listeners, with throbbing hearts and pricked consciences, scatter and disappear, and the hairy preacher, with a farewell gesture of warning, turns away and is lost in the thickets of the mountain slopes.

THE SECOND PREACHER.

I.

Eight or ten centuries later, quiet rests over the same regions. The colliding spearmen and archers, the slingers, the smoke of incessant conflagrations, the devastated fields, and the corpses of the slain have all disappeared. There is to be seen in the streets of the cities the gleam of the helmets, the long spears, and the oblong shields of the Roman soldiery.

It was a time when the grasp of the invader had quieted the turbulent populations and foreign subjugation had repressed local disturbances, and when men, tired of centuries of war, captivity, slaughter, and internecine conflict, were disposed to listen to the suggestions of peace. It was at this period that, one day, a man slowly climbed one of the foot-hills of the mountains which border the Sea of Galilee. The region was wild and tumultuous beyond description. Before him as he slowly ascended the precipitous heights was a range of mountains which seemed the result of one of the most savage of nature's volcanic upheavals. Here were bare, sharp crests of rock standing in naked isolation, and there others covered with fierce, ragged, and stunted trees, like the rough, shaggy head of an untamed savage.

The climber seated himself on the bare summit of one of the lofty promontories that abutted boldly over the sea below. Away to his left rose the snowy peak of Hermon, whose grand altitude dominates the mountain ranges as a giant does a crowd of children. To his right, away to the south, flowed the deep valley of the Jordan, into which debouched an inextricable mass of ravines, deep, dark and forbidding. About and beneath him rose the terraces of the vineyards, and wherever cultivation had not cleared the surface of the soil wild flowers, rich in coloring, covered the landscape like a gorgeous blanket. Across the lake rose the rounded and varying outlines of the mountain regions of Gilead, and at his feet, far below, slept tranquilly in its mountain cradle the Sea of Galilee.

Following him at a distance came a handful of men, evidently of the humblest class. They were naked save as to a piece of cloth wrapped about their loins. Their legs, feet and chests were bare; their hair was long, coarse and unkempt; their beards hung in confusion, in the case of the old men, far down their breasts. When they saw that their leader had seated himself, they came up noiselessly and respectfully and placed themselves near his feet, and then, as they gazed timidly and reverently into his face, waited in silence.

The principal figure was that of a man of about 30 years of age. His form was perfect in outline and strong and well-knit, although not athletic. His dress was a single piece of woolen stuff, which was wound gracefully about his shoulders and chest, and which fell to his feet in the graceful lines so pleasing in the drapery of a tall and slender shape. His head was perfectly shaped, the hair a brown that threw off a shimmer of gold, and which rippled down his shoulders almost to his waist. The face was shapely in all its features, with a suggestion of pallor; the beard, colored like the hair, was silky and long and flowing, with not enough volume to impart an impression of youth. The eyes were large, deep, melancholy and thoughtful, full of tenderness, and looked out with a dreamy expression, as if they were lighted from within.

At length his eyes fell on the humble group gathered at his feet. His face kindled with a genial glow, and in a moment he spoke in a low, clear voice, full of tender sympathy, saying:

II.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"I say unto you, unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

"But I say unto you that whosoever shall put away his wife save for the cause of fornication causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever that shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward."

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where your hearts are also."

"No man can serve two masters; he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravens."

"Not everyone that saith to me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

III.

And then the preacher rose, and withdrew into the recesses of the mountains; and the wondering listeners descended to the Sea of Galilee, and began casting their nets.

THE THIRD PREACHER.

I.

Almost twenty centuries later a new scene presents itself, two thousand leagues away from the barren crests, the wooded hills and the terraced vineyards of Lebanon. It is in a city on the plains—a great city like the Babylon which once sent its cohorts to Judea and swept away its people as with the broom of omnipotence.

The scene is not under the open blue of day where the sea-breeze fans the hot brow of the mountain, but within a somber inclosure of night. It is in a great building with cushioned pews, carpeted aisles, arched ceilings, and an altar rich with burnished wood and upholstery. An organ peals at intervals through the space, and glittering gas chandeliers flood the building with a sensuous light. A vast audience fills the place; there are gray hairs, the ruddy cheeks of youth, the royal garments of force; a great display is discerned in all possible combinations and complexities of stuff and color; grave, leering, intelligent, smiling, silly, intellectual, empty faces; immature youth, gangrened old age, motherly countenances, and all the odds and ends of the human race, and infinite varieties which are to be found in the composition of a vast modern, cosmopolitan city.

The respectful solemnity of the simple fish-

ermen who sat at the feet of the Master high among the rocks facing the Sea of Galilee is wanting. In its place there is an eager curiosity, a restless, an expectancy of something piquant and unusual. There is a flutter, and the quick, changeful glances indicate something novel and exhilarating.

A slender man with close-clipped hair, a smooth-shaven face, and a mustache like that of the boulevardier of the great cities, the faro-dealer, the dandy, and the gambler, comes forward and gazes nonchalantly over the audience, which sits with a smile rallying to its lips and hands gathering for bursts of applause. The conspicuous figure, with one hand thrust deep in the pocket of his trousers, in a voice in which there is a strong nasal quality, and with accents which indicate long association with the Afrite element of the south, speaks.

II.

"I don't go much on physical courage, because we find that a much higher expression in the bull-pup. [Laughter.]

"Another thing. You would sit here all night and yell 'Amen!' Lay on Macduff and 'Give it to him!' If I were to attack the drunkard. Yet if I were to assail one of you—you who allow four thousand saloons to thrive among you—you would say: 'Hold on! He belongs to the bung-tun!' [Loud applause and laughter.]

"If I were a woman and had married a man who did not pray at home, I would go to the Legislature and have my name changed right away. [Renewed laughter.] If he didn't have the manhood to pray with me I would take the baby out of the cradle, ram him in to it, shave off his whiskers, and nurse him at my breast. Little bit of an insignificant thing! I would not marry such a little rat-terrier. [Screams of laughter.]

"I know an animal that likes to sit on the doorstep and howl at night. He seems to enjoy it. He howls because he has fleas. [Laughter.] He likes to keep everybody awake. But you can't get the devil's fleas off a man so long as he plays cards or goes to the ball-room. Do you understand that? A person with the devil's fleas on him is always rubbing against something. He is rubbing against the round dance in the ball-room. [Laughter.] Take that home with you!

"The worst thing in this world is a 210 pound, tooth-rate, big, fatty Methodist. Put him in God's scales and he wouldn't weigh an ounce!

"Why, brethren, I could find more Christians in Hong Kong, China, than there are at this meeting to-day. If you can't pray I want you to take your carcasses out of here, and stay out. We don't want you here!

"There was but one preacher in Atlanta that had the brazen effrontery to stand up in the pulpit and endorse the charity ball, and it was not three months afterward until this very man was found in a brothel in Cincinnati."

"A skunk, a pusillanimous skunk!

"If I get religion only in my head I get the big head with it."

"There are some men who would wish to get out of heaven to get a cocktail. I think one of them was the man who attended service on the South side the other day and couldn't sit it out. He had to go over to the Calumet club to get a drink. There are a great many men who when told of their faults conclude that the man who tells them is no friend. My talk about the cocktail has raised a howl of indignation among some people. It is the big dog which boilers. [Laughter and applause.]

"I heard of one of your old deacons shirking out of prayer-meeting the other night, a little ahead of time, and going over to his club to pour down a cocktail."

"I can put up with a man who will drink whiskey, but I have a contempt for a man who will drink beer. If you don't turn whole lot in time it will be your own fault. I can tell you you will have to get a hog pretty hungry before he will drink this latter-day lager beer. He will almost die before he will do so. But these two-legged ones will gulp it down, and they will stick themselves so full of it that if you turn them upside down about five gallons will run out of them—you old hog, you!" [Great laughter.]

III.

And thus endeth the third lesson.

POLIUTO.

Re-Incarnation: Fact or Fallacy?

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered Through Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, December 19, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Superstition and mysticism are twin brothers, whose parent is ignorance. Accurate investigation of nature's laws is dispelling the illusions and delusions of ages. The truth, the whole truth, concerning all things is the demand of the present enlightened age. The universe is either under the government of invariable laws and supreme principles, or the playground of chance, whether typified as chaos, or in the form of an arbitrary and partial ruler. In the first case, it will be consistent with itself; in the second case, law and order would be meaningless terms.

The biologist and physiologist have, by their researches, made it plain that there are certain fundamental rules—laws—pertaining to human life, that are ever the same in their nature and results. The physicists have so far made it fairly plain that evolution is the law of development. Spiritualism has made it certain that the "dead" live as organized existences after the soul quits its mortal tenement; but in the face of all these sound conclusions, a doctrine is advanced that violates every law of life and record of experience. A re-animated Pythagoreanism—a nineteenth century re-hash of metempsychosis—is presented as the only true solution of the origin and progress of the conscious soul, and Spiritualists of a certain sort, proclaim that re-incarnation is the only true philosophy of life!

What do we know of it as a fact? Nothing! Its advocates may retort that we do not understand it; the point is admitted, we do not—because we have failed to inquire—our proclivities and instincts would cause us to do that much; but we fail to understand the matter for the simple reason that we know of no case to support the asserted doctrine!

Let us examine. Its origin lies at the door of one Roulland, whose *nom de plume* was "Allan Kardec," and who received it—so he alleges—from the "spirits," following him comes an able, cultured lady, Dr. Anna Blackwell, both of Paris. No subsequent expounders of the doctrine have ever equalled either of these teachers in intellectual culture or ability. What are their substantial grounds? It is necessary for the soul's development that all phases of material existence shall be experienced by each one. It is a punishment—in each of these cases, therefore, com-

pulsory. It is optional. It is but a partial re-embodiment. It alone explains genius—for good or ill—in unexpected places. It is the only solution to the justice of God as seen in the wide diversity of human lot. These are the substantial arguments advanced by the teachers of this doctrine. To many the doctrine is conclusive, because fascinating; to us the mere question, is it true?

Can the soul be developed by a return to matter, so that its body can be better fed, clothed or housed—or the reverse—whichever way its former circumstances were? or by a change of sex in the flesh? Need the peasant become a prince to be made a better soul? If punishment is the object, why? and who determines the number, length and character of the returns? If optional, compulsion is untrue! If partial, their bodies may be animated by but portions of souls! If it alone explains genius then honors are wasted, and punishments misplaced, on either nobleness or vice! If it alone vindicates the justice of God the question arises how is that known to be the case? Who knows the nature of God's plans and purposes, outside their unfoldments in the nature of man, and the constitution of the universe? No one!

The doctrine is a social peril. Daughters may be mothers to their parents. Children are not their authors' own. Human bodies are but channels through which the dead and gone rascality or virtue of by-gone days may find re-entrance into mortal life. It undermines the tenderest relations and sweetest ties of life, makes marriage and parentage mockeries; is in these regards devilish and altogether damnable.

The soul is something. How does that something effect an entrance into the human form? No re-incarnationist has ever dealt with that issue! It must get there. How? There is the rub! The universal testimony of all seers, clairvoyants, mediums and spirits, is that departed humanity are in form, size and appearance, much like themselves when on earth. How do they get rid of, or compress, those bodies, until they can get into the channels of physical reproduction? The physiologist pauses for an answer; so do we.

If re-incarnation is true, then incarnation is true. Granting such postulate, evolution falls to the ground. Darwin, Wallace, Spencer and the rest were deluded! If evolution is correct then incarnation fails, and with it re-incarnation. Souls are not sparks or specks rained into the material universe and breathed into human bodies as men breathe in the dust specks of the air. Man organically and consciously represents in each stage that much of the unfoldment of the God inherent to all substance that its grade affords functional expression to. It may be a crystal here—vegetable substance somewhere else. Motion, aggregation, organization, sensation, instinct, reason, mark the upward steps. This life is but a building up of the real man—a preparatory school. In the next all that can possibly be required will be found; it would not be a "higher" or a "better" life, if it were not so.

For the vain, who like to think themselves as princesses or priestesses—kings, poets, pontiffs, rulers and nobles, at second hand, re-incarnation may be a beautiful doctrine; but to the student of nature, the careful thinker—to those who are not "pleased with a rattle or tickled with a straw," it will ever afford an example of how philosophy can be distorted, while the judicious will see in it teachings that would subvert morality, overturn the distinctions of right and wrong, and infuse errors upon the race, that those now existing would seem as virtues by comparison. It is a dead sea of moral danger and intellectual rottenness. Safety lies in avoidance. Dilliance is danger. It has no real place or lot in the better part of the spiritual philosophy.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright in Newton, Kansas

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To me it looks an age since I saw the editor of the JOURNAL. I think it was at Lake Pleasant, August, one year ago. Since then you have visited the golden regions on the Pacific Coast, and been the means of floating upon the market of the intellectual world very much brain matter of one sort and another, which we can ill afford to let slip out of our grip.

Mr. Wm. Kmetz Coleman I have not met, but his racy articles make me wonder whether his hair is black or white; whether he is tall or short. Certainly his intellectual stamina sparkles with Oriental grit. I like them because he puts himself into work. He is not a spiritualistic jelly fish but a man with a backbone.

There is Prof. J. R. Buchanan of Boston, too. We shall not know him fully till he has been in heaven one hundred years. His mind is huge; his thought original and analytical; and his courage equal to a leviathan.

I miss the ready and facile pen of my late friend, S. B. Nichols. One by one our friends are journeying to the "Shadow Land."

I am glad to see again the able pen of Hudson Tuttle at work. He has said something which our children will devour with interest.

Some men should not be seen by their worshippers; the moment they are seen the illusion bursts! A great number of men I have worshiped in my time for their mental power, moral excellence, or for the position of greatness thrust upon them. A man appears different in his books. You feel him in the strength of his intellect there. When you see his face, it is often too commonplace for our ideal—the winter overcoat of a great wailing soul within.

I met Hudson Tuttle—like a giant shadow advancing in the twilight to his lodgment—one night at Lake Pleasant. I loved him not a bit less after having seen and heard him.

Mr. James G. Blaine I saw and heard in Philadelphia. I liked him better after. It was the sound of his voice that captivated me.

The Marquis of Harrington, when a rising politician, I admired; but when I heard him speak he fell dead upon me. It was his voice.

The power of Mr. Gladstone is due to his voice more than anything else.

John Bright, the tribune of the English Democracy, has many charms, the greatest of which is his voice. How easily man can be ruled by the voice and mien of those he comes in contact with.

Since the camp meetings, I have spent one month—September—in Philadelphia. I felt a shadow of regret at the close of that month to leave a platform which for more than two years had been so familiar to me. Sunday after Sunday during that term, I saw the same smiling faces of persons, full of sympathy, come to listen to what my lips had to utter. My utterance will mean something to those men and women for the unborn centuries. Thoughts, true and hot, never die.

The month of October I spent in Northampton, Mass. I had good success. The people came and filled the Grand Army Hall. Though no spiritual society exists there, there is still

ready for one being planted. November I passed in Cincinnati. The people came in crowds to listen to my influences talk. The hall was filled every Sabbath, and the interest increased so much in my work that I have agreed to spend June and a part of July with them on my return from here. How easily we can become attached to those who become attached to us.

I took a very severe cold in the Queen City. When I left it was under an agreement to stop and lecture at Bloomington, Ill. When I arrived there I met a blizzard which had got there before me. I disappointed the many friends that came out to bid me welcome. I owe an apology to Dr. Waters and his good wife for the extreme trouble they were put to, and the many friends that left their snug homes that cold night. I will call upon the Bloomington people on my return when Zemia's wrath is appeased and the prairies glisten in the spring of promise. It was a long night's ride from Bloomington to Kansas City.

Kansas is the spot where a population of 30,000,000 of people can live and be fed. Fifteen years ago the site of the city of Newton was a prairie, over which the buffalo roamed at liberty. These solitudes of prairie had not been invaded; for cosmic ages this land had waited for the coming of this day. The deer, the prairie chicken and rattlesnake were the undisputed owners of the land. They have all now gone before the peaceful plow and the mendacious rifle. What a contrast between this place and the city of New York. There a family is pent up in one lily ventilated room from the window of which can be seen piles of brick and mortar, and the hollow faces of hungry men and women; but here is fresh air, room to stretch out one's arms at full length; a chance for man to thrive and make a home. Queer social problems lie as an integral part in this thought, that wise heads may some time work out satisfactorily. What a revolution it would make in the world if every man would try to do more for himself.

Newton is quiet a city, boasting of eight churches. Every Sunday eight educated men break the bread of life to the people; all very respectable men at their calling, and using old theological material with about the same effect as the garrulous pulpit elsewhere. The windbag business has not, however, brought every Newtonian into the church. There is a very respectable part of the population, wealthy and educated, which shows no sympathy for them. It maintains a respectable attitude of denial of the supreme "verities" of Christian doctrine, and notwithstanding pious conjurations, devotional warnings of eternal suffering and all forms of pulpit fireworks, goes on the even tenor of its way heedless of the same. An infidel's farm sells for as much as a Christian's when the location contains the same advantages. Infidel grass sells for the same per ton in the same markets as that which has been raised upon a good Christian's farm. That may even seem a very curious thing in some men's eyes.

Well, is it to this free intellectual people that I have come all this way to talk? Truly I ought to have something to say to them that no man here could have said, or said so well, or otherwise it is a fool's errand in my coming away from home.

Mr. Munger is the president of this Newton Society of Spiritualists and Liberals. How he sits upon both ends of the balance at the same time, is more than I can tell. He is a first-rate gentleman.

Mediums are developing here. Home circles are popular. Slate-writing is a phase that one medium possesses here, and has done some service. Dr. Abbott is a magnetic healer of considerable practice and power. Altogether, the cause of Spiritualism may be said to have made a good beginning here.

Dec. 15th, 1886.

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just received and looked with pleasure over your valuable Christmas number full of gems of the mind. As "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," I rise for information. Like Mother Eve, I want to know. To this end I will ask a few questions. Prof. Buchanan says of Bishop: "He has done things which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." If he means earth-greed spirits, I want to know:

1. If we are immortal, must we not possess individual capacities or faculties unknown and unexpressed?

2. If so, can we say to our spirit expressed through the earthly mental life, "Thus far canst thou go and no farther?"

3. If mediums believe and think they know they are assisted by arisen spirits, has not Mr. Bishop the right to know whether his power is aided by spirits or practice?

4. Do we not smile (I do) at the theologian who claims all good deeds are from God, and all evil the power of the devil, leaving the song-prayer answered, off "Oh-to be nothing, nothing," for the individual soul?

5. As dogs, doves, cats, etc., evidence that animal instinct or intelligence will do many wonderful things, must we decide they are "controlled" or angel guided?

As I have no time to study books, and but little to read, I want to study, and not leave one kind of dogmatism to enter another, letting faith override facts. I remember that man's human accomplishment were at one time ascribed to the two reigning Kings of Heaven and Sheol (how proper one can be with the new revelation), while man himself was thought a mere "worm of the dust." I am confirmed in my belief in future life because of our unexpressed powers.

I was amused to find that the "old man" in Harper's Monthly is made to think that angels don't "go with us common mortals." It is such mortals that need them most. Humanity has learned to help those who need as much as those who ask—if there is love among the angels, there should be enough to help those on earth. If love and sympathy are not for angel use, heaven needs reforming. As we have so very few uncommon mortals it seems as if the angels belonging to Harper's Monthly must have a lax time. Several nations have had one of these uncommon mortals, but not enough to furnish employment for the multitudes of angels. I think I prefer John Hay's practical poem of Little Breches.

"And I think that saving a little child's life, And bringing him to his own, Is a darned sight better business. Than loafing around the throne."

Every one to their taste or belief; and I like to have people believe what will bring their inner and better life to the surface, irrespective of creed. We are all of us obliged to believe according to our nature, and we cannot compel beliefs. It is of more consequence to me what actions are than beliefs.

C. FARRIE ALLEN.

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.—H. W. Beecher.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 23rd Street, New York.)

CONSOLATION.

Through the village, o'er the river, to the breezes
gladness flinging,
With the glory of their music, are the church bells
sweetly ringing.

Wearily, and disappointed, hope borne down by
many a fear,
I, a stranger, pause and listen, as their gladness
sounds I hear.

In my heart sweet memories waken, round me
gleams a glory vast,
Linking all bright thoughts together of the future
and the past.

Holy music, rich in blessing, is the gladness of the
song,
That the breezes o'er the river from the church bells
bear along.

In my heart hope reawakens, bringing strength and
life and light,
Love to suffer, will to battle and to conquer for the
right.

Though cast down, yet not despairing, glorious
words I seem to hear,
Words to make me strong in daring, words to cast
out doubt and fear.

In the belfry stand the ringers, while the silver song
still swells,
But they cannot hear its beauty for the clashing of
the bells—

Only others, not the workers, hear the glory of the
strain,
While we bless them, they must labor; theirs the
suffering, ours the gain.

This, perhaps, the noblest lesson that the holy music
tells,
While across vale, wood and upland, all its silver
gladness swells.

Ye, who live, who love, who labor, bearing, daring
all you can,
So you may, by God's good blessing, ease one suffer-
ing heart of man;

Help one brother to grow better: cause one sinful
soul to see
God's great care and love and patience ever waiting,
ever free—

Freer than His holy sunshine, or the blessing of the
rain,
And the freest to those sad ones who are worn with
doubt and pain;

Oh, take heart! perhaps no knowledge, no sweet
thanks for help well given,
May be granted for thy cheering in thy life on this
side heaven;

Love thou on in earnest working, and perchance
thou yet mayst see
That some hearts whom thou hast soled have been
blessing God for thee.

O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer,
has been taken on the editorial staff of one
of the best newspapers in Tokio. This is the
first woman in the kingdom of the Mikado
who has been admitted within the circle of
journalism.

Mrs. Catharine V. Waite of Chicago, has
commenced the publication of the *Chicago
Law Times*, a quarterly magazine, larger
than the *Century*. Mrs. Waite is herself a
lawyer, an active business woman, and a
very able one.

Mrs. N. L. Morrell is in charge of "Our Woman's
Department," in the *New York Freeman*,
the official organ of the colored people.
Mrs. Morrell, at the head of her column, lifts
this standard for her countrywomen: "The
aim of this column will be to promote true
womanhood, especially that of the African
race. Suggestions as to how its usefulness
may be increased will be gladly received."

The *Housekeeper*, a journal of domestic
economy, published in Minneapolis, has lately
gone into the hands of Mrs. D. T. Smith of
Dubuque, Iowa, as editor. Mrs. Smith is well
known by the name of "Maude Meredith,"
under which cognomen she has written stories,
pathetic and humorous, and poetry
which sings itself like the strains of a wild
bird. The *Housekeeper* is in good hands under
the control of this tried and true friend
of woman and woman's work.

Among the women editors of the country,
Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge may be counted
as one of the foremost. She was the first and
is now the editor-in-chief of the *St. Nicholas*,
a magazine for young people too well known
to be described. She worked her way up by
hard labor.

Then there is Marion Harland, a voluminous
writer as well as editor of *Babyhood*,
and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who is said to re-
ceive a salary of \$5,000 per year as editor of
Monroe's publications. She is from Georgia,
and began literary work while in her teens.

The *Journal of Education* says: "The State
of Michigan is favored in the ranks of wo-
men who are devoted to journalism. Miss
C. M. Fleming has made the *Alma Record*
a decided success, and has sent out a new edi-
tion of *Hearts and Halls* a periodical that
met with an untimely death by business com-
binations, a little time ago. Mrs. W. H. Mar-
ion is doing admirable work on the *Utica Sen-
tinel* as managing editor. Mrs. M. L. Rayne,
former editor of the *Household*, is of the edi-
torial staff of the *Detroit Free Press*, and
is one of the most brilliant and talented
newspaper women in the country. Mrs. Fred
Stocum is associate editor of the *Calvo Adver-
tiser*, one of the liveliest papers in the State.
Miss Hattie Smead has recently retired from
the *Lansing State Republican* after eleven
years' service. Mrs. A. J. Church has been
editing the *Owosso Press* for eighteen years.
Miss Marion Carr has been effective on the
staff of the *White Pigeon Journal* for some
time. Miss Conway is one of the writers and
managers of the *Kalamazoo Northerner*. Miss
Kittie Drake is one of the editors of the Kent
county Times."

The firm of Steele & Steele edit and pub-
lish the pioneer paper of Merced Co., Califor-
nia, and have lately started a daily in addi-
tion to their weekly issue. The elder mem-
ber of the firm, Mrs. R. G. Steele, is a woman
of heroism and energy. In a private letter to
a friend from which we take the liberty of
quoting, she gives a brief sketch of her life.
The year 1856 found her with a sick hus-
band and a babe, penniless in New York City.
Happening to see the unusual notice of a lec-
ture to be given by a woman—Mrs. Eliza-
beth Calkins Smith, one of the most charming
and cultivated of the noble band of pioneers
—Mrs. Reeves was fired by determination to-
ward self-help. She attended Mrs. Oakes
Smith's lecture on "Water," and at once be-
gan taking lessons of an elocutionist. The
business reversed which had broken down her
husband, fired her young, determined nature
to do its best. In six weeks Mrs. Reeves went
upon the platform as the reader of Macbeth,
from which she gravitated upon the stage,
and was a successful actress for five years.
From the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves emi-
grated to California, a quarter of a century
ago, and established the first paper in Merced
Co. Mrs. Reeves conducted the business alone
after her husband became a hopeless invalid;

educated and established her eldest son as an
editor at Sonoma, and took her youngest son
into the home paper as junior partner. She
says "I am sixty-two years old, have a good
home and plenty of business; work every day
from six in the morning till ten at night, en-
joy good health and am happy."

There is little evidence here of the "cling-
ing vine" theory, to which some good people
so pertinaciously hold. As the old lady said
of total depravity, "It is a splendid theory
but a great many won't live up to it." At the
approach of trouble and adversity they abso-
lutely refuse to hang their limps on weights
on their friends, but strike out bravely for
themselves, thereby gaining experience and
development.

That bright monthly paper, *The Woman's
Tribune*, lives and flourishes at Beatrice,
Neb., under the management of Mrs. Clara
Bewick Colby. The editor has fine taste in
the selection of literary matter and wields a
brilliant pen. The paper holds a position of
influence midway between Eastern period-
icals devoted to woman's advancement, and
the *New Northwest* which is the beacon light
of the Pacific coast.

Woman's advent into journalism has had
an incalculable influence in purifying liter-
ature. Look at the papers and books of the
last century, and measure the strides that
have been taken since then! As far back as
Shakespeare's time hardly a page but con-
tained allusions or open expressions of in-
decency. The press is a mighty engine for
good or evil, and almost universally, when
directed by womanly taste, its mission is to
encourage and uplift.

Late December Magazines Received.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (London.)
The usual amount of good reading is to be
found in this issue.

THE PANSY. (Boston.) The young readers
will be amused with the Christmas stories
and illustrations.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.)
Articles upon health and how to preserve it
fill the December number of this monthly.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Or-
ange, N. J.) Contents: The Philosophy of
Health, by Prof. Sheridan Walt; Conversa-
tion; The American Akademie.

THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN AND PRIM-
ARY TEACHER. (New York.) The articles in
this monthly are devoted to the interests of
parents and the teachers of young children.

Early January Magazines Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) Mrs.
Olyphant and Thomas Bailey Aldrich con-
tribute the first chapters of a delightful
novel of English country life which opens
the January *Atlantic*. Marion Crawford be-
gins a serial entitled *Paul Patoff*, and Philip
Gilbert Hamerton, in his paper on French
and English, shows the difference which the
Parisian influence has made in the English
manners as opposed to French. The Physi-
ognomy of the Days shows the curious char-
acteristics of the days of the week. Arthur
S. Hardy has an original paper. Two papers
of real value are: What Children Read To-
day, and The Saloon in Society. There is
also some good verse, and with the usual
brief notices complete one of the best mag-
azine numbers for January.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New
York.) The *Popular Science Monthly* for Jan-
uary is unusually rich in articles bearing up-
on social and educational topics. Prof.
W. G. Sumner holds the leading place with a
discussion of the question, What Makes
the Rich Richer, and the Poor Poorer? Sir John
Lubbock considers the subject of Manual In-
struction. Mr. Frank P. Crandon gives his
attention to the Misgovernment of Great
Cities. M. Maurel presents the results of A
Scientific Mission to Cambodia. Dr. C. C. Ab-
bott gives an account of the White-Footed
Mouse; and Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, another of
The Hound of the Plains. The Experimen-
tal Study of Nature is commended, with
vigorous arguments, and the Bishop of Carlisle
inquires into the origin of The Week of
Seven Days.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York.) Christmas and
New Year's articles seem to have a promi-
nent place in the January *St. Nicholas*. The
frontispiece shows us Ye Merrie Christmas
Feast and is followed by a Christmas poem.
Millet and the Children comprise an article
with many sketches, paintings and etchings
by this celebrated artist. Those Christmas
Stockings is an appropriate story by Rose
Hawthorne Lathrop. Frank R. Stockton con-
cludes A Fortunate Opening. A Glimpse of
Eaton School will be read with pleasure by
the young. There are several Serials, Poems,
and Jingles, with many illustrations to add
to the pleasure of this number.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (New York.)
Contents: The Mooliks and the Russian De-
mocracy; Sir Samuel Ferguson; Our Grand-
mothers; The Rulers of the Balkans; The
Gastronomic Value of Odors; Gustave Flau-
bert and George Sand; The Royal Academy
of Painting and Sculpture in France; Europe
versus England; Henry D. Thoreau; The Eve
of Venus; The Brewer of Ghent; The Philo-
sophy of Dancing; Will Culture Outgrow
Christianity? Spookical Research; Literary
Notices, etc.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St.
Louis, Mo.) The usual amount of good ar-
ticles, stories, poems and notes make up this
month's contents.

GOLDEN DAYS. (Philadelphia, Penn.) The
best story writers contribute to this sterling
weekly paper for boys and girls.

BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or
can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

CONSOLATION AND OTHER POEMS, by Abraham
Perry Miller, pp. 122, 12mo. New York: Bren-
tano Bros.

Mr. Miller, the author of this charming little vol-
ume, has for many years been editor of the *Worthing-
ton* (Minn.) *Advertiser*, and his poems have had a
wide circulation through the columns of newspa-
pers. He is thoroughly western, with broad views
and honest liberality, a clear and lucid mind
which detects the narrowness of conservatism and
seems to palliate wrong, condone sin in high places,
and sham what he is not. He makes no fine verses
for the verses' sake, but he has something to say,
and he finds that he best expresses himself metrical-
ly. He has thrown his poems into three groups.
Religious, of the War Period, and Miscellaneous. In
the first and most lengthy, there is a fine word paint-
ing of natural phenomena as exists in our language.
In the *Ghost*, Mr. Miller has taken "The Raven" for
his model, substituting a loved spirit for the raven,
and well succeeded in introducing the spiritual philo-
sophy. He felt the presence, and smelled the deli-
cate fragrance of "jeanette," when he saw an "op-
alescent disk" rise from the floor, from
"Where a luminous mist or vapor, shaped and
shining like a taper,
Rose upon the air beside me and the carpet floated
o'er;

And this radiant apparition opened like a flower
Elysian,
And I saw the loveliest vision ever mortal saw
before—

For there stood the fairest ghost that ever stood by
man before—
Stood and smiled, and nothing more!
Fashioned like a maiden slender, and with luminous
eyes and tender.

This fair ghost looked out upon me with a love
divine and pure.
After the Ghost has illuminated the philosophy of
life she passed into vapor, leaving only a "halo and a
glory," and now in the delight of a new found life,
the poet may well sing a song of triumph:

And that glory, undeciding, is forever shining
shining,
With a light above the sunlight there upon my
chamber floor;

And that Light my soul is saving—in that Light my
soul is laving
All the ill of Time out-braving till I meet her on
that shore,
And my soul into that Heaven which is imaged on
the floor,
Shall be lifted evermore!

With true prophetic fire he says of "The Race":
"Whatever may, in Time befall,
Must end in love and right at last;
To-day is better than the past, and hereafter,
And Love must own and govern all."

And from earth's dust and toil and strife
And from life's transient pains and cares,
The race constructs the unseen stairs
And climbs into a higher life.

In the same strain is the following:
"Toll on, ye millions, and rejoice,
The morning star is in the sky;
Lay down, and like the sky land's voice,
Fall the glad tidings from on high."

And ye who read the times aright
Can see how well the work goes on,
The red Dawn driving back the Night,
The whole world turning to the sun."

The war poems are from the poet's personal expe-
rience and are among the best of the book.
Space forbids giving the lengthy extracts which
tempt the reviewer. Mr. Miller is imbued with
the spiritual concepts of life here and hereafter, and
is essentially a poet of the new age. H. T.

New Books Received.

THE CAUSES OF THE DECAY OF TEETH. By C.
S. Weeks. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. Price,
10 cents.

THE LABOR-VALUE FALLACY. By M. L. Scud-
der, Jr. Chicago: Jeffrey Printing Co.

Those people who desire to become acquainted
with the doctrine and claims of Spiritualism will
find in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, pub-
lished in Chicago by John C. Bundy, the best paper
of that class in the country. It does not hesitate to
expose the fraudulent practices indulged upon the
cloak of Spiritualism or impostors who profess to be
its representatives. Its discussions are thoughtful
and while its editorial management is able, it treats
opponents and opposing doctrines with respect.
Price, \$2.50 a year. Address John C. Bundy, Chi-
cago, Ill.—*The Kankakee* (Ill.) *Gazette*.

Simon Cameron gave proof of his ability to en-
joy his eighty-eighth Christmas by riding from his
farm in the country to his house in Harrisburg,
where he celebrated the day in the orthodox fashion.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to
strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly
what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the
blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and
leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

Mr. Blaine, Gov.-elect of Maine, and other promi-
nent men in Maine are each having made a suit of
clothes, the material of which was grown and milled
in Maine. The goods will be "all wool and a yard
wide."

For an Irritated Throat,
Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are of-
fered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful,
persistent attention and a remedy that will assist
nature to throw off the causes and tone up the
digestive organs till they perform their duties
willingly. Among the agencies experienced by the
dyspeptic, are distress before and after eating, loss
of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or
gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour
stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous
irritability and sleeplessness. If you are dis-
couraged by food cheer and try Hood's Sar-
saparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made
only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we
will give away 1000 Give Away 1000
one-acting Washington, D. C. 17 and 18 and
one and one-half cents. P. O. and express office
at once. The National Co., 22 Bay St. N. Y.

KITTIES. The cutest pussies ever seen! Photo
boards; miniature sets in stamps. Send for
P. F. ROSE, Opera House, Chicago, Ill.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS!

KNICKERBOCKER
SHOULDER BRACE
Treated
blind. Expands the
Chest, promotes res-
piration, prevents
round shoulders. A
perfect. Shirt Sup-
porter for Ladies. No
harm—simple—un-
like all others. All
sizes for Men, Women, Boys, and Girls. Cheapest and
only Reliable Shoulder Brace. Sold by Druggists and
General Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of \$1 per
pair, plus freight, or \$1.50 silk-lined. Send check
more enclosed to order. Address KNICKERBOCKER
BRACE CO., Easton, Pa. N. A. JENNISON, Prop't.

ARE THE ELECTRIC AUROPHONE.

Permanent Relief for Deafness.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 8, 1887.

The Power of Satan.

We are indebted to *The Gospel Sickle* for new light on a great question. Two main things we learn. First, that Satan, in these latter days, is wonderfully busy; second, that he is using Spiritualism with great power and effect to corrupt the churches.

The Sickle is meant to reap in many lands. It is a semi-monthly sheet published for the International Missionary Society by the Review and Herald Publishing Association at Battle Creek, Michigan, and is the organ of that society to spread the Second Advent doctrine over the world.

That thriving interior Michigan city is the headquarters of the Adventists, and they have a great printing office, a spacious tabernacle, a good college and a large sanitarium amidst the neat cottages of the two thousand people in its western ward who adhere to their faith.

In an editorial headed Spiritualism, *The Sickle* says: "Numerous prophecies very plainly declare that the last great deception under which the world will fall is that it draws near the period of its final destruction, is to be a new development of false doctrines enforced by new and peculiar manifestations of satanic power."

It further tells, in fearful detail of which but little need be given, of "false prophecies," of "new manifestations of satanic power," of "great signs and wonders," and of "spirits of devils working miracles," and refers to a Bible text, 2 Thess., as revealing Satan as the one master mind "behind, and in the very midst" of his last work on earth.

The Bible they interpret literally, with no allowance for myth, or figure, or Hebrew symbolism, and, of course, the devil is a real person—a fiend in hideous human shape. He is very active and shows great power in these days, rioting in devilish joy at the early prospect of the world's destruction—a joy only dimmed a little by the fact that a select company of Second Adventists and some others of the elect will flee from the flames and be beyond his clutch. That, however, is not a serious trouble to him, for he exults in the sure confidence that the vast majority will be victims of the fire ready and waiting for their endless burning, and which he, and the lesser devils who serve him, will keep alive forever. Thus much as to the first leading fact, that Satan is busy.

The second—that he uses Spiritualism, to accomplish his vile ends—is of special interest to our readers. *The Sickle* cuts sharp and strong in this field. Speaking of "signs and lying wonders" it says: "For many years we have seen this very work developing in the earth under the name of Spiritualism—based on one of the grossest and most inexcusable perversions of God's word ever devised. It has behind it a preternatural power of the very nature brought to view in the prophecies; and it is to go with such power, and become so all-pervading in its wide influence, that it would, if that were possible, deceive the very elect."

Of the power of Spiritualism they tell far more truth than of its aim and purpose. That power, they say, is to reach "the different organizations of apostate Christians," "controlling them all will be this satanic agency of Spiritualism." It is to have a power even greater than Catholicism, for it is the "two horned beast" which the Bible tells of. Our readers will be greatly indebted to these good Adventists for telling us that we serve a two horned beast, an awful monster it must be!

But the churches are actually being reached. We are told: "Spiritualism must evidently work its way into, and control the different religious organizations of the land." They have watched it for years, and seen it "discarding its grosser features,

"donning a more religious garb,.... with the expectant and strong prospect of controlling these churches."

A correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, writing from Washington, D. C., two years ago, is quoted as proof of their opinion as follows:

"I assure you that I would not give up my belief in and my knowledge of Spiritualism for all of the gold in the United States Treasury. And yet I remain a member of the church, and with the Episcopal minister and his wife, my far-away home, have formed a circle, and I am glad to say we have excellent demonstrations. Sunday morning, from the pulpit, he preaches Spiritualism; Sunday night we commune with the spirits, and will allow nothing to interfere with our appointments with them. Who shall judge us in our work? I know that Spiritualism in its truest and best sense—that Spiritualism which does not seek to destroy but to improve and build up—is rapidly gaining a foot-hold in all churches, and will in time have complete possession."

There was a time, perhaps, when there was reason for attack upon the churches; but the time has now come when the churches can be quietly taken possession of and their buildings turned into spiritual temples.

This is the opinion of the writer only, and is true in part to us. While the time for exposing error in creeds and dogmas has not gone by, we can be constructive as well as iconoclastic, build better and not be content with only battering down old walls.

We had actually thought that such a change in the methods of the Spiritualists was for the better, but now *The Sickle* has cut down our hopes. We are all only serving Satan to catch the apostate Christians with guile, not, as we had hoped, trying to build on solid spiritual foundations.

If *The Gospel Sickle* is right the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a servant of the devil. Think of it. In the very heart and centre of this goodly city of Chicago, high on the upper floor of a massive and splendid block of buildings not a stone's throw from the city hall, is its office from whence go out weekly messengers from Satan!

But while *The Sickle* tells some truth as to the power and spread of Spiritualism, it is all wrong as to its source and effect. Satan—a personal devil—is an old and outgrown oriental myth. From nothing nothing comes, and so this does not come from the devil. Spirits are busy, but not the fiendish kind the Advent fancy conjures up. Angels, heavenly messengers, men and women yesterday on earth but now in the higher life, are trying to reach open and receptive souls, and are finding them in the churches and meeting with success in their work. Blessing, not bane, comes of all this. As dogmas die souls open heavenward. To the Spiritualist these *Sickle* thrusts are weak and absurd. When our Advent friends outgrow their narrow dogmatism they will seem so to them. Their frankness we like, and they say what many other bigots in the churches feel. Some are fortunately outgrowing that feeling.

A word of just commendation. The Adventists uphold and emphasize, temperance, industry, simple living and honesty. The Battle Creek Adventists have a good name for the practice of these cardinal virtues.

That Washington Calvinist.

A long communication has reached this office from Rev. Sunderland, whose tergiversations and coarseness we recently exposed. It can be all numbered in his own points.

1. He confesses his statement was incorrect as made to our correspondent, that he had never seen or known of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

2. That the only copy he had seen was the one which made him so mad that he wrote us the highly Calvinistic and murderous epistle of last spring.

3. That that abusive and indecent letter of his was "private admonition." He complains of our want of delicacy in printing it, and calls it an abuse of confidence.

4. He charges that we held him up to public obloquy for a gross assault, while not stating that we had ourselves previously spoken our disgust at the erection of a statue to John Calvin.

5. That we are as bad as he is anyhow for having kicked back.

Let us take up his points serially.

1. He forgot! Well, we did not forget, and when we do forget writing such an abusive letter to a person whom we confess we never heard of before, we hope we shall have grace to make an apology. How many more such literary exhibits of himself has he forgotten while preaching Jesus Christ on Sundays.

2. After all the only copy was the one that disturbed him. Curious he should have happened to see just that one that so upset his ministerial manhood, and—well, hasn't he forgotten again?

3. The letter of his, written to a stranger, an editor, concerning an editorial, and concerning the editor's own paper, was "private"—although not even marked private! But to the charge of lack of delicacy in printing such a gross affair we plead guilty. It was not a decent letter. No put in print.

4. We have held him up to obloquy. We, no! We simply held up his obloquy, or rather gave him a chance to hold it up himself. As for any previous attack on him we never referred to the man directly or indirectly; but we criticised a proposition of a public character to erect a statue to John Calvin, as mean a reproach as any of his followers ever was or can be, which is saying a good deal.

5. That we are as bad as he is anyhow! As the skunk said after hitting a fellow, "You smell as bad as I do, anyhow."

Ereunt Sunderland.

The young people are trying to organize a society of Spiritualists, to be controlled exclusively by them, and to meet at Lake Side Hall, corner of Indiana Ave., and 31st St. A. L. Coverdale seems to be the leading spirit in the movement. We hope they will succeed.

The Poetry Man's Plait.

With much trepidation the member of the JOURNAL's staff who has charge of the poetry, ventures to mildly intimate that of rhymes his woes abound. He has been called upon to face death in various forms and has no recollection of having ever quailed before it—leastwise not much. But alas! he finds himself growing weak and faint-hearted under the load of "poetry," which comes at irregular intervals and in varying quantities. From the four quarters of the globe, and the heavens above, in blizzards, avalanches, cyclones and floods it comes. His life is insured for only a small amount and he would not like to leave his family to struggle on alone, yet awhile. Therefore he craves mercy and a general suspension of the rhyming rage. If perchance it shall appear that this is exaggeration, remember that poetic license is sometimes—not often—allowable.

These few remarks are not intended to hit anybody in particular, nor everybody in general. Above all things, dear reader, they do not apply to you; but possibly you can name some one whom they ought to pluck.

There is considerable poetic talent abroad in the land, and if those who are so fortunate as to have it in stock will only study the art of composition and learn to esteem literary finish as of equal importance with sentiment, they will do credit to themselves, make fair poetry and avoid the danger of arrest by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Editors.—ED. POETRY DEPT.

The publisher yields to importunities of his faithful assistant and permits the publication of the foregoing plait. He does so the more readily because he knows that all of his readers are excellent poets and that the trouble comes from contributors to other papers, who roam abroad seeking whom they may paralyze.

We want to see mediumship lifted out of the rut, and this can be brought about, not by denouncing mediums for their faults and weaknesses, but by kindly helping them to a truer understanding of the sacred nature of their gifts.—Golden Gate.

While Brother Owen is expending that part of his vitality which is susceptible of being worked into "kindly help" for the cheats and dead beats among mediums, is it not possible that a large number of people may be wronged for want of knowledge of these traffickers, which information could have been supplied by the *Golden Gate*? If our esteemed contemporary will give the name of just one of these faulty and weak mediums who has permanently reformed, stopped cheating, ceased to indulge in immoral practices and is now using mediumship for high and noble purposes, we will take it as a personal and professional favor. In the meantime the JOURNAL must continue to have more regard for the happiness, morals, and pecuniary interests of the public at large than for individual wrong-doers. And the JOURNAL must do this even though it now and then disgruntles some good soul who has pinned his faith to a fraud.

When the JOURNAL discovers a desire on the part of a questionable character to rise out of the smoke of doubt and deception, it yields the palm to none in its generous help and encouragement. But it believes that charity to the public is as much more important than toleration of crookedness, as is the happiness of society paramount to the selfish gratification of the individual. We know of no authority in law or ethics which justifies the suppression of knowledge necessary for the public weal. In the language of that statesman and scholar, Charles Sumner, "the genius of our institutions requires publicity."

A gentleman, to whom a friend had sent the JOURNAL for a time, writes asking its discontinuance at the end of its term. He says: "I have read it with care, but cannot see any foundation of truth in many of its marvelous stories. Instead of enlightening the mind they seem to me to tend to lower it into superstition. As a faith much in it is beautiful. The Lord grant it may be true! But to me, although I have prayed earnestly for it, there is no shadow of a sign." He is one of a growing number, not satisfied with the old faith, not convinced by the facts, new and old. Yet praying most earnestly, desiring deeply, hungering and thirsting with a hope that Spiritualism may be true, he may yet find it so. The friend who has sent him the JOURNAL need not think his missionary work lost. Much good fruit has come from such work, for its weekly visits are looked for with interest by many inquiring recipients. A good way to begin the New Year is subscribe for it to be sent to some thoughtful friend.

It will astonish many to learn that the religious societies so ably and acceptably presided over by Prof. Swinand and Dr. Thomas, are not reputable, Christian bodies. But such is the fact, for Simon pure orthodox churches in this city decline to give retiring members letters to either of them. As these two preachers speak every Sunday to larger audiences than can be found elsewhere in town, and do more marrying, christening and burying than any dozen orthodox clergymen, it is quite likely they will be able to stand the boycott.

A correspondent at Hutchinson, Kansas, writes: "Who is Prof. Regnart, exposor of Spiritualism, mesmerism? etc. He has lately been here performing. Just spell his name backward and mention him in the JOURNAL." Newspaper notoriety is the capital in trade of such charlatans as this "Regnart." Hence we don't care to give him space worth a dollar a line. He is a swindler and that is all that need be said.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn is speaking every Sunday. She goes to Troy, N. Y., for January.

In reply to a correspondent we would state that the last we heard from Mrs. Maud Lord, she was at Los Angeles, Cal.

Under the title, "Children and Ethics," on the sixth page, Mrs. Blabee contributes an article which we commend to those interested in children—and who is not?

Dr. R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., has just closed a radical course of lectures in Philadelphia, to large audiences. He is about getting out a new book on the "Origin of Christianity."

F. W. Grasmeyer of La Grange, Tex., writes: "I have received the Psychograph you sent me and am much pleased with it. Two dollars enclosed for which send me two more of the same."

M. L. Holbrook, M.D., Editor of the *Herald of Health*, New York, writes: "I hope all goes well with you in your splendid fight for a higher ethics and more common sense in Spiritualism."

The Chautauqua Calendar for 1887, by Minnie A. Barney, has appeared with its usual excellent selection of golden texts. Miss Barney has arranged the "Gem Calendar" for several years past, and very acceptably to the Chautauquans.

Our old friend Dr. Beck contributes an interesting narrative for this number, which we have entitled, "A Dream Extraordinary." We believe Dr. Beck to be a man of truth and veracity, and give confidence to his statement.

The interest in John Slater's séances, at Assembly Hall, is on the increase. His last Sunday evening's audience numbered nearly a thousand, and many were the expressions of wonderment and delight at his remarkable tests of spirit presence and identity.—*Golden Gate*.

"How I became a Spiritualist and How I remain a Christian," is told on the sixth page by a contributor who is obliged to use a *nom de plume* for prudential reasons. He is a gentleman who wields a wide influence in his community, and in his own way is doing effective service for the spiritual philosophy. We shall always be glad to publish his contributions.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins begins another course of lectures on Mental Healing at 2210 Michigan Avenue on the 10th inst. While the JOURNAL takes serious exceptions to some of the assumptions of this school of healers, yet it gladly testifies to the value of much that is there taught and believes all who listen to Mrs. Hopkins in a receptive spirit will be repaid for the time and expense.

Victoria, not the amiable ruler of an empire on which the sun never sets, but she of salacious memory, the Woodhull, walks through a column in the New York *Herald*, all because people persist in regarding her name—and free love as synonymous terms. Possibly there has lived as great a female falsifier as this Woodhull-Blood-Martini, but if so, history falls to reveal the name.

Mr. B. Franklin Clarke writes: "Your Christmas number is one of the best I ever saw." Hudson Tuttle says of that number: "It is the best ever published, although I had thought other issues hard to surpass." Compliments for that paper pour in from all quarters, and we again thank contributors for enabling us to make it so good, and for their continued aid in keeping up the standard of excellence.

E. H. Dunham writes: "Mrs. Amanda M. Spence of New York, closed her labors for the Providence, R. I., Spiritual Association, December 26th, with two powerful discourses upon the 'Development of Fraternal Love,' and the 'Spirit-world and its Relation to This.' Her lectures were radical in the extreme, and have stirred up the thoughts of her listeners to an unusual degree, which, it is hoped will result in a more earnest searching after truth, and an increasing interest in the cause of Spiritualism in this city."

If mediums would become more perfect instruments for the higher intelligences, they should never debase their gifts to sordid uses. But this they do whenever they invite spiritual communion for business purposes. The shores of the mystic sea of spirit communion are thickly strewn with financial wrecks caused by overweening confidence in the business counsels of mischievous and ignorant spirits.—*Golden Gate*.

Very true! and by the same token it were well for the whole Spiritualist press to imitate the JOURNAL in refusing to advertise or countenance mediums who make a specialty of giving business advice. Let there be no inconsistency between editorial page and advertising columns. We think Bro. Owen's position identical with our own on these points.

The *Morning News* of Wilmington, Del., speaks as follows of our contributor, J. G. Jackson of Hockessin: "Justice of the Peace John G. Jackson, whose beautiful residence and grounds are just north of the Delaware Western railroad, about half a mile beyond Hockessin, at Mill Creek station, believes in surrounding himself with all the rational and helpful comforts and conveniences that a rural community affords. His home is a model of comfort and neatness, and his grounds are the most attractive to be seen along the line of the Delaware Western, nearly all of which is the direct product of his own industry and ingenuity. In his own words he is the maker of 'gimcracks,' but he is more. He is not only skilled in mechanics, but he is an artist, an inventor, a civil engineer, and he is probably the leading student of the stars in the State."

An exchange says: "A new method of treating consumption, which is now attracting the attention of physicians, consists in the injection of remedies directly into the lungs by means of the hypodermic syringe, the needle of which is passed through the wall of the chest. The object aimed at is, of course, to apply the medicinal agent as nearly as possible to the affected parts. The experiments so far made in this direction have been most satisfactory. Carbolyzed iodine seems to have produced the best results, causing the complete cessation of cough and expectoration."

Under the title "Three Preachers" there appears on another page a vivid picture of three stages of the world's history as reflected by three representative preachers. With the skillful hand of an artist the writer furnishes the drapery calculated to bring out each subject in sharp contrast with its companions. *Poliuto* is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, one of the strongest newspaper writers in the country, and a man well versed in religious lore. His "Three Preachers" originally appeared in the *Times* of this city. How does the contrast between Jesus and Sam Jones please the evangelical public? As Sam Jones was publicly invited to Chicago and other cities by orthodox clergymen and endorsed by them, it must be they esteem his style in good form and best adapted to modern civilization. Indeed, it is more than probable that had Jesus and Sam jointly occupied the platform here and elsewhere, the clergy and audiences would have given the latter the most prominence.

An extraordinary story comes from the village of R-d Lion, York County, Pa. On Dec. 23th Henry Welchman, a farmer living in that vicinity, died, to all appearance. On Thursday the body was prepared for burial. Mr. Welchman was a strong and healthy man, of florid complexion, and the face of the supposed corpse was ruddy and life-like. The lid of the coffin was "screwed down and the remains, accompanied by a large number of neighbors, were borne to the graveyard. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and the sexton was just about to throw in the loose earth, when one of Mr. Welchman's sons cried out: "I must see my father once more; something tells me he is not dead." His urgent request was granted; the coffin was raised to the surface and the lid opened. The body was found to be warm and limber, and when the skin was pierced blood oozed out. A physician was at once sent for, the body having meantime been carried back to the house. The doctor at once declared that Mr. Welchman was alive, and the opinion is that Mr. Welchman is in a trance.

We learn that the advent of J. Clegg Wright into the Western town of Newton, Kansas, has started up a blizzard. His lectures during the past month have been very well attended. When the weather was good the hall was filled. The Church people have taken alarm and the city has been alive with theological controversy. In the post office, store, bank and street, the subject of talk is the same. Prof. Clark Braden had been lecturing in the city, and Mr. Wright replied to him. As every one well knows, Clark Braden is a bombastic and unscrupulous opponent. He vows vengeance upon Mr. Wright. He has challenged him to a debate, and Mr. Wright has publicly said that he would meet him. The local paper at Newton has the following: "We are glad Clegg Wright is here, and also that Prof. Braden has followed after him, and hope the matter will be sifted down and both sides have a fair and impartial hearing. We don't like to see one little, old long-haired man run all the ministers of the city into their holes. That isn't our idea of war either with the world, the flesh or the devil."

Lymán C. Howe spoke at Grand Rapids, Mich., December 26th. His lectures at Benton Harbor excited a great deal of interest. He commences a course of lectures at Kansas City, January 9th. Mr. Howe writes as follows from Benton Harbor, Mich.: "I think one cause of spiritual stagnation in many places is that the clergy have neglected us! They have not so faithfully advertised us by their anti-spiritual sermons, nor called us bad names so much of late. They are getting derelict of duty. Let us hope they will be more considerate in future, taking Rev. Brewster and Rev. T. B. Roth of Utica, as examples. Bro. Jones has evidently met the public mind here, and won confidence and approval for himself, and done valuable service to the cause. He and his friends, with a little help, gave us splendid music. I was also agreeably surprised at Sturgis, by the excellent music, by a choir hastily organized by young Mr. Wait, nephew of J. G. Wait." Mr. Howe lectured at Muskegon, Mich., Jan. 2nd. He speaks in high terms of Mr. L. V. Moulton, President of the Spiritualist Society at Grand Rapids. He regards Mrs. Moulton as a most excellent medium. Mr. Howe rested for a few days at the Sanitarium at Alma, which is under the charge of Dr. A. B. Spinney.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has contracted with an English publisher to write a series of articles on topics relating to women for a religious periodical.

Charles E. Pilgrim, the new boy preacher, is said to be just 16. He has the advantage of Mr. Harrison, the pioneer "boy preacher," by about forty years.

It is stated that the Pope will hold a consistory on the 20th inst., when he will nominate a number of Bishops.

A convention of the Freethinkers of New England will be held in the Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Saturday, Jan. 29th, and Sunday 30th.

Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Religion of Spiritualism.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Faith's fire burned low on life's altar,
Prayer-plumes were drooping with doubt;
The temples reeked with paltry
From whence seemed the Soul had gone out.

And th' shadow of death lay so dreary,
Across the great heart of the world;
Life's waiting and watching grew weary
As time to eternity whirled.

And the longing of love, so like hunger,
Broke forth into glorious cries of prayer,
And pleading, till God touched th' white wonder
And unveiled to questioning eyes

The glories of life so long hidden,
Fruitful that crowned our despair
And angel-ghosts coming unbidden,
To tend us with patient care!

Till lowliest roof-trees seem rounded
To th' space of your star-studded dome,
And sympathies, sweet and unbounded,
Found voice at the altar of home.

And there came, like the sweet breath of morning
When flower-life fragrantly part,
A message of hope to the mourning,
And cheer to the sorrowing heart.

A vision of love all enfolding,
As large as the needs of the soul,
Of wisdom and goodness, ever moulding
Life's parts to a beautiful whole!

And our faith, forecasting the future
Beholds, as the fruitage of years,
Such a knowledge of God, found in nature,
As banishes doubting and fears.

And fires re-ill on life's altar,
Replenished forer from above;
And temples resounding with psalters
That voice the Religion of Love.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Prayer.

Prayer is now being brought into unusual prominence as an instrumentality whereby the physical world is claimed to be affected, and, notably, the healing of the sick, often when all other means have failed. It seems to me the subject is worthy of careful consideration, and its nature and source of power better comprehended by the people. Prayer, in the sense I use the term in this connection, is the solemn and reverent petition of one desiring some real or supposed good, to an intelligent, spiritual power believed to be able to grant or confer it. Man in a very low, if not the very lowest, condition, has conceived a spiritual state, and has prayed to a spiritual intelligence as he has conceived it. Prayer seems to be a necessary accompaniment to all religions as the means of communication between man to the flesh and the spiritual world, to nearly or quite all systems of religion. In the past, sacrifice or offering as a gift has been thought necessary to accompany prayer to propitiate or purchase the favor of gods or the spiritual intelligence of whom the favor is asked. Among Christians, Christ is the sacrifice presented with which to propitiate God and purchase the desired favor. The Aztecs of Mexico and most of the ancient nations of the world, immolated many human victims upon their altars to appease the wrath of their gods and make them friends, and induce them to grant their petitions. The Hebrews, instead of human sacrifice for the same purpose, gave their God cattle, sheep, doves and the first fruits of the harvest; and to purify the people, every year loaded their sons upon a he-goat and sent him off with them into the wilderness. As man grew by slow degrees to have a less savage nature, his conceptions of God, correspondingly grew to regard him as less cruel and delighted less in the shedding of blood. Now among the most enlightened Christian sects, it is taught and believed that a sincere and contrite heart in prayer, is the most acceptable gift to God for favors asked. However, the old savage idea of an accompanying sacrifice—an offering of blood—is still insisted upon as necessary to insure the favor of God, but no fresh blood is required to be spilled, but simply faith in that which was shed by that old judicial murder of Jesus of Nazareth by the Jews over eighteen hundred years ago. It remains as a relic of past barbarism and as certainly points to the full robust savagery of the idea in its origin as any atrophied organ in a modern animal points to a full development of that organ in its remote ancestor.

We see here development as elsewhere in nature. As man has become more spiritual, his offering and his prayer is more spiritual, and harmonize more with the spirit of love. God is fast becoming a Father who is always desirous of blessing his children, the human race. The age of reason has dawned upon the world, and science systematizing and arranging all branches of knowledge for the better comprehension and truer understanding of religion and prayer cannot escape the ordeal. Men must learn their true place, use and value. Is prayer ever answered? If so, by whom and how? Can man by it affect the natural universe? If so, wherein and by what law? Is its province purely spiritual? Has it laws, and can they be scientifically applied and their results calculated and predicted? Can it affect any but those using it? Can the sick be healed by it and if so, can all learn to use it effectively, to heal themselves and others? These and many more pertinent questions arise and are suggested for discussion by such contributors to the JOURNAL as may feel moved to do so. Space will not permit me now to consider any of these, but will simply draw attention to the fact that prayer seems to be natural to man in all stages of intellectual development, from the lowest savage to the highest civilized condition to which he has attained. The mode has changed but the fact persists. If natural, it must have its place for good. Some claim, I know, that prayer results from superstition, and they have outgrown it. Is this true; or is it, as I believe, based upon the law of sympathy and communion between this and the spiritual world, and may be used in harmony with man's highest intellectual attainment to his great and manifold good?

A. J. KING.

Visited by a Spirit.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I enclose the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. H. H. Woodruff of Camden, N. Y.

One time this summer I was very ill, and lay upon a sick-bed, and was so weak that I could not think of anything, and now had I did feel, when suddenly a beautiful woman in all the freshness of youthful bloom stood before me, looking at me. There were others with her whose faces I could not see, but from the position they were in I should think they were subordinate. Not a word was spoken, and in a moment all was over. Had this anything to do with my speedy recovery, which was so sudden as to surprise all my friends as well as myself, and the doctor, who had insisted upon my having the fever, and that everybody was taken just so?"

I would add that Mrs. Woodruff is not and never was a public medium, and I know of no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the above.

Chicago, Ill.

JAMES ABBOTT.

Mrs. Wm. C. Piggott of Shreveport, La., writes: The JOURNAL has been to us for years a laborer in every spiritual and intellectual field. We read it with confidence, and a great interest, because we know that your efforts are directed to obtain only well authenticated facts and contributions from the pens of men and women of intellectual and moral worth.

The cause is making quiet but sure and steady progress in our city. Mr. Talbot, of Galveston, a sweet spirit, and a true friend, has been with us for a few weeks, doing good work among us, giving free parlor lectures each Sunday, and submitting himself graciously to the powers that be, for the benefit of the friends of truth, without money and without price. We have no organization, no hall nor temple, but we have in our social gatherings and spiritual meetings the full assurance that our desires and aspirations are not lost to the great co-workers in the land of souls, and we cheerfully bide the good time coming.

Mrs. Secretary Whitney sent a check for \$500 as a Christmas offering to Charleston, S. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
How I Became a Spiritualist and How I Remain a Christian.

BY GOLDWIN RAY.

My childhood passed in the forests of Indiana on a new and growing farm, where I lived as close to the heart of Nature as a child to a mother's bosom. I continued to love that great mother deity, and to worship on her bosom, where I found solace in all sorrows and temptations in all joys.

While consciousness was awakening, and I was asking the great questions, Whence? Whither? I heard the Mosaic account of creation, thought it literally true, and that the world was made first before granddaddy was born. All creation looked very new. There were no Sunday-schools, and my soul was free in nature. There were occasional religious meetings of various sorts, some as primitive and wild as the forest.

I was affected early in life, and deeply, too, with a sense of the vastness of God's works and with moral accountability. My sins gave me some trouble, and original sin the most, and it was ingrained so to speak. I was a Sunday-schooler, and other members of our household brought the shadows of sorrow early and heavily on my heart.

It was after the death of my mother that I first began to think seriously of the world of spirits and of the ghost stories I had heard. The deaths of other loved ones intensified my desire to know more of the land beyond. The Bible was my only source of information, and I read with patience and industry, and was acquainted with it. It was told that its history was of days of miracles, and that spirits do not now appear.

It was in my earliest sorrows that I heard of "spirit rappings," and I thought that, perhaps, in it I could find the way to the other world. I went to Terre Haute to become a printer. One day I went to the house of one Job Cook, and attended a circle in a darkened room, but only disgust came of it to me. I heard James Crooks, James Hudson, Dr. Pence and others talk of the marvels of Spiritualism, and understood it some, but I saw nothing myself.

I became a member of the Christian Church by reading Alexander Campbell's debate with Robert Owen—became an active member, was induced to take the pulpit, because I spoke fairly well; attended college at Indianapolis (broken by a war of price in the army) and graduated after the war closed.

During my absence in the army my only child died, a little boy eighteen months old. It is not in the compass of language to tell the sorrow of my soul when I opened the letter of my wife, in the camp on the Rappahannock River, and read of his death and her sorrow. This drove me again to think of the future life, and to long for the best proof of it that could be given. I had only the Bible, and it told only of what occurred nearly 2000 years ago in the days of miracles. Of course I was somewhat familiar with criticism of the great book and had some feeling that it might not be all true.

Talking with many men in the service who knew of my grief, and deeply sympathized, I elicited from several strange stories of spirit return; some were out-and-out Spiritualists and were full of startling revelations.

I continued to preach acceptably and was well supported, but I went into other business because my family had grown so large that my presence was needed at home. In going about I had gathered some marvelous facts from the best Christian men and women I ever knew; some of them had been mediums in the wonderful wave swept the "white corn" in 1835-36. Others had witnessed marvelous "white corn" and had been respectable in "the days of miracles."

For the life of me, I could not help feeling that here is material to prove the greatest fact in religion. I felt that some one ought to gather, sift and publish them; that if it could be proven by the testimony of living witnesses of our own age, that the spirit lives and communicates after leaving the body, it would be valuable to religion, science, philosophy and morality.

I said as much to a good old preacher, who was fighting the "soul sleepers," but he replied, "Spiritism is all a device of the devil to catch the simple and unwary."

Having worn off my fear of the devil, I decided that the brother dodged what he knew to be a stubborn fact. Only my poverty and want of time prevented me from making an effort to gather and publish facts which I held as of the greatest importance. I did not cease to touch those springs of the heart which open into the regions of the marvelous, and did not cease to hope that some day I might do the world the service of publishing a book replete with plain facts, related by plain, honest, capable witnesses, proving beyond a doubt that the departed spirit lives in its full personality.

In preaching funeral discourses I often spoke of my perfect certainty of immortality of the spirit still living and loving, and even aiding to heal the wounds that its departure had made in the hearts of beloved ones. And my words brought comfort to many hearts far beyond what the mere quotation of scripture texts, however assuring, could have done, for I stood myself as a witness to immortality, the evidence I had was that the Lord is true, and he gave on the morning of the third day, when he said, "The Lord is risen, indeed."

One day I was scanning a newspaper, and behold! there was a notice of Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." My heart swelled with gratitude, as I read of its author and scope. There was a man—the revered geologist of Indiana, whom every earnest student of our days knew, loved and almost idolized; he was a man of ample ability, sterling character and broad reputation, in all respects equal to the great task I had thought over so much; he had done the work well.

I ordered a copy of "Footfalls" at once read it with intense interest, and felt myself ascending with strength to the high, sunny, solid level of certainty as to the future life. I speak moderately when I say that his work brought me new redemption, it redeemed me from all fear and death, and also from my own doubts of my ability to gather and analyze facts. It made my scripture faith of the future life a fact.

Soon Prof. Owen sent forth "The Debatable Land," and that, too, I bought and read; but it was only more of the same sort, and I read it, and walked about in the regions of sunlight unclouded in the great hereafter.

William Mountford's unique book, "Miracles, Past and Present," fell into my hands, than which I think, there are none more instructive, or written with a purer spirit, or in purer English.

The books of Owen and Mountford (for I added Mountford's inimitable "Euthanasia") I placed upon my book-shelves to be read and studied as elementary works in the developing science of the spirit. Along with them now stand the "Scientific Basis," by Epes Sargent, and many others.

I continue to gather facts, not to prove that spirits exist or return, for these elementary facts are proven beyond doubt; but to more fully illustrate and establish "the way of the spirit," which was a hard problem in ancient times, and remains so still, when solved, or as far as solved, it must be by a comparison of facts, and not by off-hand speculations, or theories of cunning constructors. Some of the facts I gathered I may give to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, at a future time, by permission of the editor.

I am a firm Spiritualist, because I know "It's true." I still belong to the church with which I united with the wife of my youth, and see no reason for forsaking it. I have few theories, and accept facts with caution. I have never become enthusiastic in regard any honest person as silly or weak who fails to see facts as I see them, or who holds candidly to a creed I do not believe.

"He that believeth shall not make haste," and while we should "work while it is called to-day," yet, of all on earth a sincere believer in the fundamental facts of Spiritualism has the least reason to hurry to bluster, to upbraid, to fear the final result or to force mild theories.

My Spiritualism enlarges my charity, and elevates and steadies my hopes, establishes me in the certainty of the being of God and that His purposes are all benevolent; that He is first, that He will triumph, and that the progress of humanity will be eternal and higher and higher along the path that shineth more and more to the perfect day.

My Spiritualism encourages me in the hardest work of life, and assures me, as my Christianity does, that the best preparation for the future life is duty well done, this life sincerely lived, and joy or sorrow borne in that patience wherein we possess our souls.

Mrs. H. W. Marston writes: I expect to take the JOURNAL as long as I can see to read it. I am a living on "working time," by reason of strength, I suppose. I can still do a good deal of work, and I intend to hold fast to it until the change comes.

Children and Ethics.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

All Sunday-schools ought to be ethical classes. Education should be so directed as to give the broadest possible culture; and the child, like the adult on Sunday, should receive a stimulus to the knowledge and the love of right. The one great danger (as also under certain conditions it is the one great safeguard) is the extreme susceptibility of the child nature. Parents and teachers may well tremble before the responsibility of their charge. I know that the Romanist glories in this docility for ends of his own (which so far as conscientious, I respect); and every church as it stands in the procession of deluded Romanism, has conscious gladness in the receptiveness of its young toward its peculiar doctrine. The Unitarian, least of all, pre-establishes dogma in the untrained mind of childhood. To effect child progressivism, the Spiritualists have organized a Children's Lyceum; but this (so far as I understand) deals more in readings and recitation than in the solid work of character-building. All schools which offer the semblance of child culture do good things. And those with competent teachers and with doctrine sound, and with a far-off aim, are in some cases producing marvellously fine results. But I am convinced that the "kindergarten theory" in "complete elaboration" must finally supplant every other in the Sunday as well as day-school.

I believe in Sunday as a day for rest and stimulation to all good (where such stimulus is not derived from the ordinary work and study). The time may be wisely used, and even when the day school all the stimulus to a sounder life comes. Until then, and until parents shall themselves see their imperative duty to children as parents of a new generation, I think there is vast need of the Sunday Ethical Class. Here the younger pupils should be incited by narrative to the knowledge and the love of right. The beautiful should be set before them in thought and act. The cardinal virtues—reverence, self-denial, justice, truth, purity, patience, progress—should be constantly illustrated and discussed by the class individually. Children quickly seek the truth when a loving personality stands before them to inspire; and nothing is more productive of fine thought in the teacher than a row of bright young faces. Children are poetical. Through pictures or symbols, they best read the dangers of the world. So, too, the virtues of life are a perpetual incentive to right doing. In my own home, from morning to night, references are made to the "flowers" which grow in my boys' "heart garden"; and these have correspondence with flowers of the field. Children from an early age can be led to a critical study of motives, a habit which will hold them to reverence of the ideal in after years.

The older pupils of an ethical school should work similarly to that of the younger. The lower classes, they will doubtless find the study of life's problems irresistible. Pupils in the teens are generally for an outlined course as follows:

1. Why have you come to this class? Recognizing the all-important reality, to secure good conduct, or "ethical culture."

2. What are the means to this? Knowledge and studies of the will.

3. What (according to Herbert Spencer) are the kinds of knowledge essential to good conduct? (1) That bearing directly on self-preservation; (2) That bearing indirectly on self-preservation; (3) That bearing on marriage and parentage; (4) That bearing on the proper social and political relations; (5) That bearing on the leisure of life as related to taste and feeling.

4. The kinds of will stimulus have prevailed in the past? Political, theological and social. What kinds do we as a class seek? "Personal friendship" and "reverent free thought."

5. Through what stages must we pass before ethical culture can be assured? (1) The circumstance of (slight acquaintance), wherein we naturally display our best to one another; (2) The self-revealing (of further acquaintance), wherein we show ourselves in our true colors, for better or for worse; (3) The ethical (of more intimate acquaintance), wherein mutual love determines mutual growth.

One word more. Each pupil in turn should, on successive Sundays, select and treat a subject bearing on the welfare of the race. Thus each is forced to think; and thought is the mother of action. Biography (which we largely use) is an able guide to ethical growth. Nothing can take the place of assimilation through song in the education of the young. When music shall be adapted to words indicative of trust in the infinite and love of the good, simply, then we may hope for something like a larger sympathy in adult as well as child congregations.

Dorchester, Mass.

MRS. CLARA M. BISSON.

Tricksters on the Road.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

That celebrated travelling mountebank, Anna Eva Fay, who has been held up to the public gaze in her true role of fraudulent practices, many times by the spiritual papers, has been in our city and presented her exhibitions at the National Theater on a Sunday evening. Anna had out the usual flaming advertisement what great things she would produce in closed light. She claimed to have recently returned from England, accompanied by a number of spiritual British mediums. She asserts that while there she was patronized by the Duke of Edinburgh, and many other nobles, which was mere bait thrown out to catch gudgeons.

Well, cheeky Anna got into trouble as usual. As related by the morning papers, her audience was of the opinion that the exhibition consisted of mere trickery. In her advertisement she had said that she called what she did Spiritualism, but her audience might call it a fraud. Bishop, the mind reader, was present, and I am told that he and Anna had a tilt. The audience, it is said, was greatly amused as well as feeling charmed. But the best part of the joke was that the next day some of the disbelievers in Spiritualism, in their advertisements, stated that they might observe from the twinkle in their eyes that they had something amusing and smart to impart. Spiritualists generally were not at the "dance," therefore, did not pay the fiddler, hence they had the last laugh.

How often will it have to be published in order to prevent honest people from being imposed upon, and that those who come along claiming to be mediums, with flaming advertisements, as in the foregoing instance, pretending to give wonderful manifestations in the light, are bare impostors. Honest, genuine mediums will not dare undertake such exhibitions. Washington, D. C.

JOHN EDWARDS.

The Ancient British Religion.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Next year the Grand Eisteddfod of the Welsh is to take place in the Albert Hall, South Kensington. In accordance with ancient usage a "Gorsedd" or court of the "Bards of the Isle of Britain" was held in the Inner Temple Gardens, London, to authorize the holding of the festival of next year in "the chief city of King Llewelyn" now London, with its "Llewelyn Hall," on which stands the Cathedral of St. Paul, formerly the site of a place of worship of the British religion.

The mere ceremonial of this affair does not contain the importance attached to the event. Here we have an order of men that have been held together—it is presumed—since before the Christian era, maintaining their ancient religious faith, uncontaminated by the Christian theology, which is necessarily regarded by them as a false and foreign imposture. The words of the prayer used were "purely Theistic," no Savior, no Jesus, no Jesus to biblical statements. The love of goodness and of justice was declared to be the religion of the bards.

This is indeed the religion of Spiritualism, which also ignores Christianity and all its fables. Soon we will have esoteric religious societies, like that of the Bards, revealed in all the old countries, showing that the highest moral and spiritual teachings existed previous to Christianity, which instead of inaugurating these good things, simply perverted them to the support of theological frauds.

We hope the Bards, or "inspirational mediums," of the British Isle, will have the boldness and fidelity to adhere firmly to the ancient principles, and declare truly and clearly at next year's Eisteddfod the grand religion of ancient times, which was universal, and which the human family a vast brotherhood. It will then be the duty of the Spiritualists of the age, and tend to remove that pall which has held in darkness the human soul since the time of the Roman occupation.

The time is fast approaching when all yoke-religious, political and social—will be thrown off by the ancient British nations, and they shall arise again, renewed in their characteristic beauty and majesty. Medium and Daybreak.

Religious Retrospect.

BY B. R. ANDERSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The grandeur of the doctrine of Spiritualism has just been fitting through the writer's mind, and he sits down to spread them upon paper, with the intention of sending them to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the staunch friend of the pure and true, and the enemy of the false and fraudulent.

Back, far back through the past, his mind sweeps through the cold world—through the Northern states, and then he hears the foam and surf of old ocean roar! The seal and walrus of the icy north flash through his mind like a panoramic vision—then back to the sunny days of childhood, and he has taken a reversed retrospect of a somewhat chequered life. Now come to mind the good old orthodox teachings of childhood, over forty years ago! He knows of nothing now which even seems as then but the dear old moon and the twinkling stars. Often when he walks out beneath them, when nature is still and reflection reigns undisturbed, then the twinkling stars are the good old candles in the dark, and the far-off childhood comes blazing within them, and the vision of the past is formed. Visions of those who in youth formed the family circle, seated around the dear old hearth, float like phantoms before his inner sense as he quietly stands and gazes upon those stars; but active thought comes booming over the scene, sweeps out the stars, dries up the ocean, and he finds himself studying the old dried skeleton of the religion of the dewy period of his life. All from then seen through the prism of drops of dew, and his life future horizon was bounded by the dreamy Indian Summer of an idealistic youth. The much labored and highly esteemed Presbyterian hell never loomed a pleasant young minister occupied the pulpit and talked of Christ's coming through fleecy clouds; of marching in heaven among roses and through fields of natural beauty; so grand, so sublime, that the wildest fancy could not exaggerate their beauty. The rustic heart of the youngling was taken by storm. He was daily marching to school through forests where the wild roses were climbing and festooning themselves in the branches of the fragrant sassafras and spicewood, and the cosmic veil that separates spirits from summer covered over the coming asphodels of life.

Thus the young heart, unable to resist the glowing picture given in the sermon as it floated in sweet dalliance with nature's pleasing portraiture, came gullibly to the "mourner's bench," and at last in earnest sympathy a member of the church. But there never was foundation for the credulity, even as a boy he found himself an infidel and swept away into the cold field of atheism.

Always did the heart beat and throb for the comforting thought of consolations of life and love. Early education, however, had broken no sealed volume in which to read of such a life; true, there was the old Bible, whose blood-stained pages with in made the soul revolt; still tender memories, clinging about it because the loving clasp of a mother's hand had made it sacred; nothing more. Maturity blotted the picture because there had been no reality in it.

Often in later years did he (mentally) revisit the scene of the early childhood—joy—he has so much desired to feel as then, and for a time in happy ignorance, forget the truth and enjoy the childish delusion.

Dear reader, you have sometime in your life while young and merry, spent a happy holiday in some cheerful parlor; lights sparkled from the chandelier, bougainvillee, and where sweet strains of music thrilled the soul, and it almost seemed to you that life's joys could never be clouded. The stormy winds without, or the drifting snow could not cool your ardor. At such a time, and when the leaden, cold twilight had broken upon the earth in the morning, you have been the first to enter the locus of your previous happiness. The unsightly wreaths of discordant notes, in places adorned with an unconscious fallow; last night's cheerful life-giving air, stands lifeless and dead like the mocking skeleton of one who died in ball costume. Strewed upon the nice carpets are repulsive evidence of last night's debauch, and grey twilight peeps with heavy eye through the sombre window curtains; the voices of merriment are hushed, and their very ghosts seem slinking away in the silent corners. The whole is now repulsive and saddening. Just so, dear reader, have been the writer's returns to the religion of youth. The gray twilight of advancing age rendered them repulsive, and manhood's meridian banished them forever. He will cheerfully admit a degree of sadness at this thought.

But, oh! my dear old mother, why were no thoughts of God and of an other life directed to his youthful child, in the days of intuition and reason? Then might the dreary days of materialism have been avoided.

At length the tiny rap is heard—the once dead (?) are alive again—there is no hope of an other life except that offered through the chapters of the Bible. Science, history and reason have abundantly rendered that worthless—no! there is no hope. But alas! we are from the mystic regions of the so-called dead, and have no hope to give hope to the rational souls of earth who will hear us.

Oh! the unspeakable joy, the delight, the rapture which these tidings have at last brought! We know that our lost beloved can return; that this return, by the laws of the angel world, is a part of their joy. We may not pierce beyond our terrestrial environment and perceive all the mysteries of that joyous other life; and unless we look back upon all the happy memories and fondle them with our hands, and again we may enjoy them, even a thousand times more keenly than ever. Yes, we can truly say: "Yet in all my finest fancy, Never arose so fair a dream, As this land beyond the water Doth to eyes celestial seem."

Concordia, Kan.

A German Paper Devoted to Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Among the many readers of your paper I presume there is a fair proportion of Germans and descendants of Germans. To them, and especially those among them to whom Spiritualism is something more than a barren fact or merely objective reality, I wish to say, that there is laboring in the city of Leipzig, Germany, a true and worthy representative of the religious and spiritual life, and that he is publishing a weekly paper there, exclusively devoted to the promulgation of its facts and philosophy. Dr. B. C. C. is the editor and publisher of this paper, and in his old age gone back to the Fatherland upon behalf of his spirit guides, in order to win a foothold for Spiritualism there. With a degree of devotion and self-denial which I cannot style otherwise than heroic, the Doctor and his lady have now labored there for five years, and the continuance of the paper is assured for the next two years. It is the only paper now published in the German language which elucidates the truth of Spiritualism in such a manner as the common people can comprehend, and is in all respects worthy of support. Now, if you have any realists or friends in Germany or elsewhere, whom you wish to make familiar with the astounding and consoling facts of spirit existence and return, or if you wish to read and inform yourself of the progress and the peculiar obstacles of the cause in the mother country, send the Doctor an annual or semi-annual subscription. Help the light to shine into many dark places.

This appeal is not published at the request of the Doctor nor any one else, but written solely from a feeling of fraternal sympathy and a knowledge of the man and his ability for doing good. Address Dr. B. C. C., 29 Promenade street, Leipzig, Germany. Subscription price \$2.00 per annum. Geneva, Ill.

GEORGE E. E. E. E. E.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The quarterly meeting of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists just held in this place was a very pleasant, social and enjoyable one. Representative Spiritualists from Milwaukee, Sheboygan Falls, Stevens Point, Ripon, Milton Junction, Livingston and other towns were present. Questions of importance were discussed at the conferences. The week of the 1st of October, 1886, and C. W. Cook of Neenah, Wis., was exceptionally fine, and in accord with the progress of the age. The singing by the Misses Carr and Winnie Phillips was highly spoken of. Prof. Lockwood presided with his usual dignity and suavity. He is universally liked by the members of the association. There is no flagging or lack of interest while he occupies the chair.

Omro, Wis.

J. C. FAIRBANKS.

Scientific Accuracy and Consistency.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I want to express my admiration, and interest in, the article of Hudson Tuttle on the "Accuracy and Consistency of the Methods and Theories of Modern Spiritualists." Perhaps it hits me because it is the same line of thought I have had and often expressed orally and inspirationally, and it seems to me that many intellectual thinkers are as blind and stupid, touching the deeper revelations of nature as the most ordinary mortals. In fact, the weak side of the objections to Spiritualism are the weak side of the arguments of the old Deacon Homespun against the ideas of Copernicus. I am proud of such representatives as Hudson Tuttle, Wm. E. Coleman and others who put scientific charity and historic looseness where they belong, and express the power of truth in its naked simplicity, which must attract honest thinkers of whatever school.

I left my home in Fredonia for a tour through Michigan to Kansas City, and made my first stop at Sturgis, Mich., where I gave four lectures. I enjoyed the hospitality of ex-Senator Walt and his genial companion, while there. Mr. Walt is just now in the health but I trust he will rally and serve this country for at least a decade. In his parlor I was pleased to find two elegant paintings, executed some thirteen years ago, by the hand of Mrs. Blair, while in profound trance, eyes closed and heavily and securely bandaged, so that all could see the impossibility of a ray of physical light reaching even the outside of her eyes, much less the retina and optic nerve. These paintings are marvels of art, even if executed with open eyes and practiced hand. I have seen them in the presence of an audience of several thousand people, after being securely blinded by a committee of skeptics selected by the people. I have one at home that she thus painted in the presence of my wife, Dr. Avery and wife and myself, and there is no possible chance for a doubt that the medium was under fraud-proof conditions. These facts have never been answered or explained by any hypothesis but the spiritual.

I once made a statement of what I had witnessed in one of Dr. Armstrong's Bible classes (Dr. Armstrong was president of the State Normal School at Fredonia), and he suggested that there might have been a set of concave mirrors concealed just above the eye, under the bandage, and that some light-penetrated up the dark passage between the bandage and the medium's nose, and reflected back into the closed eye of the medium to enable her to see. Dr. Armstrong was a scholar, an author, a scientific educator, a Bible teacher and Christian minister, and was esteemed an able and consistent representative of modern Christianity and science. But what I would ask, has any crazy crank or demented medium ever given that equals the absurdity of this wise (?) interpretation of undeniable and indisputable phenomena? In the same discourse the Bible Doctor asserted that the mind or will of man had never could move, in the slightest possible way, a singletom of matter without physical contact and the machinery of the material world. Bro. Tuttle's timely article is a proper showing of these and similar assumptions of those who prize so much of scientific accuracy and inductive proof for every theory. Give them more of it, Bro. Tuttle.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

A Haunted Ship.

Because of Uncanny Sounds.

A queer story comes from Bathurst, N. B., where the ship Squando was lately wrecked. It is very difficult to get men to work in her, especially at night. Queer noises were heard in the cabin of the vessel last week, which no one could explain, and the crew believe the vessel is haunted. The ship seems to be some fatality about her. When the Squando was in San Francisco, some years ago, the captain and his wife killed the first mate, severing his head completely from the body with an axe. The captain was hanged and his wife got a long sentence of imprisonment. The new captain was subsequently killed during a mutiny, and the two following captains died on board the vessel. It was alleged by the sailors and sailors who arrived at Bathurst, that the ship was haunted, and they left in a boat. The Norwegian Consul then engaged two watchmen to look after her, but one night on board was enough. They allege that they saw a headless man walking in the cabin, that the bedclothes were pulled off them, that handspikes were flying around the deck and that a cold, clammy hand was laid on their faces, and a voice told them to depart; and subsequent watchmen say that they saw a boat manned by four men hovering about the ship which had the power of appearing and disappearing at will. The vessel is now without a watchman, as none can be found to stay on board during the night. The minister of Customs has ordered an investigation into the cause of the wreck.—New York World.

Blind Tom.

Individuality.

Since "all our knowledge is ourselves to know,"
My highest worth to others and to me,
My own thoughts that come of what I see,
Reflecting back, and causing them to grow
(Kindred in soil, in germ, in thought)
Distinct ideas, of self-determined force,
Gauging the weight and worth of my discourse,
And all of good that's in me to bestow,
Shall I renounce this labor, lest of self?
Forego my own, to follow other's lead?
Be ranked a party back, be duped by self,
Or cramped in harness of some sect or creed?
Nay, let me live the least of all mankind,
Else in my speech, myself expression find.

HENRY W. HAZEN.

Was it a Spirit? Or What?

(Chicago Evening Journal.)

The following described singular occurrence happened to me many years ago. Of course, I have my own opinion as to the nature of the phenomenon, but I do not propose to obtrude that opinion on any body else, it being preferable that each person should draw his own conclusion. I, however, pledge my personal veracity as to the truth of the statement.

In and prior to the year 1867, there lived in New York City a celebrated billiard player named Michael Phelan, and in the city of Rochester lived another player named Louis Fox. Phelan was the champion player of America, and Fox had challenged him to play a game, or a certain number of games, for a stake of \$5,000 and the champion's title. The terms of the match, time and place, had all been agreed upon and settled. Personally I took no interest in the game of billiards and did not know either of those parties except by hearsay. Doubtless all billiard-players will remember the foregoing circumstances. Now, then, a month or more before the time fixed for this match, the man Louis Fox disappeared. He was hunted for all over the country, and no trace of him could be found. Rumor, as usual in such cases, was busy with his name, and it was asserted that he had run away to avoid playing the game of billiards. In the early part of February, 1867, I happened to be on a visit to the city of Boston, where, spending an evening with a family in which one of the ladies was a spiritualist medium, we had a circle of sitters. During the course of the evening the medium becoming entranced, addressed herself to me and said, "I am Louis Fox, the billiard-player of Rochester. People think I have run away, but it is not true. I was murdered. I was hit on the head with a stone and was thrown off the Andrew-street bridge into the Genesee River, and my body will be found there in the Spring, when the ice goes out and I am carried out to Rochester, and I want you to go and tell my wife." I replied that this was an extraordinary statement and needed some kind of verification. I was willing to go and see his wife if I could be put in a position to make some sort of proof of the facts. He said: "I can tell you any more now, but if you will come to-morrow night I will give you all the particulars." I promised to do this, but I so turned out that I was obliged to leave for the West the next day and could not keep the promise. However, I stopped at Rochester and spent a day there in the company of Mr. Hibbard, then the editor of the Rochester Express, to whom I related the above facts. Mr. H. published the statement in full in his paper, and it was widely copied all over the country. Even your paper, Mr. Editor, reprinted the article and made some comments on ghosts, etc.

Now the sequel was that in March following the mangled body of Louis Fox was found in the Genesee River—he had been murdered, beyond a doubt. But, as far as I am informed, the crime was never traced home. Now the question is, from whom did this communication emanate? Was it really the spirit of Louis Fox, or was it the lady medium, or was it I? Somebody who evidently knew the facts told the story, and that somebody was—who?

GEORGE A. STURTELL.

The Medium and Daybreak speaks as follows of a Turkish medium: One day, on the Asiatic side, I had an adventure with the Turkish Chingari or zipsie, a young woman and an old one, came to the visitors at the time at which I was sitting, who took me for a Frenchman. Their statements were very accurate. I had a child very ill and it was troubling my mind (true), I was connected with a large business firm, and their affairs were cross (true), when this cross passed away, as it would, my prospects were bright (here true information was also given). The process by which this was arrived at, was by placing in my hand two stones, these were mixed with sand from the metal, and the backwash, and all thrown on the ground together. I had many friends and many enemies. Then the old woman undertook to charm away my enemies. She took her roots, unloosed from the handkerchief under her chin a brass cross, which she placed in my hand, then poured water into a small dish and placed the cross in it; this process being accompanied with Turkish charms: as cross, cross, my enemies would be scattered and the cross removed. This took place after covering the water with a fern root; but of course by some spring loosed by the heat of the hand and the water. Then she poured the water over my boots under which she placed silver, repeating her charms—The Kneah—This "spring" theory is no explanation. If physical mediums, the cross might become elevated by unseen influences.

A Still Further Reduction in Florida Rates.

Land-seekers, Tourists, and others, all will be gratified to learn of the still cheaper rates being made by the "Moon Road" to Florida and the South in general. It would seem that this popular route in its vast system can command, to merit the esteem in which it is held by the traveling public.

In connection with their new "Fast Mail" trains they now offer round trip tickets to the Winter Cities Resorts, and points of interest in the South, at a greatly reduced rate. These also include a trip to the Mammoth Cave, in which point the branch railroad has just been completed.

For particulars, call on, or write to E. O. McCormick, General Passenger Agent of the Moon Road, 188 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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Valuable Medicine.

Dr. W. H. FARMER, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."

The Rev. Henry W. George, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, Kas., has been requested to resign on account of alleged financial crookedness. He has been very strict in his sermons and recently, when preaching on "Popular Amusements," said: "No woman can patronize the waltz and maintain her virtue."—Chicago, Tribune, Dec. 30th.

Important to all who Work for a living. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you full information, free, showing you how you can make from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you are located. Some have made over \$30 in a day. Capital not required; you are supplied free. All agents both sexes. Draw incomes sure from the start. Fortunes await all workers who begin at once.

Editor Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger distributed \$25,000 in Christmas gifts. Mr. John F. Smith, a type-founder of the same city, gave \$42,000 to a number of charitable institutions, running up the sum total of his gifts for the year to \$100,000.

"Affliction sore long time he bore Physicians were in vain." But had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the greatest blood-purifier known, he might still be living. For all scrofulous diseases this preparation is a sovereign and never-failing remedy. All humors from a pimple to a cancer yield to it. It will cure consumption (which is a scrofulous disease of the lungs) if taken in time. All druggists have it.

The President is not yet able to resume his official duties, as his physicians advise him to secure as much rest as possible.

"100 Does One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Will cure a Cold more thoroughly and speedily than any other preparation in use. This medicine is especially beneficial in all affections of the Throat and Lungs, and affords effectual relief even in the advanced stages of Consumption. Thousands of cases of Pulmonary diseases, which have baffled every other expedient of human skill, have been completely cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. **For fifteen years I was afflicted with Lung troubles. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieved the distressing symptoms of this disease, and entirely cured me. It is the most effective medicine I have ever used.—C. M. Fay, Prof. of Anatomy, Cleveland, Ohio.

While in the army I contracted a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs, resulting in exhausting fits of Coughing, Night Sweats, and such loss of flesh and strength that, to all appearance, Consumption had laid its "death grip" upon me. My comrades gave me up to die. I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it

CURED ME.

In the twenty years that have since elapsed, I have had no trouble with my Lungs.—B. B. Bissell, Editor and Publisher Republican, Albion, Mich.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of Bronchitis, after friends and physicians (so severe was the attack) had almost despaired of her life. She is now in perfect health.—E. Felter, Newtown, O.

When about 22 years of age, a severe Cold affected my lungs. I had a terrible Cough, could not sleep, nor do any work. I consulted several physicians, but received no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and am satisfied it saved my life.—C. G. Van Alstyne, P. M., North Chatham, N. Y.

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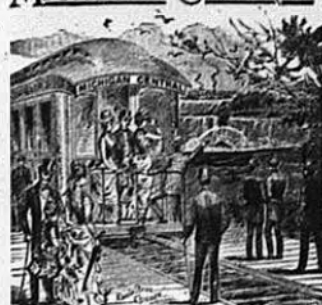
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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Journal and its Correspondents.

No attentive reader of the JOURNAL can long remain ignorant of the fact that its constituency is composed of a mass of dissimilar, and in some respects discordant elements, held together by one paramount consideration only, the hope of immortality; and that it requires no ordinary tact and discretion, as well as other ability in its editorial management, to induce these elements to coalesce and cooperate with sufficient unanimity to give stability to the cause and confidence in its final triumph. If our worthy editor shall succeed in the future as in the past to preserve that happy medium between extremes, "to strike the balance between over-criticism and over-credulity" (as a late correspondent expresses it), in behalf of this constituency, without allowing the JOURNAL to degenerate into an organ for the dissemination of unchallenged dogmatism and monotonous and spiritless unanimity of opinion, he will well deserve the commendations he has hitherto received.

I imagine most persons who take a family paper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for instance, for a series of years, become attached to it,—more or less interested in those having it in charge,—which interest is apt to extend to correspondents and contributors generally, each of whom has a certain individuality which one comes to recognize, though never having seen any of the parties themselves, or having had any acquaintance with them other than is furnished through this common vehicle of communication.

Some of the articles which appear in the JOURNAL are a study in themselves; they express thought not altogether on the surface, and they stimulate thought on the part of the reader. In this they imply more than is expressed, as though the writer was unwilling to trust himself in print with his fully developed convictions, inciting an interest in the reader to know more of the writer, his experiences and mental habits. An article answering to this description is the last one of a series, by Thomas Harding, in the issue of Nov. 27th, particularly the first two paragraphs. These biographical intimations, dropping out as it were unawares, are interesting; they evince character; we know the writer is not a fossil, nor a bigot, but progressive and catholic in his views. When such a one states matter of fact as pertaining to his own experience, it is valuable, and arrests attention. We think of it and if we are skilled in the anatomy of the mind, we can put this and that together so as to form a tolerable notion of the man himself.

The same is true in respect to statements recently made by Judge E. S. Holbrook, in the JOURNAL of Nov. 20th, touching certain experiences of his "through the mediumship of Dr. James V. Mansfield." Here the internal evidence of sincerity, probity and capacity in the witness is such as to attract notice and bespeak respect, notwithstanding the testimony is astounding to persons like the present writer, having had no experience in such wonderful revelations. For one I feel like thanking Judge Holbrook for that article. Such experiences as his are rich, inexhaustibly rich to whomever they may come. Let the world wag as it may here and now, the Judge ought to be a happy man. Those messages from mother, wife and child (supposing them to be genuine) are of unspeakable value, and were my experience similar, I would not exchange it for an ownership in fee-simple of all the mines of California, or to be endowed with the genius, or crowned with the fame of a Newton. True, I had read in the last twenty years statements perhaps more wonderful—certainly more pretentious—but somehow they failed to strike a responsive key in my mental make-up. The witnesses in those cases were mostly mere names—abstractions as it were,—which I found it difficult to work up into concrete personalities. The mind is influenced many times by causes which escape observation. We are strongly impressed and we know not why. But in the present instance the cause was obvious. I had perused recently several articles in the JOURNAL coming from this gentleman which gave me an inkling as to his mental processes,—discrimination, judicial capacity to weigh evidence, and apparent freedom from undue bias. Right or wrong in this estimate, a certain receptivity had developed and impressed itself on my mind; this taken in connection with a somewhat peculiar train of incidents as recounted, and with the solemn, yet exhilarating and tremendous significance of the facts themselves in relation to each human being, but more especially to the person most interested in them and whose honor was involved in the statement—if all this did not produce conviction in my mind, it certainly did the next thing to it, it set it in unison with the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

It is quite impossible in a brief article to mention all the contributors to the JOURNAL whose several writings have attracted my attention, and of whose personalities I have queried in my own mind, but I must not omit to mention Prof. Jos. Rodas Buchanan; in fact, it was thinking of this gentleman and his article in the issue of Dec. 4th, headed "Positive and Negative Character" as illustrating the Mind-Cure craze, that more particularly induced me to write this communication. I look upon that article as a gem of its kind, furnishing as it does in few words a lucid and philosophical exposition of two very dissimilar and very notable forms of mental manifestation. The only drawback in the pleasure I experienced in reading it was its brevity. On such a theme I could have wished the Professor had given us the benefit of a more detailed analysis and characterization of the salient point involved; the etiology, in particular, which he is evidently so competent to furnish. That these "positive" and "negative" traits are constitutional in many cases, I have no doubt. But I have been in the habit of attributing much of this diversity to causes under our control, to instrumentalities which tend to develop, or retard development, chiefly of an educational character to which the individual has been subjected from childhood up. In my intercourse with mankind I think I have observed that a large minority, possibly a majority of those called negative characters, are persons whose minds received a preponderating bias from religious training in early life, notably Sunday-school training, in which in most cases, independent thinking and judging are systematically repressed, held in subordination by printed lessons latterly, in which questions and answers are furnished; thus forestalling anything like independent thinking on the part of pupil or teacher.

Many a time has the present writer noticed that when an unusually bright mind in the class, unable to accept the conventional explanation of a text, in a given case, started a difficulty by a question not laid down in the lesson,—which a fatter it would occasion all along the line, until the teacher luckily brought himself to say, "These things are not to be understood, the Bible would not be

a Bible if all its sayings could be comprehended," when the perturbation would subside. In such cases, the newly awakened reason sometimes thoughtfully recoils upon itself in a renewed effort to assert its rights; but more generally yields, becomes apathetic in the dense mephitic atmosphere of superstition with which it is encompassed. And the influence here started is continued in after life until the intellectual habits become consolidated and fixed. Hence, in matters in any way involving creedal belief, the mind is taught to defer to authority rather than to reason, to look to the without rather than the within for confirmation and proof; thus discouraging independence or self-reliance, and in this way laying the foundation for that passivity of character and non-critical habit which more or less dominates the mind to the end of life. No wonder the intellect loses confidence in its own judgment, or rather fails to acquire any in religious matters—terrorized, in fact, in view of the awful issues at stake. Then, too, one is taught to accept not only what is above reason, but what is contrary to reason, to such extent that, in sheer bewilderment, the mind is prepared to accept any metaphysical monstrosity that may be proposed with a show of religious zeal.

I throw out these suggestions not in criticism, but rather as supplementary to the professor's exposition, which from its brevity necessarily precluded anything like an exhaustive discussion of the subject; and moreover because as that exposition now stands, it is somewhat discouraging, inasmuch as it offers little or no hope of a change for the better in the near or remote future.

Greenwood, Ill. Wm. B. HART.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
HOW NOT TO DO IT.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

While there is a constant gain and growth of interest in Spiritualism there is, with this gain, a constant and curious effort to account for its facts in some way which shall ignore, or not endorse, the real presence and power of supernatural intelligences.

The same is true of magnetic healing and psychological power. How not to do it, is the great thing just now, and this shows an undercurrent of feeling that it must be done some day; that the truth of Spiritualism, and of the wonderful powers and faculties in us must at last be admitted, but the evil day must be put off as long as possible.

When that day comes it will be found good and not evil, as have days in the past when some new light, long feared, has burst upon the world in all its power and glory. Meanwhile this game of how not to do it, is a curious thing to watch,—so many, and in so many ways, are in it.

Here are the Christian Scientists, the metaphysical cure, and faith cure, and prayer cure, and mind-cure people, all engaged, some knowing what they are about and others not knowing.

Mrs. Eddy, in her book of many words and few ideas, stoutly and with most virtuous indignation repudiates magnetism, scoffs at Spiritualism, and even makes hygienic laws of no moment, that some miracle of healing may come from the reading of her book (price \$3.00) and the practice of her most Christian skill, which practice the Lord will look down from heaven and bless and help, she taking the fee!

Others, under various names, waive aside all acknowledgment of healthy magnetic healing and will-power as natural agencies, and fall back on the theological idea that the Divine power heals in special answer to prayer, and that human help or agency is useless.

Some such thought, and ignoring of our own powers given us for beneficent and healthful uses, lies under these many methods of cure.

This is, no doubt, honestly held in some cases, and there are others in which mind-cure and other like practitioners go quietly to good magnetic healers and psychologists, get the best light they can from them, and then go out and call it Christian Science, or some other good name, and so by their craft get gain in their purses, and loss in their souls.

Even Dr. Evans, whose "Vital Magnetic Cure" and other earlier books are so valuable, seems to take a little hand in this popular game.

The real elements in these healing methods are healthful animal magnetism, the psychological power of strong will, and sometimes the direct magnetic help of friends in the Spirit-world—all these exercised in a natural way, and all helped by concentration of wish and thought and by the uplifting of true prayer—the soul's sincere desire and aspiration.

When the Christian Scientists and the rest have spent a little more time over the game they will come to this conclusion, cultivate their own powers of healing, know themselves in spirit and body, know how help comes from the life beyond to help us help ourselves, and aspire and desire and strive to be, to know, and to do the best.

They will then see the poor egotism of supposing that Christ busies himself in working miracles by healing gout and rheumatism for them while nature and the inner life of man are rich in healthful helps given us to discover and to use.

When we come to Spiritualism this game is being played with great vigor and zest. It would seem to be the absorbing vocation of many members of Psychic Research Societies. An eminent London lady is deep in it; a president of a like society in this country, thinks it the first and most scientific game in the world. These societies, at some period in the dim and distant future, may report progress, and possibly may tell a waiting world that the game is up, but that will do us no good, in this stage of life at least.

Many of the liberal, and in some good ways really large-minded, clergymen are in it. They have a delicate and delightful way of passing by the one great matter, which must be in their minds, and which is surely in the minds of their hearers. It really seems as though Dr. Swing enjoyed the game a little. There are Unitarian preachers who "believe in God so much that they can scarcely believe in anything else," and whose full minds would seem to have no room for spirit-presence as a part of the divine order of things.

With the bigoted minister in orthodox circles the devil does it all—an easy way to end it, but his rich parishioner has a private séance at his house all the same.

Our scientific magicians whistle it all down the wind as the absurd folly of the vulgar herd. That is their way of playing the game. "For this are we doctors," as the concolled medico says in the play.

Then we have Transcendentalists, with their "adepts," and "A-T-I-O-Dies," and fests of spirits in these earthly forms which are wonderful, and their notion that when we leave these bodies at death we can do nothing. That is another style of the same game.

The sagacious and well established Spiritualist can be an interested spectator, but not a participant in any of these efforts not to do it. He wants it done; he works and waits for the final acknowledgment of what, to him, is clear and beautiful, and no device can win him from his chosen way. We have but to hold steadfast in our path and in due time the whole game will be up.

It is for us to stand by the truth of spirit presence, the fact that people from the other world sometimes come to us, and to realize the supreme significance of that fact and the wide range of thought which it opens.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 24, 1887.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A DREAM EXTRAORDINARY.

In Dream Land a Physician Visits his Patient.

BY DR. E. W. H. BECK.

On a bright November Sunday, some years since, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lovell, then residents of this place, but now of Burlington, this (Carroll) county, started in their buggy for a neighboring village, having with them their youngest child, then about twenty months old. The baby, prattling in its mother's lap, apparently well and strong, and enjoying the ride, suddenly startled its parents by struggling in a convulsion. This unlooked-for event turned them homeward. Arriving there about sundown, another spasm occurred, and I, their family physician, was sent for. Relief was had for the night, but two more occurred on the following Monday, morning and evening, each coming like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, as the child did not seem sick, but ate, laughed and played between the attacks as though nothing had occurred. Each day witnessed one or two convulsions. Of course there was a cause, and in my search for and failure to find it, I was considerably nonplussed and perplexed. I had set aside by the method known to physicians as exclusion,—worms, teething, indigestion, etc., as the cause, and settled down in the conviction that it was reflex irritation upon nerve centers, but what and where the impinging offense?

Friday morning I awoke from my sleep after having dreamed about my patient, and forthwith I related my dream to my wife. I now give it in full to the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is the nut I want them to crack: I dreamed that I paid my usual morning visit to the sick child; that I passed through the hall, opened the door into the sitting-room, and saw the family seated at breakfast. Mrs. Murphy (now of Judsoulia, Ark.), a lady boarder in the family, at the end of the table on my right; Mrs. Lovell sat on her right; Mr. L. next to her, and a gentleman boarder next to him; a stove on my left, and between the end of the table and partition wall was the cradle in which lay my little patient asleep—feet toward me. My dream took in this picture.

I then approached the cradle, deliberately lifted the left foot of the babe, saw on the sole (plantar surface), midway between toe and heel, a small red spot elevated two or three lines above the surface, and in circumference the size of a grain of corn.

I then deliberately and unhesitatingly thrust my thumb and finger into my right vest pocket, and taking out my thumb lancet, I punctured the rose-colored spot, when out came a needle three-fourths of an inch long, the eye first, when I said to Mrs. L. "Your child will have no more spasms." This was the dream, and now what followed was precisely as related in it, without the slightest exaggeration or shade of difference in fact.

Arising in the morning, as usual I ate my breakfast, and went immediately to the house of my patient, with the dream fresh in my mind, and with never a thought of its fulfillment. I had never been a dreamer, and am not a clairvoyant. I passed through the hall and opened the second door, to see the family at the table in the exact relative position mentioned above—baby, cradle and all! The only variation from the dream was that I sat down by the stove to warm my hands just inside the door to my left, and asking how the baby passed the night, was told by Mrs. L. that it had a good night—no spasms, and was now sleeping. I then narrated my dream in detail, causing a ripple of mirth and a hearty laugh from Mrs. L., who started up and toward the cradle, exclaiming, "We'll see now about this dream!" Lifting the foot, there surely was the red spot. I approached the cradle now, took the foot in my hand, and with my thumb lancet did puncture the spot, and a needle three-fourths of an inch long—eye first—did push out from its suppurating sack, the point broken off presumably before its entrance in the foot, and I did use the expression above stated to Mrs. L., and there was no further trouble.

Now, let us examine a few points relatively in the dream before we jump to the conclusion that it was the legitimate following of my anxiety for my little patient, or that the case was on my mind, sleeping or waking, and the result shadowed in tracings from conclusion to cause, from distal to proximate ends of the line.

I had never up to this time, been in the house when the family were at their meal. I knew that there was a large kitchen in the rear of this sitting-room, and I supposed they dined there. I saw in my dream very distinctly, and noted every thing, even to the baking of buckwheat cakes on the parlor cook stove in this sitting room. I did not know that Mrs. M. boarded in the family, nor that they had a gentleman boarder. He was a stranger to me, never having seen him before that I remembered of, yet in my dream, yet his face was familiar when I saw him at the table in the morning.

Another point: I invariably carried my thumb lancet in a small silver case in my left trousers pocket, always careful to cleanse and replace it after using. My dream made me take it out of my right vest-pocket, without a thought of reaching for it in its usual place; possibly the only time I ever had it misplaced, and occasioned this time by the fact that the day before I abstracted blood from the arm of a stout lady in an epileptic seizure, and had to help hold her in her struggles, and hurriedly and thoughtlessly I took my right vest-pocket and forgot it. The vest-pocket, and the lancet loose in it, was the last place I should have looked for it, in my waking state, for the case was still where I always carried it.

There is what is termed contiguous, continuous and remote sympathy in many of the diseases afflicting humanity. Is there such a law underlying the manifestations of mind force, consonant to, and in harmony with, our dual nature?—the shadow of substance, the fiction of fact? I have no theory in explanation more reasonable than that my spirit friends impressed my mind during sleep to see what they saw, in answer to my mental prayer, "Light more Light."

Delphi, Indiana.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Spiritual Experiences and Tests.

BY MILTON ALLEN.

While engaged at Altoona, Pa., some years ago for a few months, my wife and I boarded with an orthodox family where there were a number of other boarders, all of whom were strict church members and very sectarian; but hearing us talk about the great work of Spiritualism they became interested and wished us to form a circle.

We told them we were willing to do this if it was for the sake of learning truth, and not for mere curiosity. On being assured of their desire to learn truth a circle was formed, two or three young men employed as clerks in the P. R. R. offices in the town being of the number. One of these, a strict Episcopalian, was very skeptical, even after witnessing some quite good manifestations.

"He that is convinced against his will Remains of the same opinion still."

This was his case, until one night unknown to us, he invited a young gentleman friend of his to come to the circle. After sitting a few minutes the table began to move and we learned that a spirit was present who wished to communicate with the invited young man. On questioning, we found that it was a sister of his, and she said she would spell her name. Presently the unusual name of "Suky" was spelled. The young man said he never had a sister by that name, and we thought there was some mistake about it and asked her to spell again. She did so but the name of Suky was again spelled. Mr. — said it was wrong. We then asked her if she had any other name? She replied "yes," and on questioning, the name of "Rebecca" was given. Mr. — said that was correct. Several other questions were answered correctly and satisfactorily.

The next day Mr. — went to one of the banks where an older brother was engaged, and told him about the circle and asked if his sister Rebecca had any other name. As she passed away before the young man was born he only knew of her from older members of the family.

In reply to the question his brother said, "No! Why do you ask?"

"Well," was the reply, "I desire to know for a special reason."

"Oh! well," said the older brother, "if that is the case I can tell you all about it. She had a pet name that was quite unusual, and it was a little singular how she got it. When she was a little girl we had a muley cow that was quite a pet, and when she was about the house or yard to be fed or milked, Rebecca, who was very fond of her, was in the habit of running after her so much that we gave her the nickname of Suky. She went by that nickname until she died a few years after."

This made a deep impression on the young man, and on the members of the circle; for they all knew there was no collusion, nor the slightest chance for any. Neither was there any mind reading, for this, too, was impossible.

The young man was a stranger, and besides, never knew that his long since departed sister had any pet name, nor ever heard of such a name as Suky connected with her or any member of his family. We heard no more skeptical talk about Spiritualism after this, from any member of the circle, or others who learned of this incident. We all thought it a rather singular and perfectly satisfactory test,—particularly as it was wholly unexpected and the young man an entire stranger to all in the circle save our skeptical Episcopal friend.

Another incident occurred while we were with this family, which I feel is too important to be forgotten, and will, therefore, relate it.

Frequent discussions of a friendly character on church matters took place in the way of "table talk" while we were here, and the sparring was at times quite lively. One day, on coming home from my business, Mrs. Allen said to me that she had just received an impression which was so clear and unmistakably spiritual, that she felt it her duty to report it to the friends at table. Accordingly, next morning at the breakfast table, she told them that she had received an impression from some of her spirit friends, and would like to tell them about it. They all with one accord desired her to tell them what it was. Very well, she said, this is what I received:

"The church rests upon four false corner-stones, all of which must crumble and fall. An impossible trinity; a silly total depravity; a cruel atonement and a horrible hell!"

They were all very silent for a few moments, and then one of them, a Presbyterian, who was a lawyer, said: "Well, Mrs. Allen, according to late reports one of them is about gone already, and that is the horrible hell."

Canon Farrar had just before this preached his famous sermon, showing that there was no foundation in the Greek text, or by any fair exegesis of the New Testament, for a doctrine of eternal punishment.

That a profound impression was made by these things on all the members of that large family, and on their extended circle of friends that were favorable to larger truth, we had abundant reason to know. Thus a little "good seed sown by the wayside" was doubtless productive of lasting benefits to these people.

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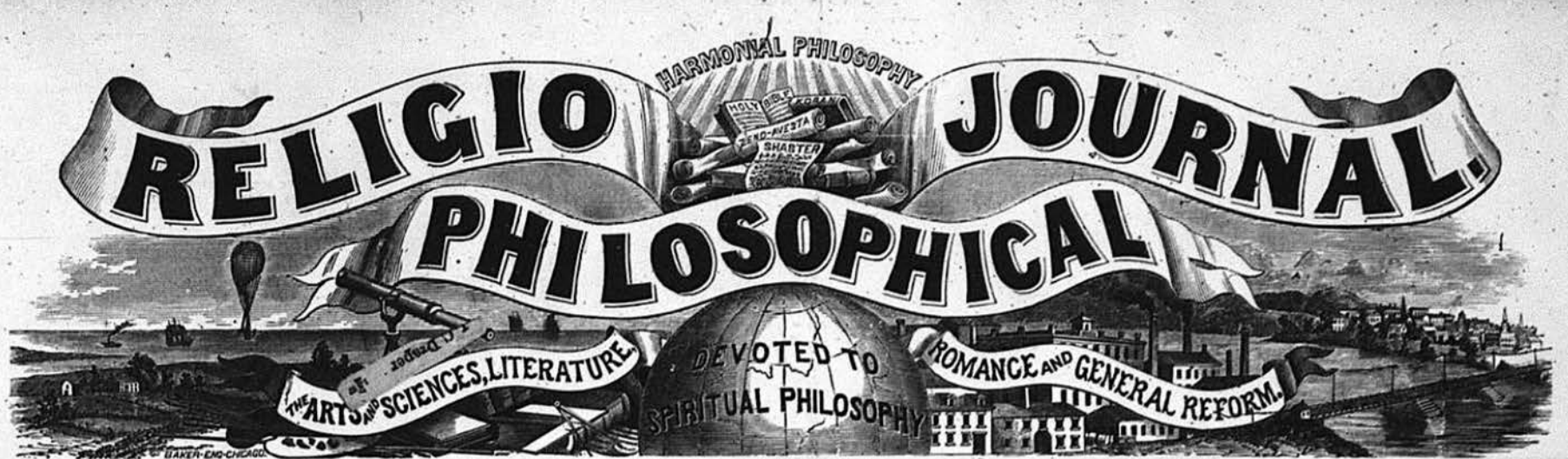
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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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BEWITCHED OR WHAT?

The Most Extraordinary Occurrence of the Nineteenth Century.
A Narrative that Carries the Mind Back to Medieval Times.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The JOURNAL has frequently favored us with interesting incidents of spiritual character, the personal experiences of some of its readers, volunteered for general benefit. Undoubtedly such recitals have recalled similar ones, often of so sacredly private a nature, as to cause one to hesitate in approaching a generally unsympathetic public with one's own experience. Yet, after all, should it not be one's duty to acquaint others with such lessons from spirit friends? Will not many thus also profit, or, at least, become enlivened to spiritual things? It is solely in this spirit that I venture to add my mite, having, as additional motive, my eagerness to secure the reader's opinion on what then befell me, an enigma as puzzling to me this day as it was fourteen years ago. I am still "at large" for a solution. To none, but the nearest members of my family, have these occurrences ever been related; and for obvious reasons. Let this reference on my part excuse the late hour I publish this to my fellow-readers of the JOURNAL. The manner in which this recital is worded, needs excuse; but I am compelled to curtail my story, too fully aware of the value of these columns to be unnecessarily annexed by one of my ilk. But once for all, I wish it emphatically understood that I here relate facts, or, at least, what appear such to me, and I assure the reader that I am never easily duped, by others or myself. Of course, I hold myself subject to your judgment, soliciting such as a favor.

THE EVIL EYE.

In 1872, I was located (in medical practice) within thirty miles of Chicago, on a farm, among farmers—plain, honest people and the best of neighbors. My circuit covered an extensive area, rendering my wife's company on these long, otherwise monotonous rides almost a necessity. Thus, one afternoon, we were nearing the farm of a Mrs. J., situated on the highway, opposite an unpainted, deserted church, a gloomy enough neighborhood. Mrs. J.'s son was then under my care with a fractured thigh, having but just recovered from a similar accident to his left forearm. The direct cause of these consecutive fractures was universally laid to the worthy dame herself, or to her "evil eye," although she was known by all to have been at home and miles distant when both accidents occurred. Let me explain.

Mrs. J., or better known to old and young, as the "evil-eyed witch," was by everybody shunned, because of her supposed ability to bewitch any and all by her diabolical. I found everybody in actual terror of this woman. My explanation was, that most of these uncanny stories were due to her peculiar physique, remarkable indeed. Carrying her right shoulder, a la Richard the Third, she, as if in mock reverence, bent her "off" knee in a jerky manner, stumbling more than walking, and muttered unintelligible words in croaky voice to herself, or perhaps to some invisible presence. Her lips, as thin and expressionless as if cut in sole-leather, were never without motion. From her emanated that weird, witch-like, non-sympathetic, icy-cold magnetism, all for bad and none for good. Yes, she looked a witch, soaked in evil, and, as traditions have it, as if besmeared with Devil's-Ointment, prepared in unholiest confab on the "Black" Berg. From such clergymen's fast, as had served the devil in heaven's livery while on earth, her optics would have been the pride of such a diabolical devil-fish as Vic-

tor Hugo describes in "The Tollers of the Sea," and, taken all in all, this woman certainly looked a witch! She was the best-shunned woman near and far, amply abused in her absence, while amply and carefully appreciated when present. Young and old did homage to "the evil-eyed one."

THE BEWITCHED PIGS.

Previously, I myself had witnessed the wholesale slaughter of a litter of pigs, by this "witch," the property of her next neighbor, a Mr. K., under peculiar circumstances. During a professional call at Mr. K.'s, on leaving the house, I had occasion to praise the healthy appearance of a litter of pigs, a few weeks old. To my astonishment, Mr. K., an unusually intelligent farmer, solemnly asserted that "these very ones will certainly die ere sunset, for the witch had evil-eyed them!" Disgusted with such stupidity I let loose on him a harangue contra-superstition, and gave vent to such scientific horror with what he had uttered as I best knew, but without shaking his belief in Madame J.'s "powers" an iota. The next day's sun rose to his victory, my defeat, and the dead pigs, all of which, as related by Mr. K., "took their little tails into their little mouths, near sunset the day prior, and twirling about, faster and faster, had dropped dead." What killed the pigs I do not know; but that they were dead, in answer to the "witch's" mysterious summons, I do not.

THE FRACTURED THIGH AND MYSTERIOUS WORMS

But let us return to our story, and relate what befell us at the "witch's" on that memorable evening. Her son, Fred, lived with her, together with his sweet, little wife, who at all times looked as if frightened, having a well-pronounced "scary look." I hitched the horses outside of Mrs. J.'s property, and, asking Fred's young wife to take Mrs. Hoffman in kind charge, entered the house, a rickety cottage, whose timbers appeared ever ready to fall apart, but somehow clinging together, about as mysteriously as will two drunken souls, homeward bound from an eve's carousal. Although I had passed dozens of times through the long and narrow shed, serving as main entrance to the living-room, I never could overcome a vague reluctance to remain there longer than barely necessary to hasten, in tempo accelerato, to the room mentioned, where Fred was securely bandaged, lamenting his compulsory idleness. Yet I never made mention of this uncanny sensation while hurrying through this shed, chiding myself for entertaining such "nonsense." On that day I actually suffered while passing through the shed, and was relieved when once in Fred's room, the "large room" of a farm-house. But I was doomed to every possible misery a physician only can fully appreciate. Fred halted me with ill-suppressed impatience, showing agony of mind as well as of body, upbraiding me for "deserting" him, etc. Let me here remark that I had bandaged his leg, some five days prior, in plaster of paris, to keep aloof outside inquisitive interference, and that there had been no untoward symptoms, nothing to foretell any trouble whatever all this time. But that day Fred impatiently greeted me with: "Doctor, I beg you come to me, quick! Mother and I have had a rumspas, and ever since I am in agony. Something is the matter with my broken thigh, for I feel a crawling all over it, under the bandages. Mother has cursed the leg, invoking evil spirits to annoy it with worms!" In reply, I simply felt of Fred's pulse, believing him under febrile excitement. I found his pulse normal, skin moist and cool; my sole attention was now turned to the fractured limb. Naturally, I dreaded gangrene, and set to chiseling his thigh from out its plaster of paris encasement. I doubt whether the sudden disappearance of that very limb, then and there, would have more confounded me, than the horrible sight before me, when the bandage fell from the limb! There, in all their slimy, winding hellishness, crawled over and about the thigh and then the bedding, white worms, from one to two inches long, and about the thickness of a goosequill, one as if outwielding the other in appearing most infernally ugly! These "worms" were not such as I had before seen in hospitals during hot weather, where wounds had to be neglected from various causes. It must also be remembered that this was a simple fracture, not even the slightest scratch accompanying it. Only the Evil One could have created such worms! But, of course, he didn't. Yet, who did? There they were, to my utter bewilderment. I had not yet regained my usual quickness—that mental equilibrium so soon acquired by physicians—when a low, mocking laugh behind me announced Mrs. J. She seemed the only one to enjoy the situation, but soon accosted me with: "Don't be alarmed, Doctor. This is nowise your doing, norwise your fault. I wish Freddy to respect his mammy more, and not call her names. I regret causing you this extra trouble, but—," gone she was, skulking out, via that gloomy shed! My eyes followed her as she passed out of sight, back to her work on the farm, when a veritable shout of surprise from Fred returned my attention to my patient. Fred pointed to his injured limb, where not a worm nor trace thereof could be seen! Mrs. J. had not as much as entered the room, but had remained standing in the doorway. Her position even obstructed all contents of the bed from ordinary eyesight. Yet, gone they were, every single "worm," leaving the limb clean and ready for my surgical duties! Where did they come from? Where had they gone to? What, indeed, had they been?

THE DEVILTRIES LAID TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Collecting my scattered senses the best I could, I re-bandaged the leg, while Fred unbosomed himself of his many troubles, airing his long pent-up feelings, ridding himself of a recital of the strangest occurrences in "black magic" perhaps ever recounted to mortal. Besides other deviltries even the recent death of a brother was believed the work of servile devils, for three months prior it was prognosticated by the "witch" exactly as it occurred. It would carry us too far from our theme, to recount these weird, and often satanic doings laid to this woman by Fred. Some coincided with similar stories plentifully afloat in that neighborhood. I may reveal some of these in some future issue of the JOURNAL.

Fred tearfully referred to his nice little wife, who was rapidly fading amidst such depressing surroundings, shamefully maltreated by the old hag. Finished with my bandaging, and preparing to depart, I advised Fred to leave his mother, and take his wife with him to Chicago, there to manfully work, and in peace and happiness support her, as in duty bound. I also met his other remarks with pity and scorn, doing my best to enter into his benighted pate if even but never so small a ray of the "gorgeous light of this enlightened century." (I) hoping to thereby remove this "medieval nonsense." But all my well-meant advice proved futile, for Fred implored me to keep my counsel and to not further arouse his mother's ire, "For," as he added, "she hears every word you say." Pointing to the fact of her being too far off (some 500 feet, on the farm), to hear even us about alone. Fred corrected himself, with: "She feels what you think, in some strange manner, which I know positively to have been the case, from my childhood up." At that time, entirely unacquainted with occult possibilities, I let fly at him my undisguised disgust; and, after reviewing for his benefit all he had said, in cutting ridicule (as I then firmly believed him fully deserving), I left his presence, thanking God I was not as these people, and joined my wife, awaiting me in the garden fronting the house. We were soon seated in our comfortable phonon, getting ready to leave, all the time thankful for the superstition-destroying rays that science, by a not to be over-estimated chance, had ennobled into my thought-box! Never had proud aristocrat more thoroughly despised the low-born, than I, on that eve, those "benighted mental pebbles!"

THE BEDEVILED PONIES.

While about to start my ponies, ever-ready little pets, Mrs. J., with all of the devil in her eyes she could possibly therein cram, slid up to and circled around our team. This later procedure proved her "Devil's Good-night," and introductory to as bad a night as God ever permits His Satanic Majesty to torment defenceless man with! Attempting to start, I found, to my utter dismay, that every encouraging word, not even the whip's convincing lash, could induce the horses to stir, though ever willing and never balky. All attempts proving futile, I was about to despair, when the old hag waved her bony hand at us (apparently in high glee), screaming: "You may be learned, Doctor, and certainly know more than I do. But I can do more than you can even explain. Hence, next time don't give advice to my family unasked. It is often dangerous to blow where it burns you not." And with an energetic wave of her sinewy hand, while retracing her steps around our phonon, she finished her tirade, shouting: "Go on, go on, Doctor; this very night you will be in greater danger than this!"

Onwards the ponies sped, apparently relieved and glad to have the distance between them and the "witch's" increased. By this time evening had set in, and we hastened on, yearning for "Home, sweet home."

THE PONIES AND BUGGY RAISED FROM THE GROUND.

Such is the blessing of a good wife, that soon, under the quieting influence of Mrs. H., I had forgotten, for that time, the above occurrences. We were chatting of the many things that a young couple have to talk of, of future plans, of our contemplated return to Chicago, where my home had always been, when, without the slightest warning of any kind, the ponies suddenly stopped short, standing stock-still, all the while trembling violently, as if shaken by some outside force! Even then our thoughts did not recur to the "witch," and her final threat. Suspecting nothing untoward, I jokingly diagnosed "Ague" to be the motor in question, and assumed a grief-stricken appearance, at the enormous proportionate amount of quinine our ponies would require, when the jocular within us became rapidly annihilated by additional disabilities. The horses, buggy and contents, all of it and of us, were unmistakably raised from the ground, and remaining thus aloof, were violently shaken, in the veriest Swedish movement—cure manner! Here was a new predicament which naturally centered whatever of thoughts were left me in one great wish to protect and save my wife by inducing her to leave the phonon. But, true as woman, she refused to desert me.

THE APPEARANCE OF DWARFS.

While excitedly arguing the point with her I chanced to look downward toward the wheels. The sight that there met my optics added none to my valor, for at each wheel I plainly discerned a dwarfish, human-like "Something," real as life, of short and strong build, lifting with all its might, evidently the cause of the severe shaking up we were still undergoing. All efforts at making the

horses stir proved without avail, and in my despair and braving the consequences, I jumped from the phonon to personally examine into matters. The "Something" at each wheel had vanished, at least I saw them no more. But I found the ponies and the wheels still some half foot from the ground suspended in the air. I repeatedly passed my hands under the horses' feet and the wheels, scarcely believing what my senses of sight and touch now plainly demonstrated! I then attempted to turn a wheel, but though suspended aloft in air I could not stir it the least bit. After a hurried consultation with my wife, whose bravery under such trying circumstances was certainly remarkable, I returned to my seat in the phonon, having gained her consent to desert the buggy and team at once, I promising to also leave it to its fate. In stepping out her dress caught on something in the buggy, placing her directly in between the wheels, while suddenly the horses turned in her direction, to all appearances certainly to crush her between wheels, the latter almost touching when thus brought together! I remember her piercing shriek, but cannot recall aught else, save that now the ponies sped on! How was my wife saved from being crushed to death? Neither my wife nor I can explain the above, and both of us are without even a surmise. But we positively know that she was caught in between the wheels while they met, without lasting consequence.

PONIES AND BUGGY FLOATING ACROSS A RAVINE.

Onward I sped up a steep road, both sides of which bordered with deep ravines cut by the rains of many years. These ravines were at least twenty to twenty-five feet deep. It was as if some intelligent force deliberately headed the horses toward and over the right hand ravine, and though the buggy and the ponies touched the ground while on the road we now floated across this deep ravine and thus returned without touching its bottom! I attempted to alight but was unable to stir, and fortunately so. My wife finally caught up with us, and it seemed as if her presence remedied matters, at least I could now lead the horses by a halter to the nearest farmhouse, some half-mile distant. All spooks then vanished. Slowly progressing, it had become quite dark ere we arrived at the farm. My wife was now seized with great dread lest something evil should befall me at the farmer's, urging me to pass by and on. But what could I do? Rapping several times at the rear door, without recognition, and about to try once more, the door was suddenly flung open without warning, revealing the farmer, Mr. F., with gun pointed at me and evidently about to fire! A shriek of Mrs. H., and the farmer's own wife, simultaneously, recalled the fellow to his senses, and as if combatting with some unseen influence, he threw the gun far from him, himself sinking exhausted to the floor, his blanched cheeks evidencing the inner turmoil that shook his powerful frame. When we had sufficiently recovered from our surprise, Mr. F. related how some hours before he had actually been forced to take down that old gun, from a hook where it had been forgotten for many years, to clean and load it, and finally to point it at me with every intent to kill me. He had not recognized me, though we were old acquaintances, till my wife's shriek saved him from murder. And thus "the witch" had verified her threat, that I would "be in greater danger than very night."

Mr. and Mrs. F., as if to ridicule us for our "superstitious fears," proposed to drive our team to my home that very night. We had kept from them all mention of the more occult aspect to our adventures, merely stating that our ponies were balky, etc., but, whenever they were ready to start, armed with a large lantern, a sudden whiff of wind, from every direction, would extinguish the light; and in the ensuing darkness the same manifestations would occur that had confounded us! They were a tenacious couple and tried it again and again, hitching the ponies to a heavy box-wagon, such as are found on farms, but such was sure to be the devilry following, that this worthy couple now peremptorily refused to harbor us and our team for the night. "You are both possessed of the devil," would be their invariable answer to our requests to at least keep our team over night. Finally I prevailed on him to call on a neighbor who, ignorant of the trouble, was found willing to take the horses with him. Nothing further occurred than that we had to walk home, our hearts and heads laboring with conflicting emotions!

THE MORNING OBSERVATION.

The next morn our team was promptly returned, and we at once started for the scene of our last night's séance with hobgoblins. Mr. F. and wife corroborated what had befallen us there. But we had more satisfactory evidence! We could plainly see the tracks of horses' feet and of the wheels on the road; and where the team had turned to and fro, over the ravine, and back again! Plainly these tracks led to the ravine's edge, continuing on the other side. Equally plain were the returning tracks, but the closest examination could not reveal the least mark at the bottom of that ravine, unrefutably proving that we had really floated both ways over the ravine. Indeed, had we not, and had we fallen into said ravine, we could not have left it without human aid, the coming day. I here rest my case with my kind readers. Will they please aid me in unravelling this mystery? I candidly admit it to be beyond my can or ken. If aught of the JOURNAL's many readers can offer a solution to this, my plain, unvarnished tale of stubborn facts,

and will do so through these columns, it will be welcomed by me, and I trust by others also.

Perhaps some one of my readers, of more mercenary make-up, will ask: "But how about your fee? Did you ever re-visit the witch's house to collect?" To him will I gladly and in best of faith make over a judgment I later procured from a North Division Justice (at Chicago), which judgment I have been unable to collect, no one relishing to present the same to "the witch." Nor do I care to press my suit. But I make this condition:—the party desirous of pocketing the \$150, together with compound interest since 1874, must present his claim to "the witch" in person. J. C. HOFFMAN, M. D.

Jefferson, Wis.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The phenomena connected with Spiritualism are but the alphabet upon which the philosophy is founded. Sir John Herschel once said: "that we should keep our eyes open to those things which in the ordinary course of nature ought not to happen, for they are the clues which lead to new discoveries." So these raps, table movements and slate writings are the clues which have opened the doors to a new discovery in the history of man's relation to the universe in which he lives. For two thousand years we have been bound down to a crude and irrational theology, originating among a semi-barbarous and ignorant people who lived on the eastern shores of Asia. This theology is not adapted to the educated civilization of the nineteenth century. Its dogmas and tenets cannot be reconciled with human reason, and its teachings as to man's life and destiny are in violation of every principle of justice, human and divine. All of the finer feelings and affections of our nature rebel at the thought of an infinite punishment for a finite life of sin. We reason that a punishment ought only to be for the purpose of reform, and only proportioned to the crime committed, and that no amount of sin compressed into one short life of seventy years, can deserve an eternity of torture.

We further reason that a scheme or plan by which at least ninety-one hundredths of all the people who ever were or will be born on this globe are destined by the fiat of the Supreme Power to an eternal life of misery, has a fault in its construction somewhere. Nor can we understand how it is that one may commit the grossest crimes, the most hideous sins, and then shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of an innocent person, and thus escape the just penalty of wrong doing. These incongruities drove men into doubt, from doubt to infidelity, and from infidelity to materialism.

Then Spiritualism came with its attempt to solve the grand mystery of existence. It is, perhaps, only one of the many loop-holes through which man has sought to escape from the dilemmas of dogmatic theology, but it has a reasonable appearance and presents a reasonable solution.

Darwin, supplemented by Wallace, has fairly demonstrated the theory of evolution; the development of all natural things from a lower to a higher order of existence. This theory applies only to the physical life of the planet. The basic law of Spiritualism is the adoption and extension of this law of evolution to the spiritual life of man. Thus, while theology teaches that man's fate is determined in this life, and fixed at his death, at which event he becomes either an angel or a devil, Spiritualism says that death is no barrier to man's further progress and development; that after this change he passes into another and higher state of existence; that he does not become either an angel or a devil, but that he remains himself, with all of his affections, his traits and characteristics. He has wider opportunities and broader fields in which to acquire knowledge, and he simply goes on living and learning forever. This is the rational and natural result of the law of evolution. There seems to be no reason, and we believe none can be given, why if this law of evolution be true as applied to physical life, it should not also be true and applicable to the spiritual life.

In this philosophy the eternity of punishment is denied. There is no more of a hell hereafter than there is here. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement is fallacious. Every man must bear the consequences of his own wrong doing, and must work out his own salvation. No one else can save him. Positively this philosophy teaches that in order to be good you must do right, live right, act right and die right; that you cannot make a good man out of a merely repentant bad one; that honesty is not the best policy—that it is not policy at all, but men should be honest because it is right, and not because it is politic. It enjoins morality and temperance. It is the living foe of slavery and alcohol. It promotes charity and toleration for all differences. It teaches that the good of the race is the prime object of life, and that true happiness consists in the doing of those things which make others happy, and this is the rational philosophy of Spiritualism.

That part of Spiritualism which claims to prove the existence of the human spirit as an intelligence separate from and living after the death of the body, and the power of this spirit under certain conditions to communicate with living persons, and its ability to identify itself, in a scientific religion, for it has a firm foundation in established facts. While the old theology is a purely deductive system, Spiritualism on the contrary is

(Continued on Next Page.)

ORIENTAL THEOSOPHY.

A Message from the "Brooding East."

[New York Tribune.]

THE VIEWS OF BABU MOHINI CHATTERJEE.

Babu Mohini Chatterjee is a Hindoo gentleman who for some three years past has resided in Europe, occupying himself in advancing the public comprehension of the objects of study comprised under the general head of Oriental Theosophy. Mr. Mohini has come to the United States as the guest of Mr. Arthur Gebhard, of this city, and it is his purpose to spend the winter here, and incidentally to take advantage of whatever opportunities for the furtherance of his life work may occur.

In the course of an extended conversation with Mr. Mohini the following views and opinions were elicited, and are here set down in the belief that the readers of the *Tribune* will be somewhat interested in ideas which, apart from all consideration of credibility, are likely to have the recommendation of novelty for the majority, while they represent a current of thought, a stream of tendency, as the Germans would say, deserving serious examination as a sign of the times.

Mr. Mohini in effect said: I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but I do not like to call myself a Theosophist, because that seems to imply the possession of absolute knowledge of the truth, whereas I am merely a seeker. To understand my position you must be acquainted with some of the beliefs I hold. It appears to me that the time is approaching when the East will be called upon once more to furnish a religious ideal to the West. You know that all former spiritual ideals have emanated from the Orient. Christianity came thence, and when materialism and ecclesiastical corruption had so enervated the living faith with superstition and ritualism as to obscure its beauty and destroy its elevating influence, it was again from the East that the revival of learning proceeded which opened the way for a partial return to a higher ideal.

I consider that the relation between the East and the West through the presence of the English in India is one of the most important factors in the future evolution of mankind. It is not that the English have themselves recognized their opportunities. On the contrary, they have been blind to them. But it is not necessary that the bee who fertilizes a distant tract with the pollen he gathers from the flowers in his quest for honey, should realize what other purpose he is subserving than the satisfaction of his instinctive impulses. The English in India have despised the ancient people they govern there, and have spared the lore of the Vedas, but the industry and inquisitiveness of their scholars have been the wings whereon the sacred seed has been borne, and they have let it fall here and there in situations favorable to germination.

Once before a great material power conquered the East, only to find the source of its own subjugation in the event. The English poet, Matthew Arnold, has beautifully described that great triumph of spirit over matter which resulted in the birth of the present religion of Christendom. You must not think that because I am an Oriental I am hostile to Christianity. If what I conceive to be my mission has any significance, it lies in the endeavor to help forward the restoration of true Christianity to the West. I shall surprise you, however, when I say that true Christianity has ceased to be practiced or even understood in the West, and that India alone contains the body of truth, the study of which can bring back the Western nations to the Path, and avert from them the natural consequences of that materialistic career which they are at present pursuing with such absorbed eagerness.

If Christianity has so far failed to hold its own against the materialist science of the day; if faith is diminishing among the people, and a purely sensual philosophy is taking its place; if as religion declines the spectre of socialism looms up menacingly, it is because the growth of egotism among the priesthood everywhere has made them mere echoes of the world's self-seeking, and has caused them to accept the apologetic theory that the teachings of Christ are incapable of practical application.

Do not imagine, however, that I regard Christianity as in any sense entitled to exclusive preference. I reverence it because I hold that there is but one Eternal Verity; and that all religions are expressions of it. It is in India that the source and fountain-head of the world's creeds is to be found. It is there also that the greatest spiritual philosophy known to the human race is enshrined in a literature the conquest of which by the West will be a new and greater Renaissance. You may say that the old world, as you call it, can evolve a dominant ideal for itself. I answer that it has never yet shown its capacity for such an evolution. It has owed all its spiritual views to the Orient, and it has failed to derive from those gifts the benefit inherent in them because it has proceeded to canalize its religion, instead of seeking to purify its carnality. You say that Christianity is impracticable. It is certainly true that you have never practiced it. But it is really only impracticable because you have made it so. What is the influence which operates most strongly against the adoption into your lives of the Gospel doctrines? Is it not the cultivation in all of you of that masterful individualism which manifests constantly through the lust of possession? "The lust of the eyes and the pride of life," your own sacred writers put it. Whence springs the great diversity of conditions, the contemplation of which breeds socialism? Is it not the direct outgrowth of the passion of acquisitiveness? You people of the West can not enjoy life unless you are perpetually increasing your possessions. You surround yourselves with a luxury the steadily increasing artificiality of which carries you always further away from nature, and further away also from the influence of Gospel truth. The Brotherhood of Man which Jesus Christ believed in has become unthinkable to you, with your millionaires at one end of the social scale and your tramps at the other. Yet there is one country in the world where it is still not only thinkable, but possible, and that country is India.

Do you know why this is so? It is because the venerable creeds of India—and Brahmanism and Buddhism are essentially one religion—have for ages taught, to a spiritually minded and receptive people, the ephemeral character of life, the folly and danger of concentrating the energies upon it, the wisdom and necessity of holding it always as a temporary possession, the chief value of which consists in the opportunities it affords for doing good. The two hundred and fifty million inhabitants of India were not conquered by the English. They submit to the British rule chiefly because their religion prevents them from looking upon what you call liberty or independence as a supreme necessity. Christianity is at one with the Vedantic sacred canon in teaching that "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." The conquest which

every human being is born to essay is not the conquest of external circumstances or of his fellow men. It is comprised in the old Greek axiom "Know Thyself." If Christendom had realized this, and had not been misled by the promptings of materialism, the millennium would not have seemed so fanciful and vain a dream as it appears to-day. I do not say that even in India the height of unselfishness and magnanimity commended by the Vedantic doctrines and typified so nobly in the career and teachings of Christ, is approached; but I do say that the people of India are better adapted, by cycles of meditation upon the pure, unsophisticated pristine world-religion, to accept the lofty views there inculcated, and that one most important spiritual gain to them consists in their emancipation from that lust of possession which seems to enslave the West more and more.

The discontent which takes the form of socialism is the natural result of a view of life which gives supreme importance to external things. Christianity and the Indian religions alike teach the very contrary to this. The inequality in social condition is in the West the chief cause of popular restlessness. I do not believe, however, in the doctrines of equality upheld by the socialists. There is not, and never can be, equality between human beings in their view. Every man is different from every other man, and has his individual preferences and aversions, his particular enjoyments, his peculiar habits of thought. To equalize outward conditions, therefore, would only be to stretch all alike upon the bed of Procrustes. The experiment has been attempted several times, and as you must know it has invariably failed. Such failure is inevitable, since so long as the Western theory of the purpose of life prevails men will continue to cultivate acquisitiveness, and the constant growth of their material desires will at once stimulate their pursuit of property and keep them discontented with even the utmost success in obtaining it. Where, for instance, is there an example of a rich man who thought he had amassed enough wealth? The more a Western man gets the more he wants, and while your world holds to this principle you can never be free from the fear and danger of socialism.

But in India socialism is impossible. We are all poor there, but it is because we do not desire to be rich. Humanity is so constituted that as a rule men obtain that which they strive for most earnestly. In the West material possessions are sought; in the East spiritual enlightenment. The result is that the West has riches and the East ideas. But man cannot live the materialist life long without suffering from it. Possessing a nature which is at least half spiritual the deprivation of a pure religious ideal poisons his cup. Permanent progress demands such an ideal, and without it the utmost advances of soulless science can only tend to hasten the advent of that reign of force which must extinguish civilization. The present tendencies are in the direction of that danger. It has been borne in upon me that the time is ripe for the introduction to the West of the Eastern wisdom-religion which is fundamentally one with true Christianity. When I have been asked if I desire to convert Europe to Buddhism or Brahmanism, I have always said, "No; what I desire is to convert Christendom to Christianity." Pray do not think, however, that I regard myself as an apostle or that I put myself forward as an accredited representative of Indian thought or feeling. My ambition is to help a little in that seed-sowing work which the Theosophical Society has begun; to assist in bringing about that better understanding of the East which acquaintance with its religion and philosophy alone can supply.

The Theosophical Society has been misconceived considerably, and this is partly due to a mistake—at least I think it so—in the initial movement. In order to interest the West great stress was laid on the minor phenomena of occult science. It was thought that the presentation of these wonders would convince thinking men that the subject deserved attention. Unfortunately, the first effect was to attract the kind of people who care only for the thaumaturgy and nothing for the doctrine. Presently these wonder-seekers, finding that the purpose of the society was not the production of phenomena, but the study of ancient religions and philosophies mainly, fell away, and then a more serious and spiritual element came to the front. At present the beginning of a far more intelligent and thorough examination of the literature of India than has been attempted before is being made. In England, France, Germany and Italy groups of students have been organized, and these are pressing their researches steadily. If I have any part in the movement it is simply that of an occasional adviser and interpreter. There are points in Indian philosophy and literature which require the light only derivable from inherited national apprehension for their understanding, and such points I am sometimes able to clear up for Western minds. I have been urged indeed to make now and annotated translations of some of the more important of the Eastern sacred books, such for instance as the "Bhagavad Gita." It is possible that I may do something of the kind if no more competent hand can be found.

Of course such an attempt as I have outlined to bring together the East and the West, and to modify the materialism of the former with the Spiritualism of the latter, must be a work of time. I am led to hope that it will ultimately succeed because I am taught by the masters whose humble disciple I am that the progress of the race is ever upward and onward, and because a continuance of materialistic civilization on its present lines must if unchecked end in disaster and retrogression. As to the existence of those masters I have nothing to say, save that I believe in them, and with reason which satisfies myself. It is not advisable to speak of, or to insist upon the recognition of, the Mahatmas, however, before those who are wholly unprepared by training and education to comprehend, much less accept, the vast scheme of knowledge of which they are the custodians and the teachers. Nor can I say anything of my relations with them beyond the statement that I may be regarded as a chela. In my personal concerns, however, the public can take no interest, and they are in fact quite unimportant. Such little significance as belongs to me grows entirely out of my identification with doctrines and views most of which are probably strange to the Western intelligence. It is to dissipate this strangeness, and to familiarize the world with truths it ought to make its own, that the Theosophical Society has been established, and in this work, which I and others consider very important, I am doing what I can.

The possibility of uniting the East and West in the acceptance of the Universal Religion appears to me so fraught with great results that it is a duty to further it. The first step toward such an accord must be the clearing away of misapprehension on both sides, and the demonstration of the real identity of all genuine religion. When I add that the Universal Religion requires from no Chris-

tian the rejection of any Gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic accretions which have deformed and overlaid the doctrines of the Founder, you may conclude that my outlook is not so fantastic and extravagant as without this explanation it might appear. It deserves to be noted, also, that the indications of Western preparedness to take new ideas from India are more numerous than you would suppose. Let me instance the Transcendental movement in your country. Emerson and his school borrowed freely from the lore of the East, and the fructifying force in their conceptions they owed to India. Coming down to the present time I find that a powerful current of thought in Germany, and I recognize many familiar ideas in it. On inquiry I learn that this is the philosophy of Schopenhauer; but when I read Schopenhauer I see behind him the wisdom of the Vedas. He indeed has twisted and distorted the truth thus derived, for he has attempted the impossible feat of serving God and Mammon at the same time. A working union of materialism and Spiritualism is out of the question. Schopenhauer has only succeeded, by forcing these incompatible elements together, in producing that negation of all sound thought which you call Pessimism.

To understand the Indian religion there must be a capacity to perceive spiritual truth of some kind, but the materialist philosophy of the age appears to lack this capacity. Nirvana and Moksha seem to the earth-bound vision synonym for annihilation. This is because they are the symbols of a form of existence so far transcending human experience that only the illumined spirit can realize, and even then but dimly, the subtle refinement of life involved. But it is indeed true that the philosophy of India is as much broader and more comprehensive than Western philosophy as the cosmology of the Orient is broader and more comprehensive than Western cosmology. Your men of science, with their scorn of intuitional methods, have tied themselves down to the exploration of the little corner of the universe upon which they are planted. The result is the insularity, narrowness, and intellectual bigotry which characterize Western scientific research. Indisposition to acknowledge indebtedness, moreover, was never the accompaniment of a stronger disposition to borrow. After furnishing your scientific store from Eastern depots, nay, after adopting in many cases an Eastern terminology which perpetually exposes the origin of the ideas and discoveries you have appropriated, your sages have neither the grace nor consistency to admit that Indian learning may have a value of its own.

One English scholar, Professor Max Muller, has, it is true, very handsomely acknowledged the debt Europe owes to the East, and I wish his book, "What India Can Teach Us," could be generally read. That is a fair beginning of a liberal movement which I hope will spread wider the present efforts to break down the barriers between the two regions and enrich the West with the spiritual treasures of the East.

I am a member of the Brahmo Samaj, as well as a member of the Theosophical Society. My ancestor, Ram Mohan Roy, was conspicuously associated with the movement. Its influence has declined of late years, but the spirit which informed it was truly divine. The great spiritual movement of the future will be one aiming at the abandonment of all sectarian distinctions, the elimination of spurious embroideries from all creeds, and the union of all who are not repelled by materialism in the worship of one God, of whose essence is all humanity, and the glory of whose divinity may be shared by the humblest son of Adam who has learned to walk by the new light. To quote one of your Western poets, Matthew Arnold, I "and those who think with me desire to

"What still of strength is left, employ,
This end to help attain:
One common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MY BABY.

A Story for Mothers.

I was a young mother—very young—only nineteen. My baby, my little Ray, was a birthday gift, born the day I was eighteen, and his beauty was my delight—my rosy baby Ray!

I have never since seen any thing so incomparably beautiful as my boy. Fairer the face of a cherub, bluer bright eyes, sparkling and laughing; a magnificently formed head, covered with golden curls, a complexion of the blended lily and rose, a pretty, proud little mouth, always ready for a kiss, and a neck and shoulders exquisitely turned and polished.

Not whiter were the snowy wings
Of the sacred dove that, flashing in the sun,
Soared heavenward exulting to the light.

"Don't love him too much," said the wise-a-cres, now and then, "because if you do you will lose him."

That was the time of superstition, when signs and omens were more rife than now, and dreams were told with trembling intonation; but my boy was so splendidly healthy, that it never occurred to me he could be sick. I noticed now and then that he was peculiarly susceptible to sound. A slight noise would startle him—the fall of a heavy article cause convulsive hand-grasplings, and sometimes heavy sobs. At such times I would catch him to my bosom, and soothe him with soft sweet sounds, or low music, and presently all would be well.

It did not occur to me that in this matter he was different from other children. I had before had no experience, as I was an only child. George, my husband, who worshipped the boy, was as ignorant as I of childish belongings and idiosyncrasies, and I am not sure that he ever noticed the peculiarity as I did. Still it did not seem to me that there was really any grounds for fear. I was only more careful not to disturb my darling while he slept, and allow no distracting elements to trouble him when awake.

Every fond young mother knows with what delight the pretty garments are fashioned with which to wrap the baby in when he is taken out for his daily airing. My baby had many beautiful presents from his grandparents, among them whole sets of lovely clothes, and my pride was centered in them and him when in pleasant days I dressed him for his nurse to take to the park. My mother had always been very careful to give me advice, knowing how inexperienced I was, and among other things cautioned me not to allow the nurse to take little Ray away from the house unless I was with her.

"Nurses are not mothers, and the best of them fall in their duty at times," she said. "The meeting of a friend or lover, some attraction in shop windows, carelessness in crossing the streets, peril by draughts, by thoughtless people giving the child fruits or confectionery—these, and we know not what other evils, are avoided if the eye of the mother guide and her hand lead rather than the eye and the hand of hirelings."

Ah! those words should have been cherished as "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and then my life would not have been darkened or my home saddened for all these hopeless years.

Is there a prettier sight than a dainty baby-carriage, with its wraps of fairy-like embroidery, its delicate tints of color, and its pearls of pearls, roses under lace, sparkle of fringed eyes, lips like opening buds, tiny waxen hands, radiant flashes of smiles or little breathless coolings? If there is I have yet to see it. The old story, and some of them uncover their white heads, before this young creature, on whom the bloom of Paradise still lingers,—this alien cord between heaven and earth, this as yet sinless interpreter of God. Little children exclaim at its beauty, and would fain stay the nurse to wonder and caress. The rough man on the street corner, filthy without and within, checks the oath that festers on his unclean tongue, and there comes to him a waft of other days when he was as sweet a thing, perhaps, as the baby whose wonder-wide eyes startle him with their revelation of angelhood.

I saw once on a crowded street, a very rich woman in her carriage. Diamonds flashed under the wraps that were thrown over neck and shoulders, and from the lobes of her delicate ears. A plain, worried looking woman, in a plaid wrapper, thinking her own sad thoughts, planning, perhaps, how to get the rent that was almost due, or fill the empty market basket at home, pushed the plain little hand-car that had only a snow-white pillow for its adornment, but on that pillow reposed a year-old child, whose sweet face was a rest to look upon.

The rich and beautiful lady caught a glimpse of that face, and instantly ordered the carriage to be stopped. I was not near enough to hear what she said to the weary looking mother, but I knew by some magical sort of kinship that her eyes were full of tears. Away down in her heart lay a buried love, perchance, and she saw a little grave somewhere, under whose green cover a face as rare as that of the poor woman's baby, slept, never to be awakened by the voice of love or song. I saw her put something in the hand of her lowlier sister, something that brightened the sad face at once, and then so reluctantly, with such yearning glances, she gathered the velvet wraps about her, and slowly, slowly drove away.

But this had happened years ago, and I never walked out with my beautiful boy, noticing with swelling heart the ovation of which he was the subject, but I thought of and prized that rich and possibly childless mother.

We were not rich, George and I, but we had enough for comfort, and a little for luxury, and we never stinted in making purchases for baby. His carriage was the prettiest to be found in all the city. I have it now, its delicate fringes tarnished,—the little pressure where my baby's golden curls rested that terrible time, just as his beautiful head had left it. Since then it has had no other occupant, and though it is a constant reminder of things I should like to forget, yet I cannot part with it.

One day, a cloudless October day, a lady friend called for me to fulfill a promise I had made her, to go to one of the principal shops in Washington, bargain hunting. She had brought her carriage round, and I was just ready to go out with baby and his nurse Nanny, a good natured girl, who had always seemed devoted to him. My darling was dressed in his best, and Nanny had taken the carriage out and come back for him.

I tried to excuse myself, and yet the prospective drive was tempting.

"I wonder if I had better leave Ray at home?" I queried by myself.

"Why, can't you depend upon your nurse?" asked my friend.

"Always," was my answer—"when I am with her. I make it a rule never to let baby go out without me."

"I wouldn't be such a slave!" was the quick response. "Hav'n't you a good nurse?"

"As good as the average," I made answer, "the best nurse is not as careful as the mother."

"I don't know about that," she replied. "My nurse takes almost the entire charge of my children. If you cosset him so, your boy never will be a man!"

There was something in the words that struck an instant terror to my heart. I have never forgotten what a shock it gave me; and yet I was foolish enough to be governed by the speech.

"Nanny, you'll be very careful," I said, anxiously, as I smoothed out the ribbons, and pulled at the laces from the midst of which the cherub face looked out. His eyes were fastened upon mine—my angel boy! my little Ray! And as I gave him a last, loving kiss, his face brightened all over, and I carried the memory of that heavenly smile with me.

We had got through with our purchases and were going home, when my friend said, "Suppose we go to the Capitol grounds! The band is playing to-day, and we may hear one piece. Probably your baby is there."

I had forgotten that it was band-day, and a vague uneasiness stirred in my heart at the recollection.

"Yes, let us go by all means," I said, "and drive fast, please."

Long before we reached the grounds, the strains of the band were audible. I wanted to fly—not that I cared for the music, although it had always been a great treat to me, but something seemed to call me—and when there—I could not stay with my friend, for it seemed to me that I saw my baby's carriage close to the band, and alone.

"Of course it couldn't be," I said to myself, again and again, as I made way through the crowds who were chatting and awaying. Should I ever reach the place? People looked after me; somebody spoke to me, but I could not pause to see whether it was stranger or friend. The red coats, the flashing brass, glittering in the slowly setting sun, the blue sky above, the trees overhead—ah! there was Ray's carriage, and he was alone!

Right under the horrid beating of the mighty drum, whose sticks a crimson athlete was using with terrible effect—right under the clash of the brazen cymbals—the shrill clarion notes of the trumpets—there was my boy!—but oh! what had come over him? I glanced at him in absolute terror.

His eyes were half open, his head fallen forward on his breast, the pretty cap tumbled and nearly off—and from his right ear two or three drops of blood were slowly streaming.

"God help me!" I cried in agony, as I found the child would not answer to my look or speech.

Just then Nanny came along, her cheeks flushed and her laugh loud. By her side was a young German lad, who had often come to the house with lost cord. When she saw me, she started and lost cord.

"Nanny, you've killed my boy!" I cried, almost beside myself, as I caught his limp form from the cushions. "Take the carriage home," and regardless of the crowd gathering about me, I ran rather than walked, right

and left, blind with tears, distracted with fright, I could not have found the carriage but for my friend, who sprang out and led me to it.

"What in heaven's name has happened?" she asked, as she came into the seat, after me.

"My baby!" I gasped. "He doesn't know me—doesn't know anything! The noise of the band has killed him! Drive to the nearest doctor!"

Why linger upon these and reminiscences? We had doctors from far and near, but they never did my baby any good. The most learned of them failed when they knew the facts. Years passed—ten, fifteen—let me see—yes, to-day is the dreadful 9th of October—and my baby still lives. Limbs almost the size of a man; hands beautiful, hair still golden and hanging in long curls on the bosom, eyes blue and always wonder-wide—only a baby, and fifteen years old!

O my anguished heart, when I dress him and feed him, and he looks up at me with that year old smile—never beyond that—never the sweet language of babyhood—pleased with a rattle—with a picture, but better pleased to lie motionless, looking at me or at the wall. Still beautiful—but oh! such beauty! No soul-full intelligence. He cannot hear the loudest sound; he has never heard whisper or thunder-burst from that day to this. Something in the delicate structure of the brain gave way under the stress of that glancing harmony, that made the crowds so glad.

Nanny, poor girl, has suffered all her life long. She has children of her own now; and she never meets me but she asks humbly if I have forgiven her. O yes, I have forgiven her, but myself, never! She was led away for a few moments, thinking the baby was asleep in a sheltered place, but some one moved the carriage where I found it, some thoughtless hand. I was the only one to blame after all the warnings I had had, to leave my baby to the care of hirelings!

"I have thought often, when shrinking from the ordeal of making my sorrow public," said the sad mother, from whom, as I sat by the bedside of her boy, I learned these facts—"that if I could have the ear of every mother in the land, I would beg them never to lose sight of their darlings. Only the other day one of my neighbors left her beautiful boy, three years old, in the kitchen, alone, while she went upstairs to make the beds. To-day a little white corpse lies in the room you can see from here, and the mother has lost her reason, all from a moment's neglect. In that moment the boy lighted a match; in ten minutes he was burned to death."

And so I have jotted down this true story. May the warning I have striven to outline, not be unheeded. To every mother I would say,—

Deem it thy truest pleasure ever to watch
The swift unfolding of all infant charms,
The first unfolding of the mind to catch
Nor give thy babe to rest in heedless arms.
Remember, life's to him a wonder-arms.
And be a marvel of God's highest art.
And if thou'st give humanity a guide,
Let no less duty bar him from thy heart.
But of thy soul, thy love, thy time, make him a part.

ALICE ROBBINS.

The Late Professor Butlerof.

Our readers will remember that this distinguished scientist passed away on the 17th of August of this year, but owing to the difficulty of translation were unable to give any particulars of the career of the deceased gentleman. We are indebted to the *Sphinx* for the following information concerning him: At one of the last meetings of the Society of Natural Science at Berlin, when Professor Polek, in his address, spoke of the latest labors of the Russian chemist Butlerof, and expressed a hope that they would long be continued, the greater number of those present were ignorant of the fact that Butlerof had ceased to live. Prof. V. Meyer communicated the intelligence to the assembly that their distinguished colleague had departed this life a few days previously, and on a motion of the former speaker, the meeting was postponed out of respect to the deceased. Thus did his comrades in science honor a man who, apart from the priceless services he rendered to chemistry, did important work for the present century, for he not only recognized the fact that deep reasons lie at the root of the present spiritual movement which he undertook to inquire into, but he recognized that the previous modes of inquiry into supernatural facts were not altogether free from error. As a man of science he undertook experiments free from all objection. Thus, shortly before his death, he devoted himself to the study of photographs representing transcendental manifestations, and was present among others at the séance at which Mr. Eglington was photographed as medium, while above his head a hand was seen. This experiment was a peculiarly interesting one, because it fulfilled the condition exacted by Ed. von Hartmann for a genuine spirit photograph, namely, that the medium and apparatus should appear together on the plate. On the other side, his labors in chemistry are of high value, for he first established the fact of a great number of bodies whose existence is of great importance to various theories, because the proof that those bodies really exist supports hypotheses which were much disputed in his time, but are now universally acknowledged. Thus he discovered the Trimethylcarbinol and studied the primary and secondary alcohols by joining this and that together. His most important researches were in the department of organic chemistry.

Alexander von Butlerof was born on the 6th of September, 1823, at Tschistopol, in the government of Kasan; at Kasan he studied chemistry, and at a later period gave lectures upon it in that place. He spent 1857 and 1858 in foreign parts, principally in Paris, was called in 1858 to St. Petersburg as a professor, and since that time he conducted there the studies of the more advanced scholars. In this capacity he succeeded in winning the love and esteem of his pupils, and without neglecting his multifarious duties he found time and energy to devote to the study of supernatural facts. All honor to his memory!—*Light, London.*

In recently published recollections of Lyman Beecher it is told that while walking home one night with a big book under his arm a skunk suddenly crossed his path. He threw the book at it, and when he reached home they had to fumigate him and bury his clothes. A few weeks after the catastrophe, one of his sons came rushing into his father's presence with a pamphlet in his hand, saying excitedly: "Look here, father, what this scallawag has written about you. You must answer him." "Pooh! pooh!" said the old Doctor. "I'll have nothing to do with him. I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk lately, and I got the worst of it."

A ten-year-old boy of Marion, Ind., has become insane, and physicians say that it is solely due to tobacco, which he has used since he was five years old.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 15, 1887.

A Notable Association.

Forty-five years ago a community was founded a few miles from the city of Boston, which counted among its members or friends some of the foremost intellects and truest souls in all New England. George Ripley, the leader, had just left the Unitarian pulpit, announcing himself a Transcendentalist, and had given his adhesion to larger movements than the Christian church represented. To use the language of Mr. Frothingham, "he had faith in the soul and the soul's prophecy of good; he saw that the prophecy was unheeded; that society rested on principles which the soul abhorred; that between the visions of the spiritual philosophy and the bitter realities of vice, misery and sin, in human life, there was an unappeasable conflict; and he was resolved to do what one man might to create a new earth in preparation for a new heaven."

United with Mr. Ripley and his excellent wife were such men as Charles A. Dana, now editor of the New York Sun; Orestes Brownson; J. S. Dwight, the musical director who first gave Boston eminence in this respect; Christopher P. Cranch, artist, musician, poet and preacher; the beloved Rev. Adin Ballou, who, differing with the others in regard to practical workings afterward established himself at Hopedale, Mass.; George W. Curtis, the elegant and long-time editor of Harper's "Easy Chair," and others of hardly less note. Among sympathizers and visitors were that faithful lover of spiritual laws, Emerson, Theodore Parker, who owed so much to the influence of Ripley; A. Bronson Alcott, the mystic; the Channings, uncle and nephew; Margaret Fuller, the wisest styl of the age; Hawthorne, the subjective author, and a multitude of others, moved, as by one common impulse.

Convinced alike of the miseries of actual life, the injustices of avarice and the selfishness of competition, these socialists of Brook Farm were bent upon establishing a new social order. Its foundations were respect for the dignity of man and sympathy with his aspirations. All kinds and degrees of intellectual culture received welcome; the doors were open to every sect and nationality. Thither flocked the advanced thinkers of the country, pre-eminent in quality if not in numbers.

The meals were taken in "common," groups taking turn in serving the others. Two hundred acres of sterile land made agriculture the leading pursuit, but a workshop was afterward built and mechanics carried on their occupations; all engaged in their choice of work, receiving wages according to the number of hours in which they were engaged. The learned leader blacked boots, milked and cleaned out the stable as well as the hardest and crudest youths. Delicate women presided at the wash-tub and then found recreation by reading Fourier or studying Greek.

In six or seven years the experiment was at an end. Want of practical knowledge, poor land, accumulating debts, produced discouragement and defeat. The members of Brook Farm community dispersed, carrying with them the memory of the highest and happiest life they had ever known, the form whereof remains unto this day.

Of the first three or four years of Brook Farm life, Mrs. Georgina B. Kirby has given a graphic running history in a book just published, entitled, "Years of Experience." English and Scotch by birth and possessed of independence and originality of character, Miss Bruce naturally gravitated to the Community a few years after coming to this country and while yet young. "The very air seemed to hold more exhilarating qualities than any I had breathed before," she declares. "His scholars, fine theorists, noble

philanthropists, were ready to help and encourage. Every day was a romance and a surprise. The earth was soon to blossom as a rose; goodness and greatness were sure to grow common, and life would be at once uplifted to a higher level. "Not one person at Brook Farm," she continues, "used tobacco or any stimulants whatever. All the new and most beautiful thoughts of the time seemed to find us out, and thus we kept in rapport with the noblest of all lands and quite secure from petty feelings."

As events proved they planted before the earth was ready. The gardeners do not set out delicate roots till the sun shines warm and steadily and the weather is settled. Yet the fruitfulness and generous influences of the Brook Farm movement produced rare effects upon character and gave rich promise of happier years. Margaret Fuller wrote of it: "I have entire faith in the principle of association, as indicating movements inevitable to the coming age. . . . but I should be glib prepared for fifty or a hundred years of failure."

The author of these interesting reminiscences which give the inner life of the association, became after leaving it, the assistant of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, who had just been appointed by Judge Edmonds, matron of the Sing Sing prison. No more remarkable story can be rehearsed than that of the ascendancy of that remarkable woman over the prisoners under her charge. In mental and moral as well as physical well-being they experienced a regeneration which lasted, in some cases, during life. They were treated as human beings, not brutes. But that is another phase of experience of which more anon.

Periods of Inspiration.

Nothing is better recognized by modern thinkers, than the periodicity of great spiritual movements. As certainly as spring succeeds winter, eras of quickening follow long seasons of apathy. Historical study is necessary to bring this law into the prominence which it deserves, though it is patent to even a cursory observer.

A marked illustration is that period which culminated in the 15th century in Europe. A great wave then swept over the planet, awakening dormant energies that found expression in a variety of forms. Literature, art, science, invention and discovery began to awaken and stir from their long sleep and put forth their strength. The spiritual nature of man gained force enough to push through the almost impenetrable crust of intolerant ignorance. Even Draper who discovers little beside intellectual power, declares that "synchronously with the intellectual there was a moral influence coming into play. The two were in harmony. . . . The moral impulse acted under several different forms."

About the year 1440 the art of printing was invented, and the diffusion of knowledge for the first time became possible. A little later, Lorenzo the magnificent, noble patron of art, science and literature, illuminated the continental horizon. In 1446 Perugino appeared to found the Umbrian school of painting, and to develop the genius of Raphael, the glorious forerunner of that splendid school of Italian art the like of which the world has not yet paralleled. The same year that witnessed the birth of Raphael, saw the advent of the rebellious monk Luther, to whose courage and honesty the world owes so much. Nine years later Columbus, moved by the mighty unrest beating at the heart of nature, sailed away to find a New World, greater than his wildest dreams had ever pictured. Six years after Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape, and two-score years afterward Magellan circumnavigated the globe, the greatest of human undertakings. An epoch so brilliant the world had never known.

So much, and more which there is not space to mention, for the latter half of the 15th century. In the 18th occurred another notable period, in which "the rights of the masses against classes," to borrow a phrase of Gladstone, was the inspiration of the hour in England, France and America—Voltaire, Rousseau and Mirabeau in France and noteworthy leaders of the American Revolution were its chief exponents.

All signs show that another significant era is at hand—nay, that our planet already approaches the perihelion of its cycle. Inventions and discoveries multiply daily. Revelations of the Spirit-world through man's unfolding powers are startling scientists and puzzling philosophers. Side by side discoveries are made in the seen and unseen universe, the one as well proven as the other, though by different instruments. If many experiments are chaffed, visionary, fruitless, not less are they undertaken in the search after the true, the good and the beautiful. How many times does the apple tree put forth blossoms that bear no fruitage?

Among attempts at reform in modes of living, are trials of the community system, like that of Brook Farm among a hundred others. Many are based on religious ideas, and, like the Shakers, work out great spiritual development for individuals. Others are yet in the process of formation and will prove educational, even if they go down like Brook Farm, which morally deserved success. Pioneers in thought are seldom practical in its application to affairs, and worldly shrewdness finds better interest for capital. But the unrest deepens, and society waits still for some pattern divine enough to satisfy its ardent longings; substantial enough to meet physical necessities.

Rev. Mr. Eastman of Benton Harbor, an Episcopalian, suspended his meeting Dec. 19th, in order that his congregation might attend Mr. Howe's lectures.

"The Spiritual Christ"—David Swing.

One of the results of the late gathering in this city of clergymen and other evangelical helpers and believers in the second coming of Christ, is a sermon by Prof. Swing on "The Spiritual Christ—a discourse notable for what is not said as well as for what is said. It opens as follows:

When the doors were shut came Jesus and stood in the midst. John xx: 19. When deeply religious clergymen are looking forward to a coming and a sojourn of Christ upon earth, many who are not of their school cannot but catch from their conversation the spirit of inquiry and wonderment. It is not given to mortals to know the future of the soul, but it is permitted all of us to inquire and wonder and hope.

Some time since we coupled Robert Ingersoll and a Methodist clergyman as looking at this matter from different standpoints, and yet agreeing in the same assertion with which this discourse opens. Now we have a trio, the materialistic free thinker, the Methodist, and the Central Music Hall preacher, all saying: "It is not given to mortals to know the future of the soul." Impartial justice demands that we say to Prof. Swing, as was said to the others: "Please speak for yourself, and not ignore the knowledge of millions." There are millions of Spiritualists, from whom could be gathered scores of audiences equal in quality to the Central Music Hall gatherings, who feel that they know something of that future. Is it not rather cool to ignore this cloud of living witnesses? It is true that they claim no large range of exact knowledge, and wait for the day when they shall know more, but something they do know,—too much to have any clergyman of good sense and large soul pass in silence their careful research and conclusions.

Of men on earth we really know little; their outer life we see, but only glimpses of their inner life are open to us. True it is that

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling is deeper than all thought."

Yet no sane man would say that it is not given to mortals to know each other; something is known, too, of those in the life beyond. A fact of which it is a duty to remind the preacher.

After some excellent descriptions of the dignity and gravity of the change called death, Prof. Swing says:

The statement in the text that after his death Christ came back to his friends and took his place in the room while the door was shut, brings before us the most cardinal idea of Christianity—that of a subsequent life. It does not urge with the old schoolmen that a spirit can have no attribute of any material thing, can possess no form, breadth, or thickness. It implies by a spiritual being some rational life amazingly different from these earthly forms, but it does not affirm that a spirit is the total negation of all the qualities of matter. It considers the final question of matter and mind as unanswerable or unknowable, and uses the term spirit to express a life which is not trammelled by any such coarse material as composes man's body upon this globe. . . . But this spiritualization of one mind solves the whole problem, whether soul can occupy a finer body than the human tenement.

These are pleasant and fine words, but quite speculative and shadowy. The text tells a plain and simple fact—that Christ, tangible and visible in bodily form as when on earth, really came and stayed with his friends, "stood in their midst" in the room for a short time.

Was Jesus a man, or a miraculous being? Prof. Swing, we suppose, thinks him a man, noble yet human. Was this recorded fact a miracle, or a natural occurrence? Prof. Swing is not supposed to believe in miracles, in suspensions of eternal and divine laws.

"The man Christ Jesus" then was materialized in a natural way, just as many men and women have been before and since his day. History is full of such narrations, quite as well attested, verified by more witnesses; than this gospel materialization. Living witnesses, whose word on any other matter no one would question, can come forward to testify of cases even more convincing than this.

Why pass by all these? Why treat this case as standing alone, peculiar and exceptional? Why comment on it in such a way that the hearers might think it a miracle? If this one appearance of Christ "solves the whole problem whether soul can occupy a finer body than the human tenement," would not many like appearances, in many lands and ages, make that problem sure beyond a doubt?

The perfect millennium in this world, which the Adventists look for is treated of in this rational way:

Our planet possesses a mission of its own, definite enough and great enough to justify its coming from God. It gives us all an opportunity to make the beginnings of a spiritual life. It is the scene of a great progress, and is capable of reaching a much grander height.

The civilization of man has come like a morning in the summer, which opens slowly from a faint glow in the east and a few chirps of birds to a full sunrise and a whole chorus in the trees. Earth is fully justified by its dawn of human greatness, even should perfection not follow in this world. It is great and adequate in such a little planet to start so well such a glorious and noble as the human soul. But if the Palestine which gave birth to a Jesus—the Palestine whose home-life gave Him a good childhood, whose scenes of beauty filled His mind with poetry, with illustrations, whose philosophy and literature helped Him compose the sermon upon the mount, if this Palestine could not be His complete and final home, it was still a good Palestine, thus to produce and create one destined and worthy to wear forever such a glory-crown. If the planet could not keep Him beyond thirty-three years, it must be credited with the greatness of those years. Thus regarding the myriads of humanity, our little globe can not hope to make itself into a heavenly world for its children now here or to come. It can prepare man for happiness it cannot furnish, for a spirituality it cannot sustain, for an immortality it cannot itself possess or bestow. Our globe is good only for its allotted task, good for man's cradle.

With such a task on its hands, that of carrying man in his infancy, this world is worthy of honor and love, but it contains no fitness whatever for the empire of a spiritual king. It is not the world for a spiritual Christ or his spiritual children.

What may be the nature of that higher life beyond earth, to which so many look and in which is to come the triumph of man, is not given to mortals to learn. Nor can society learn whether it is far away or is a borderland of this existence. The universe is so large, and this is so small a globe, that countless hosts that the spirit land may be far off. All the probabilities point to a material world; only, one where the mind will be less in bondage to material things, to a life-long labor for food and drink, and life-long anxiety over the health of the body in which the mind dwells.

This is the spiritual philosophy. The gift

of a preacher speculates as to the probability of a material world finer than this gross earth. We hope he has or may gain some light in that direction from the writings of gifted spiritual seers of our day. Possibly the time may come when he and others like him will recognize some help to be had from facts and experiences in Chicago as well as in Jerusalem, in solving the great problems of life here and hereafter.

We should be glad to have the polished preacher tell us frankly what sort of evidence he would require to convince him that those who once walked lovingly by his side in mortal form are able to manifest their continuity of existence; or if he has no personal interest in the matter, what will persuade him as a religious teacher, of the certainty of a future life and the ability of those once in mortal form to demonstrate their individual identity.

Prof. Swing has regular hearers whom he knows and whose judgment and veracity in matters of this world he respects, who are Spiritualists and who can testify of their own knowledge that "when the doors were shut a spirit came and stood in the midst." He seems to credit the evidence of much less intelligent people, whose story, told nearly two thousand years ago, comes to him through channels none too trustworthy. Why is not the testimony of members of his own congregation entitled to, at least, equal consideration and public mention?

Anti-Christian Literature.

At a late Monday morning minister's meeting in this city, Rev. J. H. Alling read a paper to the Methodists on "The Egoistic Skepticism of Modern Literature," asserting that there is a large and growing anti-Christian literature in our midst, the immense power of the daily and weekly newspapers is prostituted to serve error, and the modern novel is material and infidel in its tendencies. Among the injurious writers of the day he put Holmes, Renan, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, Dickens and George Eliot, yet he thinks Christian teachings will win at last, grave as the peril is.

One grave sin the newspaper is continually committing in the eyes of this and other pulpits, is the dissemination of scientific knowledge, and a code of ethics based on other than orthodox religious assumptions but far better calculated to elevate the world than is the plan that leads either to a Harp or a Hell. The less general intelligence the more complete the priestly sway, hence the newspaper is an enemy to be feared and denounced by Alling and his cult.

What the dickens all the preacher to black ball Charles Dickens as infidel? The gospel of fraternal love glows on the pages of that writer; neither does he advocate theological heresies. Not to uphold the old dogmas, must be infidelity in this minister's mind. Dean Stanley said Theodore Parker had done as much to uplift religious thought as any man in America. Does Stanley, an English Episcopal dignitary, approve of infidels in this way? No word of Dr. Holmes can be pointed out inculcating anything but the best morals and ethics, and he has rare beauty of spiritual insight. Give us a legion of cheery infidels, healthy in soul and body like Dr. Holmes, and the world will be the better for them.

The sun will shine and the glow of spring will come, and "religion pure and undefiled" will gain, notwithstanding this attack of theological biliousness which has come upon Rev. Mr. Alling.

Telepathic Possibilities.

Rev. H. M. Simmons the able and progressive minister of the First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis gave his hearers a discourse lately in which he touched upon telepathy in the following suggestive way:

There may come a time when mind reading may be common enough, and all thought revealed, and the publication of mental secrets may be a help rather than injury to society and the individual. It may be disagreeable, however, for the merchant to have the character of his sugar known; the doctor may be averse to the analysis of his own pills or having his impressions of his own prescriptions known to all, while the preacher may be embarrassed about his real doctrine. There should be no secrets in religion or anywhere else, and Charles Sumner was probably right when he declared that the genius of our institutions requires publicity. It would have a tendency to check the bad and encourage the good; by a harmless revelation of all secrets from matter out to mind, lies may be abolished, wrongs found out and faith increased in all spiritual things.

E. J. Brown of Portia, Ark., was in this city a few days ago, and consulted Mrs. Blade, the slate-writing medium. He received the following communications:

Glad to meet you. Tell Alvin we were there (Mrs. Porter's seance) willing to talk, but had not the power.

JOHN S. BROWN.

You did not find the loss of that horse. ANDREW. John S. Brown is the father of the Mr. Brown seeking spiritual light through the mediumship of Mrs. Blade, and Andrew Brown was his brother. Mrs. Blade did not know the initials of either of them, nor did she know that he had lately lost a horse, referred to by Andrew in the communication he gave, or that he had a brother Alvin. The tests were very satisfactory to the recipient.

Although Mr. W. Irving Bishop avows that his mind-reading feats are in no way connected with so-called spiritualistic phenomena, Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan, M. D., in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, insists that Mr. Bishop is "no philosopher," doesn't comprehend himself, and "his assertion is of no importance when we know that he has done things heretofore which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." The Observer is not at all dogmatic, but this argument strikes him as a marvellously bold attempt to cultivate violets on a thistle.—New York Graphic.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe spent a day in the city last week on his way to Kansas City.

A wag in the daily press professes to be informed that the scaffold is being prepared on "Gallows Hill," (of witchcraft memory) Salem, whereon to hang the Andover Professors if they are found guilty!

Mr. R. B. Blowers of Woodland, Cal., has been in the city the past two weeks, in charge of the Central California Citrus Fair. Mr. Blowers is an old and successful fruit grower, and believes that Central California has advantages over other sections of that State.

Under the title, "Bewitched or What," Dr. Hoffman tells in this number a story which no reader will credit in its entirety, yet the JOURNAL is assured in the most solemn manner by the writer, that it is literally true. Dr. Hoffman is a highly educated and reputable gentleman, whose testimony as to ordinary matters and in his profession could not be impeached. The JOURNAL offers no opinion on, or explanation of, this remarkable tale.

R. A. Thompson of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Owing to the extremely bad weather during December, the audiences at the hall of the First Association were not quite so large, but those that came were amply repaid for their trouble, by hearing the grand lectures from Mrs. Paul of Vermont. During the month of January, we will have Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis of Brooklyn, N. Y., to speak for us. We will commence our camp meeting at Parkland, June 1st, this year."

Light says that the English press is more respectful to Spiritualism, almost all the leading newspapers speaking of it with more fairness and as a matter not to be ridiculed. The same change has been long and slowly going on here in the secular journals. The orthodox religious newspapers are silent or contemptuous, with few exceptions; the Universalist journals reserved and quiet; the Unitarian press more fraternal, and scientific publications simply contemptuous, their pride as blind as their folly.

Under the title—translated—"The dawn of a New Day," the JOURNAL's valued contributor and subscriber, Lady Caithness, publishes a new review in Paris. Under the professed auspices of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Lady Caithness claims as her "guardian angel," the world may expect something strange and sensational. She claims to belong to the "Star Circle," which, during this dispensation, rules the destiny of the world. An interview with the Countess appears in another column.

The Nation, of New York, says: "Those who recall the great public interest awakened by the visit to this country of Profs. Huxley and Tyndall, can but feel surprised that their fellow-scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, is receiving less attention—that his presence in this country is, indeed, hardly known away from Boston, where he has lately delivered a very acceptable course of 'Lowell lectures.' The author of so many popular works of travel, possessing a high degree of interest and authority, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the doctrine of natural selection, should not, in consequence of a modesty which he equally shares with Darwin, fail of a hearty welcome wherever he goes."

Charles A. Story, 2332 Vernon Ave., this city, has invented a new system of spelling, which is securing a great deal of attention among prominent men. Rev. H. W. Thomas cordially endorses the system, and in a note to the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, says: "I am so profoundly impressed with the need of some reform in spelling; and, after a careful examination of the method of Major Charles A. Story, of this city, am so thoroughly convinced of its excellence and value to the millions of children in our land, that I beg your careful attention and consideration of the bill that is now entrusted to your judgment for testing and trying the same, and earnestly hope that it may receive your hearty approval."

A leading writer on ethics and philosophy in a private letter to the editor says: "A relative of mine, a bright, well educated man has always looked with a sort of pity on any one who believed in a future life. I gave his wife a psychograph; after several trials, she informed me it was a failure. I told her she had hardly given it fair trial. The next day she invited a young lady visitor to join in another trial. The result of this experiment was marvellous, as were those of further trials. Some communications received are of great interest, and her husband is entirely convinced; his attitude wholly changed. This experience, coming under my own observation, gives me great confidence in the psychograph as an aid in developing mediumship and opening communication with spirit friends. I presume in some cases there will be no results, this from want of medial power in some instances, and in others, from a lack of persistent, patient effort. But on the whole I am sure you would be safe in strongly recommending the little instrument."

Religious intolerance does not appear to be quite so rife in New Zealand as it is in England. A little while ago Mr. Bradlaugh was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons. In New Zealand they have an avowed free-thinker for their Premier, and what is still more surprising, this self-same free-thinking Premier has recently had bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and Robert Stout, the clever Dunedin lawyer and painstaking politician, will henceforward be known in New Zealand history as Sir Robert Stout. Sir Robert is a Spiritualist. He is represented as a thoroughly

straightforward and honest man, and he has had his reward in a continuous stream of success and honor. Many otherwise able men are morally weak-kneed, and carefully hide their Spiritualism or other progressive notions. The *Medium and Daybreak* says that "the miserable form of dishonesty evinces want of character, which is the barrier that stands between mediocrity and eminence. Of course, all true Spiritualists are free-thinkers, the term meaning a desire to extend the mental horizon, as the Light of the Spirit dawns on the mind. How can a case-bound mind receive inspiration? The dogmatic bigot can receive no new light; but he stands in his own, and thereby misses the great opportunities of life. Let Sir Robert Stout's example be a lesson to all."

"The young woman who carries blue-eyed pannels, Black Hamburg grapes and things to aged scamps, has a good deal to answer for," says a contemporary, and such sentimentalism is altogether too common. Women, young and gushing, are subject to it. A man incarcerated for rape or murder, receives more care and kindness than would save five score of boys from influences that make criminals. Why let the honest starve and waste sympathy on a hardened wretch? The murderer Cluverius, awaiting death in Baltimore, for two heinous crimes toward the girl who loved and trusted him, is overwhelmed with an avalanche of letters, flowers, prayer books and Bibles. Is he a hero because a criminal? Sensible efforts to prepare him for the other life are one thing, to treat him like a martyr is another.

The *Banner of Light* states that an interesting group of six ladies and ten gentlemen met at Mrs. H. V. Ross's séance room in Boston on the afternoon of Dec. 27th. Among them were Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of England, Prof. William James of Harvard College, Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston, and E. A. Brackett of Winchester. Both before and after the séance, the cabinet—which was formed by curtains being suspended across a corner of the room, backed by solid walls—was carefully examined, and the room above and below were thoroughly inspected without finding anything that could in the slightest degree reflect upon the honesty of the medium. Prof. Wallace was greeted with a form claiming to be a materialized spirit. He and Mr. Brackett led two materialized forms into the middle of the room. An elderly man, with white hair and beard, materialized and was recognized by Prof. W. as a relative of his whose demise took place in Australia. Several others came to him who were identified.

"Certain Hereditary and Psychical Phenomena in Inebriety," is the learned title of a paper in the *Alienist and Neurologist*. The author believes that "intoxication may be imparted by contagion." In other words, the influence of an intoxicated man or number of men upon one perfectly sober, may produce all the symptoms of drunkenness in the latter. Several marked instances are cited in proof, and proof they are, if true, as the erudite Dr. D. T. D. Crothers insists. It is certain that, to some extent, emanations from the liquor-soaked toper may be absorbed by a sensitive companion. Whether that extent can be sufficient to produce the appearance of intoxication is not so evident. Scientists are only exploring that domain in which magnetic forces subtly and ceaselessly play and interplay. The moral is too obvious to be enlarged upon. Evil communications corrupt good manners and good morals, even through the pores of the skin. And men have only begun to learn the modus operandi of soul forces.

The *Index* of December 23rd, contains an indignant letter from the Brahman Gopal Vanyak Joshee, describing the abominable treatment to which his wife and himself were subjected en route from England to India. Denied passage in the regular steamer because they were Hindoos, they embarked on the Peshawar, of another line, where they underwent contemptuous and merciless treatment. Mr. Joshee writes: "I have travelled far and wide but never saw, elsewhere, such heartless, brutal mortals as the English are to-day in India." Dr. Joshee, it will be remembered, was graduated as a physician in Philadelphia, a year ago. With her husband she occupied a high place in the estimation of all who had the good fortune to make their acquaintance in America. Mr. Joshee's lectures in Brooklyn were at one time reported for the *JOURNAL* by Bro. S. B. Nichols. More regret than surprise will be expressed at the arraignment of the governing race in India. Here, as in some other cases, self-styled Christians might well learn a lesson of the brotherhood of men from a race they despise or even from a religion they despise.

From York county, Penn., comes a story of "buried alive." After a brief illness and supposed death, the last rites were administered. Then, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, the son of the man supposed to be dead exclaimed, "that something told him that his father still lived." Instantly the coffin was lifted and the work of resuscitation proved successful. In the present state of knowledge concerning the frequency of catalepsy and the trance, there is no need of such agonizing experiences. Tests may be administered or the body may be preserved and watched till the change takes place. A medical association in Paris once gained a prize for the certain proof of death. A surgeon who showed that a bilster could not be raised upon a body from which life had departed, received the award. In the case cited above, by what process was the son warned of his father's condition? It might be through the strong sympathy between soul and soul, or it

might be through pure spiritual impression. When the average citizen understands spiritual philosophy, he will vote Charles F. Wingate's suggestion into a law. That eminent sanitary engineer believes that every new school-house in country, village or city, should be set in the center of a block for a playground. By the time that is carried out, clergymen will preach physical as well as psychical morality. And the world at large will have learned that vigor, health and happy environments are necessary to that development which alone can understand and obey spiritual laws.

R. Heber Newton was ill last Sunday and unable to preach, consequently a hiatus occurs in the series of splendid discourses on Woman which have been regularly put in type in the *JOURNAL* office the day following their delivery. It is to be hoped Dr. Newton will be himself again before next Sunday.

College of Therapeutics—Boston—and Science of Sarcognomy.

The following declaration of sentiments unanimously adopted and signed by the gentlemen and ladies attending the seventh session, shows how satisfactory are Prof. Buchanan's demonstrations of the new sciences that he is presenting.

The undersigned attendants upon the seventh session of the College of Therapeutics have been delighted with the profound and wonderful instruction received, and as it is the duty of all who become acquainted with new truths of great importance to the world, to assist in their diffusion, we offer our free and grateful testimony in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the lectures and experiments of Prof. Buchanan not only clearly taught but absolutely demonstrated the science of Sarcognomy, by experiments in which we were personally engaged, and in which we cannot possibly have been mistaken.

Resolved, That we regard Sarcognomy as the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual, and as the basis of the only possible scientific system of Electro-Therapeutics, the system which we have seen demonstrated in all its details by Prof. Buchanan, producing results which we could not have believed without witnessing the demonstration.

Resolved, That Therapeutic Sarcognomy is a system of science of the highest importance alike to the magnetic healer, to the electro-therapist and to the medical practitioner, giving great advantages to those who thoroughly understand it, and destined to carry the fame of its discoverer to the remotest future ages.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is proper that I should say a word in reference to the character of Sarcognomy, the truth and value of which have been recognized by all students of the subject, including some of the ablest American physicians.

The resolutions of my most recent class in Boston are the same in spirit as have been expressed during forty years, and will be expressed again by my students in May, 1887. They not only know the truth of the science but recognize Sarcognomy as "the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual," and their testimony was based on their own personal experience. To the students of Sarcognomy this is a familiar idea, but to others some explanation may be necessary.

What are the greatest discoveries in Physiology? Common opinion would mention as the foremost the action of the heart in circulating the blood—a discovery not originated but consummated by Harvey; and yet the discovery is so simple and obvious a nature that we wonder now not so much at the ability manifested in the discovery, as at the stupidity which permitted it to remain so long unknown, and even to be denied and ridiculed when published. Harvey's work on the generation of animals entitled him to a higher rank as a pioneer in science than his theory of the circulation.

A far greater discovery was that of Dr. Gall, which embraced not only the anatomy but the functions of the brain as a mental organ—a discovery twenty times as great, whether we consider the superior importance of the brain or the greater investigating genius necessary to the discovery. It easily ranks at the head of the physiological discoveries of the past centuries.

Next comes the discovery of the motor and sensory roots of the spinal nerves by Majendie and Bell, which did not, as commonly supposed, include the motor and sensory of the spinal cord. This was a small discovery compared to Gall's, but not inferior to Harvey's discovery of the cardiac function.

A fourth discovery, perhaps of equal rank, was the discovery by Harvey's cotemporary, Aselli, of the lacteals that absorb the chyle.

A fifth discovery or discoveries of importance was that of the corpuscles of the blood and the Malpighian bodies of the kidneys by Malpighi.

A sixth discovery considered more important and occupying a larger space in medical literature is the cell doctrine of Schwann, a doctrine still under discussion and by no means a finality.

Anatomical science has few first-class discoveries. Anatomy has been a growth of observation and description—not discovery. Vesalius and Eustachius may be considered the fathers of modern anatomy, and the name of the latter is immortalized by the Eustachian tube, which he first recognized and described. But the Fallopian tubes named after Fallopius were not his discovery. They had been described long before by Hippocrates and others. Eustachius was nearly two centuries ahead of his age in anatomy, and should be gratefully remembered as a struggling scientist. His valuable anatomical works, which he was too poor to publish, were published one hundred and forty years after his death by Lancet.

From this brief glance at the discoveries of Eustachius, Harvey, Aselli, Malpighi, Gall, Majendie, and Schwann, it is apparent that but one physiological discovery on record is sufficiently important in its nature and scope to be compared with Sarcognomy, which comprehends the relations of soul, brain and body. What is their relative value? Gall's discovery embraced about one-half of the psychic functions of the brain, with nothing of its physiological functions. Sarcognomy, on the contrary, embraces the entire mass of cerebral functions and connects them with corresponding functions in the body. It presents in one complete view the psychic powers of the soul operating in the brain and extending their influence into the body, and on

the other hand, the physiological powers of the body, operating through the brain, and by definite intelligible laws acting upon the soul—a vast system of science, based on anatomical facts, but evolved by experiment, to which no single volume could do justice. Its medical applications alone, concisely presented in thirty lectures, would make a volume of four hundred pages.

It is not like the phrenological system of Gall, a mental doctrine only, but combining psychology, physiology and pathology, goes to the foundations of medical science, of health, disease and cure, as well as the foundations of all spiritual science, and originates new systems of magnetic and electric practice. It is manifest, therefore, that no biological discovery now on record occupies more than a fraction of the vast area occupied by Sarcognomy, and being a demonstrated science in the opinion of all who are acquainted with it, it needs only sufficient time to circulate the works upon the subject now in preparation (the first edition of "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" having been speedily exhausted) and sufficient time to overcome the mental inertia and moral torpor that hinder all progress and even was against the million times repeated facts of spiritual science. The warfare against all new truth will be continued until the people demand that our colleges, the castles of antiquated error, shall conform to the spirit of progressive science.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Position of Ministers of the Gospel.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The position of the churches at present is most anomalous. Creeds and set forms of observance, thought essential to salvation by our fathers, have become outgrown by a swift progress, not in the direction they led, but in the more thorough understanding of the world of causes and effects—the world where knowledge is supreme. These creeds and dogmatic doctrines have made no growth. They remain unchanged and unchangeable. They are conservative forces of blind resistance. They are inflexible of necessity, and to doubt them is to destroy. They are outgrown, almost obsolete, yet remain recorded in the books of the churches—unrevised and unrevivable. The new convert does not subscribe to them. The minister is careful not to read certain obnoxious passages, which our fathers thought of vital importance. Ministers carefully eschew doctrinal discussion, and no longer blow the embers of hell-fire to a white heat, nor parade the devil, nor talk of eternal damnation. They feel that the firm hold their predecessors had on the laity has loosened, and the prestige of their office is gone. They are no longer revered as moral and intellectual teachers, and if strong enough, gifted leaders, perhaps, but their office has been outgrown. The want they once supplied no longer exists. The phase of civilization which called for the ministerial office is swiftly passing. The form, the semblance as a shadow is retained, the reality is gone. Hence the minister of the gospel has a difficult task before him. If fresh from a theological school he has been kept apart from the living present, and steeped in antique ideas until he is a part of the past, and when he enters the pulpit he is an anachronism, out of place and time. The world has been rushing ahead, and he is a century behind. If of ordinary mould, he is confused by the antagonism of the beliefs drilled into him at college, and the practical thoughts of the day, but he blindly goes on preaching as his predecessors taught him to preach, and lets the world go its way. He is a made preacher; his sermons are made sermons; his orthodoxy passes unquestioned. He is dry and uninteresting; but few think a sermon can be otherwise; listening is a sort of penance. It is a burden for him to speak, and a cross for his audience to listen, but a part of church work which is borne because custom has made it the thing to do.

Should, however, the preacher be cast of finer material, should he think for himself, and be quickened by the fresh thoughts of living men, and reasoning, break through the shackles of his creed, then, indeed, he deserves our sympathy. On the one hand, he has spent years preparing for his profession; by it he gains support for himself and family; honors, emoluments, friends, influence, all the heart holds dear, entice him to the ranks of orthodox faith, which is unquestioning. On the other hand is the independence of free thought, the aspiration after the highest truth, and the urgency of conscience to be true to innermost convictions. He is far ahead of his creed, and thinks himself in advance of his church members. Here he mistakes, for he conceals and hedges before a laity, more radical than himself. They have outgrown their creed, and hall with rejoicing his bravest utterances. If he continues to grow, the synod or conference, made up of the ordinary men, will suppress him; if he continues to preach, there is the strange spectacle of a church listening to a preacher they do not believe, preaching doctrines he does not believe himself.

It is difficult to fully appreciate or comprehend the perplexities of a minister thus situated. He well knows that nine-tenths of all the ministers of his denomination stand on this ragged edge, and in their hearts rejoice when one of their number dares say a brave and honest word, and that the other tenth are of no account, yet he just as well knows that every one of them will denounce him with frowning countenance before their respective churches, and call him before the primate's synod, or conference, laboring to prove him a heretic in order to make clear their iron orthodoxy. He has labored all his life to gain a standing with his church. His social life is with them. His support and that of his family is gained by his popularity with the lay members. His educational bias and prejudices are all on one side. On the other is honesty, to what he knows is true, integrity to abide by the new light which conflicts and overthrows nearly all he has thus far in life regarded as of momentous worth. The position is a grave one and merits profound sympathy. If a really strong man, he may like Beecher, Swing, Thomas, and a few others, carry his church with him up to independent ground, but he must possess more than ordinary tact and knowledge of human nature. If he fails in these qualities he loses everything but his self-respect, and becomes an unrecognized minister without the possibility of having a church to preside over.

Hence it is that the incentives which move most men are strong to hold the minister in their bonds, and make it the most difficult of all things for him to be honest. The laity are equally dishonest. They are in fear of each other, as the preacher is in fear of them. On some occasion of love feast or conference, when all may arise and relate experience, instead of muzzling the parrot story of their grandfathers, all would tell the truth as to just how they felt and believed, from the

humblest member to the minister, there would be such a revival as 'would shatter the old castle of belief like a card-house, and make all things new.

As it is, with fear and trembling the minister must stand before his church, and assert what he knows it is impossible to believe; must frown on, and denounce the fresh thoughts he knows every one cannot but believe; must pretend to abhor what he knows in the end will be accepted as divine truth; must make himself a sham, a mountebank and a cheat, a whitened sepulchre, not of dead men's bones, but of dead ideas. Let us not denounce, nor sneer, but give unmeasured pity, and spread the mantle of charity. Let us do what we can to bring pulpits and pews to a better mutual understanding, supplying to each, in the meantime, that knowledge of spirit life for which they long have blindly sought.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

General News.

Six influential gentlemen connected with the Citizens' League of Chicago, spent several hours in a fruitless attempt to convince Mayor Harrison that it is his duty to revoke the licenses of notorious dives.—A divorce from his fifth wife was recently procured by John Hand, of Osakis, Minnesota, now in his seventy-fourth year. By advertising in a Boston newspaper he has since secured a helpmeet.—The steamer *Lydian Monarch* is unable to sail from Jersey City for London for lack of bonds for \$200,000 to cover a libel by a stevedore.—The Sultan is about to send to Rome a diamond ring for the Pope and decorations for the cardinals.—The Postmaster General recommends the repayment of \$15,335 to the postmaster at Minneapolis, that amount having been stolen from him.—The real estate transfers in Chicago last week aggregated \$1,348,595.—The warden of the New Jersey Penitentiary frustrated a plot by the convicts to kill the keepers and free themselves. It appears that jeweler's saws were smuggled into the prison in bars of soap and plugs of tobacco, and that several iron bars were sawed through.—In the depot at Albert Lea, Minnesota, a young and handsome woman who fell on the track fifteen feet from an incoming train, was clutched by a bus-driver and squeezed against the platform in such manner as to leave her unharmed.—Thomas P. May, once a wealthy planter of Louisiana, and at the outbreak of the war a Union man, is said to be dying in London.—The city court at New Haven fined two railway superintendents \$50 each for blacklisting a laborer.—British naval prisoners have been ordered to select the ships on which they prefer to serve or the ports where they would like to be employed.—David Johnson, a member of the North Chicago corps of the Salvation Army, has been arrested for the perpetration of seven burglaries.—The clearings of the Chicago banks for the past week were \$63,137,735, an increase of nearly \$7,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1886.—The railways and highways of England have been rendered impassable by snow at many points in the midland counties.—The machine shops of the Ohio Southern Road, at Springfield, valued at \$140,000, were destroyed by fire.—The First Congregational Church in Chicago is nightly crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the revival sermons of Mr. Moody.—Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is seriously ill from pleurisy, at his home at Orange, New Jersey.—An official search of the house in Philadelphia wherein was found the corpse of two well-known misers, Joseph Perry and Richard Price, developed \$120,000, mainly tied up in dirty rags.—The German ship *Elizabeth* was wrecked off the coast of Virginia, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry. Fifteen men were lost from the vessel, besides five of the life-saving crew.—J. Hollis Squire, lately Comptroller of New York, declares himself unable to pay an \$1,800 note which he incurred for his father.—The Rock Island Road has nearly completed arrangements for the use of the Kansas Pacific track from Topeka to Kansas City.

Philadelphia has started out another of those long-lived phenomenal "boy-preachers." He is now said to be 16. If he follows the example of Harrison he will remain a boy until the gray hairs come.

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Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meetings of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 33rd Street Mrs. T. B. Striker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Perlin, Secretary; F. A. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall.

Chicago Meetings. The South Side Locomotive of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Marline's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd Street and Indiana Avenue.

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Spiritual Philosophy.
(Continued from Page 1.)

wholly inductive; it reasons from the facts upward. Its conclusions are based on ascertained data, and it is as much of an exact science as any of the acknowledged systems, geology, astronomy or chemistry. Concerning the profoundest problems of life—the origin of matter, the source and nature of spirit, its connection with matter, theology is garrulous and puerile, and physical science is dumb, but Spiritualism with its higher and broader conceptions of man's relation to the universe, furnishes a solution commensurate with the problems and in accord with the best reasoning powers of the mind.

GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY.

Lady Calhoun Enters the Journalistic Arena.

Interview with a Brilliant Woman of the World—A Devotee to Psychology and Mysticism—Remarkable Account of a Visit from Her Guiding Spirit, Mary Queen of Scots—Her Enthusiastic Advocacy of the New Religion.

Baroness Salvador's Paris Letter in New York World: I had often met Lady Calhoun in society, always wearing diamonds that a queen might have envied; always surrounded by hosts of friends; but now I cannot understand why I never suspected her to be more than a charming woman of the world, never thought her mentally superior to hosts of agreeable friends and multitudes of brilliant mondaines. When I heard of the publication of the new Theosophical review I decided to know from Lady Calhoun herself her motives, her opinions.

"When did you first think of publishing a review?"

"Months ago I fought against the idea. In the evening the difficulties appeared insurmountable; in the morning nothing seemed more simple. At last I decided, and my path was made clear before me. Theosophists are Buddhists; above all I am Christian. I have an inspiration. Come in the room where I write and I will show you my guardian angel, Mary Queen of Scots."

Lady Calhoun led me to an immense, superbly-furnished room, and on the writing-table I saw a picture painted on ivory, a picture of the martyr Queen, more beautiful than any I had ever seen before.

"She often comes to me. Sometimes I only feel her presence; sometimes she is visible."

Naturally I was much interested and asked Lady Calhoun for an explanation.

"Do you believe in the return of a spirit upon the earth? If not, you can hardly comprehend what I would say."

"Not a believer in name, but one who knows that only a thin veil separates us from the world of spirits."

"You know, perhaps, that we have a sixth sense called spiritualism, a sense that eludes, but a sense that it is our duty to awaken and develop. In the narrow path marked for us, we can only advance step by step; to the things we see at first do not seem possible, but our watchword is always 'forward'."

"When did you first discover the bond between you and Queen Mary?"

"Years ago. She makes herself known in various ways; and many times from her I have received oral communications which I have immediately put on paper. Although I am not the only one to whom Mary of Scotland appears, still she calls me her 'dearest of all.' Once she said to me: 'Ah, my beloved Mary, all do not believe in my purity as you do. Because I was light-hearted, gay, and ardent many thought that I forgot God and forfeited my eternal happiness for the vain pleasures of a day. They never dreamed of my devotion to my young husband during his illness.' My most wonderful interview with Queen Mary took place at midnight in the chapel of Holyrood, where Lord Calhoun is buried."

"Will you tell me about this interview?"

"It was in 1874. I was in Edinburgh, on my way to Calhoun Castle, in the north of Scotland, when Mary promised to appear at Holyrood. A friend was to accompany me; how I overcame her fears would require too long a time to relate. With a lantern and matches we took our places in a cab, and on the box was a faithful servant. When the carriage stopped the gate leading to the ruined chapel was opened, we entered; when the gate was shut, and we were in the sepulchral gloom, my friend was seized with a sudden terror, and insisted that I enter the chapel without her. How glad I was, for I wanted to be alone with my beloved Mary. Never had the chapel seemed to me so beautiful and the silence so solemnly itself. No longer were the altars illuminated by torches and candles, but the stars of heaven shed their light from above and there was no roof to separate me from their splendor. Where was once the high altar of Holyrood are now found broken tombstones, and kneeling upon one of these I prayed. Suddenly I said: 'Where now are Darnley, Rizzio? Where art thou, my beloved Mary?' 'Here, with you,' said a voice beside me, and turning my head I saw a vague form like a cloud, which gradually took a tangible appearance. 'I have kept my word,' she spoke to me in language whose beauty I could not transcribe. She said that spirits belonging to all periods of history are organized in society under the form of a star. This association, called Star Circle, was founded at the time of the appearance of modern Spiritualism, and has been developed since. During the period of the new dispensation the star rules the destiny of the world. Later Queen Mary told me that the real title of this circle is Circle of Christ. Since then I have received a diagram in the form of a star with six points and six rays, which exhibits in a wonderful manner this perfect philosophy."

"Sometimes I have met persons who were unconsciously members of this circle and I recognize them by seeing the star suspended above their heads or marked on their foreheads. While I was reflecting on what Queen Mary had told me of the circle, she said to me: 'More than twenty years ago you were chosen to be a part of this Circle of Christ, chosen because you have a well-balanced nature, which allows you to understand all sides of truth. The Eternal said to you: "Come higher, for I need thee, thou shalt drink of living waters," and from that hour truth was communicated to you rapidly as you could receive it. Now, the time has come when I can ask you if you are willing to promise an entire consecration to the service of God.' Then I knelt upon the tomb, made my vow of consecration, and before it was finished I received a warm kiss upon my forehead. Mary continued: 'As my earthly representative, I charge thee to keep the banner of truth pure. We have placed upon thy shoulders the mantle of truth and

on thy forehead a seal. Aspiration is inspiration. Without aspiration there can be no growth. Inspiration comes from God. Our breath is an aspiration, and inspiration answers it. Each one of our acts should be a prayer, and each act has a result. Thou art a vessel chosen of God, and the star we have placed on thy forehead will speak to all who approach thee and will tell them not to enter thy sphere with impure hands and heart."

"Then Mary gave me minute details as to where I might find some of her jewels, among them a ring she was anxious I should possess. En passant, I may say that I own many jewels once the property of Mary of Scotland."

"All that Queen Mary told me I do not remember, but detached sentences come to me from time to time. Here is one: "Use the Bible with respect," she said, "to be guided and instructed thereby. Read even with more respect the great Bible of Nature. Thou, my child, hast a mind capable of seizing the truths destined to inspire all nations and to make them free; and these events are taking place to-day. Mary, my beloved one, the faith that you have embraced possesses the rarest jewels the world has ever seen. Add something great to its literature. Be courageous, and remain in the high place which has been given you by the Star Circle. You may go on and never arrive at the end of your progress and your development, for the Father, whose perfection you should imitate, will inspire you and be your divine model. Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Then she left me and all was silent. I hastened to rejoin my friend, who was alarmed in the greatest degree. The next morning I called my maid, seated myself before the dressing-table, looked in the mirror, and upon my forehead saw a round bright spot, which seemed like a red seal. That was the impression made by Mary's kiss, and I was willing the mark should remain always. It was the proof of her visit to me. As I gazed it disappeared, but with my spiritual eyes I always see the seal upon my forehead."

"And afterwards did Queen Mary appear as she promised?"

"Yes; rapidly as I could absorb the truths, they were given to me to understand. Each day I feel my soul expanding and passing to a new state, peace is mine, new horizons of grandeur and perfection open before me, and my happiness is complete. So intense is the light, so wonderful the joy of my life that nothing known by me until this day can compare with it. Art, society, nothing has ever given me such delight. The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, a foretaste of heaven, because 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' As Mary said to me, I live in the present without looking back to the past or forward to the future, and I know I shall inherit eternal life, because I am already in that life."

Never have I been so impressed. I have heard the greatest divines of the Catholic and Protestant churches give the reason for their faith; but this fearless woman, standing almost alone as the exponent of a doctrine ridiculed by some, misunderstood by others, deserves admiration for her bravery, respect for her sincerity.

Lady Calhoun gave me a poem dictated to her by Queen Mary, a few lines of which I quote:

Truth embodied bears all sin away,
Fear not to die, for Death an angel is;
And thou must meet with death in many ways
Ere the finality of life begins to be a consciousness,
Which shall increase for aye.

Psychometry and Thought Transference.

A new tractate upon "Psychometry and Thought Transference" comes to us from the press of the Theosophist at Adyar, Madras. The introduction by Col. Henry S. Olcott, the President-founder of the Theosophic Society, embellishes the work, which is otherwise anonymous. Col. Olcott subscribes heartily to all that is claimed for psychometry, insisting that it is one of the Siddhis or powers exhibited by the Yogis of India. "Thought Transference," it is hardly necessary to say, is another term for "mind reading." The treatise before us gives an outline of the surmises by physical scientists, and then proceeds to the doctrine of the Theosophical Society, the existence of the *akasa* (akasha), tenuous cosmic ether, infinite as the original cosmic matter and resulting from motion in that matter. "The Astral light" or "astral fluid" is a different form of that ether, and is perceptible to a highly-trained physical sense. It also exists universally. It forms the "aura" around the brain and spinal cord of human beings, and the nerve-aura attending the fluid of the nerves, tubes and nerve-cells. In this astral fluid everything is registered—every shadow, every thought, every event. "Each particle of the existing matter," says Babbage, "must be a register of all that has happened."

The Egyptians placed the eternal idea pervading the universe in the ether, or the will going forth and becoming force and matter. The authors of the *unseen universe* say, that from ether have come all things and to it all things will return; that the images of all things are indelibly impressed upon it; and that it is the store house of the germs or of the remains of all visible forms, and even ideas. This pamphlet also declares that "the basis of all occult science is: That there is but one essence, and that all things—concrete matter in its various manifestations, force, thought and what is called 'spirit'—are but different forms of this cosmic matter; the difference consisting in the distance separating the molecules, and in their arrangement."

Thought transference is explained concisely as follows:

1. The thought or image is conceived in the mind of the operator.
2. It passes into the nerve-fluid, interpenetrating and surrounding the brain with its aura, the nerve-aura.
3. Here it is met by the will, or odyle fluid which is generated about the solar plexus, the life-centre of the body, and a reaction takes place.
4. This results in an image being formed in the astral aura surrounding the agent's head.
5. This image is transmitted in the form of waves through the astral fluid to the astral aura of the percipient.
6. It is conducted thence through his nerve-aura and nerve-fluid to the sensorium.
7. Having reached this focus it is registered in terms of ordinary consciousness as an image.

The completeness of this operation is more or less perfect according to the strength or weakness of will in the operator, and the "magnetic sympathy" existing between the two.

The rest of the pamphlet is devoted to

demonstrations, examples, illustrations, directions and instructions.

The explanation here given appears to accord very exactly with what is really known of human physiology and psychic matters. It recognizes distinctly the three-fold nature of man; the *sensuous* or physical, the *psychical*, which has its physical focus in the semi-lunar ganglion of the solar plexus in the epigastrium, and the *noetic* or spiritual which centers at the top-brain above the brow. Mind or spirit, however, is not confined or circumscribed in any sense of absolute fixity to the body, not even to the brain itself. Like all spiritual substance it permeates much more than the physical structure of one individual. As many games may be included in the same volume, neither crowding away the other, so many minds and spirits may interpenetrate each other; and if they are in the proper rapport or sympathy they may participate in each other's moods, thoughts, and even beliefs and sentiments. What one knows or supposes, the others may perceive and even accept as their own—to the extent even of supposing themselves to have had the concept originally. We are inspired and prompted by denizens of the invisible region as well as by those about us who have a dominating or even an insinuating influence upon us. Sometimes it makes itself externally conscious as a revelation, manifestation or specific communication; sometimes we seem to perceive and know all as of ourselves.

I have often imagined that by carrying out this matter far enough, the art might be acquired of objectifying mental concepts and so evolving a new method of telegraphy. A person in one place witnessing or becoming cognizant of events might thus transfer the perception of what he had observed into the mind of another individual at a distance but in rapport with him. The possibility of this seems to be demonstrated by the examples which we hear and know of, in which persons have made their voices perceived under analogous circumstances, or even produced the effigy of their bodies so as to be seen like objects immediately before the eyes. Again, scientific discoveries have been made by different individuals almost simultaneously when they, perhaps, knew nothing of each other; great movements in thought and religion originate at the same time in places distant from each other.

The Oriental people have apparently such an arcane mode of communication. The Arabs call it *khabar* (c. f. Kabeiri, Hebrew) or occult knowing.

Lord Carnarvon in his *History of the Druses* declares that during the Sikh war of 1845-6 there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory, forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and that in the late India mutiny the information of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras and the Maoris of New Zealand in a manner truly astonishing. During the Crimean war the *khabar* at the bazaars of Jerusalem anticipated the ordinary channels of information by many days, and with a striking accuracy. John Calvin, the French Reformer, while lying one day in bed, ill of the gout, heard in this mysterious manner a sound of drums and the conflict of arms. It afterward transpired that at that very time a battle was going on in Northern France between the Guals and the Protestants. I myself heard Bayard Taylor in a lecture state that when he was traveling in Japan, the leading men of that country received information in some peculiar way, of the battles and other events of the war then raging between the United States and Mexico.

Perhaps such an art, however, would be a perversion of the function of the spiritual faculties, an employing of them for selfish and unbalanced purposes, and so would come under the abuse of *Goetia*. There is wisdom which only the wise may speak of to each other. Hence, while disposed to give cordial welcome to all that may really be learned of these matters, hesitating only at deception and charlatanism I feel more impelled to keep silence than to speak. Still, it is true that we human beings are not mere masses of corporeal matter, but "such stuff as dreams are made of," and in genuine dreaming is embraced the sublimest knowing.

A. WILDER.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Reminiscences of a Fine Medium.

BY A. A. HEALY.

It is now more than three years since Mr. A. H. Phillips ceased to be a public medium. Those who knew him when in the full exercise of his gifts will not soon forget the manifestations of spirit power that occurred in his presence. In one respect he was unique among mediums—he was never even charged, so far as I know, with fraud or deception. Investigators, full of suspicion, used to come to him for sittings, and such was the transparent honesty of the man, so clear and satisfactory the manner in which the independent writing came, such intelligence and striking tests were given in writing through his hand, so anxious was he to meet and satisfy each man's particular form of doubt, so willing always to try any suggested experiment, that the investigators, when honest, went away, if not convinced, still without any fault to find with the medium. Moreover, and this is of great importance in a public medium, Mr. Phillips' personal habits were entirely correct. He was always gentlemanly in conduct, and refined in his conversation. In truth, so highly do I value the services he rendered the cause, that I believe fifty such mediums, publicly sitting, would compel the attention of the world to the phenomena of Spiritualism. For, however valuable and comforting materialization and other forms of dark science may be to believers, the independent writing and various other phenomena, such as came in the light with Mr. Phillips, are far better calculated to attract the attention and carry conviction to the minds of intelligent unbelievers.

The career of Mr. Phillips as a medium in New York extended over about five years. During those years he gave sittings at the camp meetings at Lake Pleasant, and occasionally made brief visits to Boston and Philadelphia. Independent writing, the so-called "pellet test," loud raps, and communications written through his hand, were the characteristics of the sittings. At one period, physical manifestations, such as the moving of objects, sometimes occurred. But these Mr. Phillips discouraged. He seemed to take no pride in them, and did not regard them as of high value. He said that he much preferred that the power be used for intelligent communications. Although in this matter the judgment of Mr. Phillips was unquestionably correct, yet these physical manifestations were sometimes of great interest. Upon one occasion, the late Dr. Geo. M. Beard, the writer on hypnotism and allied subjects, and who was an opponent of Spiritualism, called with two friends upon Mr. Phillips for a sitting. Dr. Beard was un-

known to Mr. Phillips, and his identity was not revealed until after the sitting. When the four had seated themselves around the table, the medium wrote the name of Dr. Beard's father upon a slip of paper, and threw it to the centre of the table. One of the gentlemen took it up, read it, and handed it to Dr. Beard, whereupon the latter insisted that his friend had informed the medium who he was. Both the friend of Dr. Beard and Mr. Phillips indignantly denied that they had been parties to such deception. But Dr. Beard obstinately declined to accept their statements as true. At that moment, a large picture, hanging upon the wall, swung out several inches, making a loud noise, and vibrating for several seconds. All present heard the noise and distinctly saw the moving picture. Dr. Beard, after a pause, simply remarked: "Optical illusion!" The Doctor probably regarded this occurrence as a confirmation of an absurd theory which I have been informed he held; namely, that the evidence of the senses is not reliable unless scientifically trained and under scientific conditions. But I think most readers will be inclined to say with Mr. Phillips: "That man is, intellectually, not honest."

One day, I took a skeptic of positive character and strong prejudices to Mr. Phillips' room for a sitting. After the same was over, and while we were standing near the table, Mr. Phillips trying hard to convince my friend of the genuineness of the rapping that was even then taking place, suddenly a number of small articles were swept from the table by unseen power, and rattled upon the floor. It was as if some spirit presence had impatiently said: "Well, will you believe this?" and then given the more striking demonstration.

But, as I have intimated, such things were unusual at Mr. Phillips' sittings. The independent writing between slates, always without pencil of any kind, was the most interesting and suggestive feature of them, and it was this that people generally went to him to see. I have myself, frequently, when with him put two clean slates together, held them in my own hands, and while so holding them, heard and felt a slight ticking and vibration, and then found an intelligible communication written upon one of the slates. During the whole process Mr. Phillips sat quietly at the opposite side of a table five feet in width, and did not touch the slates from beginning to end. Now in a case like this, where I had had the positive and consenting evidence of three senses, I should be ashamed to doubt the genuineness of the phenomena, or to admit that I have not sufficient mental clearness and force to say, "I know that writing was done by unseen power." Besides the writing on slates, I have had, through Mr. Phillips independent writing upon a blank page of a small memorandum book that I had been accustomed to carry in my pocket.

The "pellet test" was also an interesting feature of Mr. Phillips' sittings. He would ask the sitter to write, each upon a slip of paper, five fictitious names and the name of a deceased person; then roll them into pellets and place them on the table. This done, the medium would select, either by raps or by impression, from the six pellets so placed, the one containing the deceased person's name, and before it had been opened he would write that name upon paper. Of course he had seen none of the names written in the first instance. Mr. Phillips had great success with this experiment; and, although he would occasionally fail in selecting the right pellet, I never knew him, among many trials, to fail once in writing correctly the name of the selected pellet, before the latter had been opened. It was with this test that Mr. Phillips brought confusion upon Stuart Cumberland. That respectable person from England made a tour among the mediums of New York to "expose" them, and thus advertise his own public performances. He induced a reporter of the N. Y. Times and one from the *Herald* to accompany him to the apartments of Mr. Phillips. Cumberland by lead talking and rude behavior endeavored to disturb and irritate the medium as to preclude any manifestations. But Mr. Phillips quietly invited one of the reporters to enter his sitting room alone and prepare the pellets as above described. When this had been done, Mr. Phillips entered the room, correctly selected the pellet containing the name of the deceased person, and wrote the name written therein before it had been opened? He was equally successful with the other reporter. Consequently, the following morning a report highly favorable to Mr. Phillips appeared in both journals, conspicuously placed, and saying that notwithstanding all that the would-be exposé could say or do, the medium had exhibited a power entirely different from any that Cumberland had exhibited in New York, and far more remarkable.

The work done by Mr. Phillips as a medium, though his term of service was comparatively short, was of very great value to the cause. He came like a meteor, illumined the spiritual heavens, and like a meteor departed. Where he is now, or if he be still in the flesh, I know not. But I have a great desire for information concerning him. I have heard various rumors, but had no authentic intelligence. And if any reader of these lines knows ought of Mr. Phillips' history during the past two years and a half, or of his present whereabouts, I should esteem it a favor if he would communicate with me in a letter addressed in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The New Theology—The Christian Union.

Perhaps there can be no better way to illustrate the great change in theological thought than to give some idea of the contents of a leading religious newspaper, for such a journal is a mirror of its day. The *Christian Union* is a Congregationalist journal published weekly in New York, Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor, with an able corps of contributors and a wide correspondence. Its pages give space for varied religious intelligence, for good stories and book reviews and other literary matter, and for the discussion of leading current topics in their bearing on the public good and on personal character. Its discussion of the labor question had been especially candid and able, marked by a generous humanity and an aim for impartial justice. Its circulation is large among the more liberal class of orthodox Congregationalists, and it may be held as an exponent of the most advanced evangelical thought—the left wing of modern orthodoxy.

Certain notable articles in a late issue will serve the purpose of showing the trend of this thought and its great change since the days of Calvinism and the Westminster Catechism.

An editorial on "Rich Christians—A Christmas Wish," hopes for an increase of spiritual wealth, and says: "One may be a very poor Christian—and still be a Christian. The creed which bars the entrance to Christ's church is a very short and simple one; it has but two articles—Love; Saved. The church has often added other articles, and in so far it has become more—or less—than Christian. We have said this often, and we expect to say it often in the future."

"One may be poor or rich in the kingdom of Christ; and every one ought to be ambitious to be a rich Christian. There is no objection to a spiritual plutocracy; for in spiritual riches there is no monopoly. Very little is necessary to get into Christ's Commonwealth; a great deal is involved in being a worthy citizen therein. To be naturalized, and to secure the protection of the United States' flag does not require great attainments in knowledge and virtue; to be a self-respecting citizen requires more; to be rich and fruitful in citizenship, repaying in service what is received in fellowship, requires a great deal. A very little is sufficient for salvation; but who is content merely to be saved? One could almost play even in heaven those who have been 'saved so as by fire.' Is he a Christian? 'Well!—Yes!—I believe he's a member of Dr. —'s church.' This describes the poor Christian. 'Is he a Christian? 'I don't know what church he belongs to; but he lives like one.' This describes the rich Christian."

The creed short, and the life rich in goodly thought and deed, is the main thing. A column is filled with the report of a discussion of evolution and Christianity at the Congregational club by sundry of the city clergy, some for and some against the theory. The main address was by Professor Raymond, who held evolution as in accord with correct views of sin and redemption. The editor says:

"The doctrine of what we may call moral evolution is, that the moral capacities of man have been evolved by a long and slow process from animal instincts. The race, it is said, has grown as the child grows. The child has not in the cradle any conception of God, any habit of prayer, any recognition even of right and wrong. The mother inspires the child with faith in God, teaches the child to pray, develops in it a discriminating conscience; and she does this by evolving these higher opinions and sentiments from lower or lesser ones. 'If you strike your brother,' says the mother, 'mamma is displeased with you.' Thus appealing to approbation, she arouses conscience. So, according to Darwin, conscience in man has been developed out of approbation, so belief in God from superstitious belief in gnomes and fairies. The half-educated deduce the conclusion—which, however, neither Herbert Spencer nor Darwin allows—that belief in God is only an enlarged superstition, and conscience only a sublimated approbation. It is this conclusion against which all Christian sentiment revolts. The conclusion is not warranted by the premises, nor maintained by those who hold the premises. If it were, no scientific argument would suffice to maintain the hypothesis as probable; for no argument can countervail personal consciousness. The facts of religion as attested by consciousness are independent of philosophy. Philosophy has not produced them and cannot erase them. It has simply to account for them....

"Whether I was evolved from an animal or not, I am an animal now—a vertebrate animal of the order of mammalia.... But I am also more than an animal; whether that more came indirectly by a process of development from lower instincts, or directly by a supernatural gift, is not religiously material. I am what I am; and this, not my origin, determines my duty. Duty is a word of to-day and to-morrow, not of yesterday. Whatever I may have been yesterday, to-day I am a son of God, and it doth not yet appear what I shall be to-morrow. The doctrine of evolution, that man ascended from a brute, does not involve the conclusion that he is only a refined and educated brute. If it did, it would be evidently and palpably false. Man is a perfect animal, but a perfect animal is not a man. To say of one he is a perfect brute is not to compliment him. There is in man a nature higher than the animal, wherever it came from. We have it, or rather, we are it. And this that we have, or are, determines alike our duty and our sin. The duty is always and everywhere to be more than an animal—superior to the animal, master of the animal within us. The sin is always and everywhere committed when we fall from our high estate and allow the animal within us, which should be our servant, to become our master. Neither the duty on the one side, nor the sin on the other, is lessened in the slightest degree by the scientific hypothesis that both the physical organization and the spiritual nature have been evolved by long processes from a lower organization.... Virtue lies always in the victory of the higher; sin lies always in the victory of the lower. That there is to-day a great gap between the mere animal and man is not only frankly stated, but vigorously asserted, by the most earnest advocates of evolutionism. The difference," says Darwin, "between the mind of the lower man and the highest animal is immense. When man steps across this chasm and becomes again an animal, he falls. Whether Adam thus fell six thousand years ago or not is matter of quite secondary importance. We all fall thus now....

"The way, then, in which ministers, Sunday school teachers and Christian parents are to counteract all that is dangerous in evolutionism is not by attacking the not improbable theory that man's body is a development from a lower organization, nor even by attacking the much more doubtful theory that man's soul is a development from the lower animal instincts, but by attacking the corollary, which even the advocates of evolutionism disown, that man is only a higher animal, sin only an imperfection, God only a superstition on a large scale, and redemption only a natural growth. It is the work of the Gospel to take man as he is to-day, a spiritual being, with conscience and faith and love, and awaken in him first the aspiration, then the cogent desire, and finally the strong resolve, that the immortal in him shall triumph over the mortal, the spirit over the flesh, the real man over the physical animal. The faith that he is more than a highly developed and educated animal does not depend on theology; it depends on conscious experience. We know it; and there is an end of argument."

"The difference between religion and science is a difference of outlook. Science looks back to see whence men came; it knows not their future. Religion looks forward to see whether men are going; it concerns itself not about their past. Science studies the machinery which the soul controls, and teaches the laws of the mechanism; religion looks behind the engine to him whose hand is on the lever, and teaches him for what end he was made, and to what end he must direct himself. Any scientific theory which teaches that man is only an educated brute is denied by the consciousness of a higher, a divine nature within us. He who awakens in congregation, pupil, child, this consciousness of divinity has furnished thereby a complete and conclusive antidote to all that is dangerous in the hypothesis of evolution; the rest he need not fear."

"The Story of the Creation" is an editorial, in

which it is said that the Bible is a religious, not a scientific book; that no one knows who wrote the book of Genesis, or its date, but that it is a collection of pre-existing documents and its author's aim was to lift the Hebrew mind above the old Egyptian superstition:

"Possessed of this great spiritual idea—the unity and power of God, the divine nature and sonship of man—he would not turn aside from setting forth that truth to catalogue with scientific accuracy the fauna and flora of the vegetable kingdom; or the genera and species of the animal kingdom, or to set in scientific precision before his hearers the order of their coming. But there is no reason to suppose that he knew with scientific accuracy what that order was. He does not claim to know. He knows that the sacred bull of Egypt is not the God of Israel; he has seen, as in a vision, back of all nature the divine mind that called it into being, and the divine love that puts it at man's service. That is enough. For aught that appears he neither knows nor cares about the method and the process. The first chapter of Genesis is not a scientific treatise on cosmogony given by a professor in his chair to a university class. It is an ode to the Creator of all the living, poured forth by a soul full of the glorious liberty of a son of God who has been emancipated from the superstitious fear of nature, and long, with unutterable longing, to put the crown of divinity upon the brow of man, and all physical nature, where it belongs under man's feet. It is true that the general harmony of this account with that of modern science is remarkable. It recognizes in creation a time element; an evolutionary process; a scientific development; an orderly progress; and, in general, a progress according to that which the recent study of the rocks has indicated as the probable progress of early evolution.... Science is the child of religion. It is the child of revelation. It was born when the first chapter of Genesis was first uttered. The first man who conceived the grand idea, or who was intrusted with it for the inspiration and elevation of his fellow-men, that nature is not God, that God is the Creator of nature, that man is God's child, the earth his house, nature his servant whom he is to bring into subjection to his own will—that man was, if not the first scientist, the father of all scientists. Giving that conception to the world made scientific thought possible, and with it the investigation of nature's laws and the domination of nature's forces."

These copious extracts are given to show fairly the opinions of this representative journal on important topics. While there might be points open to criticism, a thoughtful Spiritualist will find much in which he will fully agree.—the essentials are largely like those of the Spiritual Philosophy. A layman's letter on "The right to think," speaks out in this frank fashion.

"What is the New Theology? It appears to me to be 'the right to change your mind.' Change may be progress, or it may be the opposite. But the right to change one's mind on adequate evidence was imported to this continent in spite of theologic reactionists. Columbus and Magellan, not Andover, are the founders of the New Theology."

"A denomination in this age is very inadequately represented by formulae. Why am I a Congregationalist? Not because I adore the creed of every Congregational church. I belong to a church that is very harmonious and doing what seems to me to be a great work in its little sphere. But we have every shading of intellectual conception and of creedal view in our church. I am permitted to sit in a Bible class where we have rigid Calvinists and very elastic Arminians, but I thank God, no pope among them all. We think we have the unity of the spirit, but we know we have a very wide diversity of intellectual horizon. And no one of us yet fancies he has a sky parlor on Beacon Hill whence all the universe of God is commanded. I like Congregationalism for what it signifies of the democracy of God, for its refusal to be bound up in a codicil, and for its dependence on God instead of on foot-notes. When a man ceases to have patience with those who differ from him in creed, but who surpass him in conduct, then he ceases to be a Congregationalist. When a man becomes more a sectary than a Christian he ceases to follow Jesus in following himself.... A creed is not to stifle thought or liberty. A denomination not larger than its creed is sure to die a windfall. John Knox would not recognize Spurgeon, who repudiates close spiritual corporation. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher would look over his spectacles and wonder if Henry Ward could yet be a Congregationalist, which I thank God he is yet certified to be. Wesley builded better than he knew. Every denomination outgrows itself, and, unless restated, colonizes. When you can foster free thought then you can never have any new theology; but you will always have it because intellectual shackles cannot be successfully forged on any anvil now existing."

Other matter, more in accord with the old dogmas finds place along with these fresh utterances, but there is room for all sides and no conflict so bitter as that in the more bigoted past. There is a gradual yielding of matters once held all-important, but now put in subordinate place. Even the old idea of Bible infallibility, and of the Book of God's infallible word miraculously revealed to man, is fading away and will not long be any more disputed about than is the difference between sprinkling and immersion in baptism. The things of the spirit—the powers if man's soul natural yet linked with divinity, his consciousness of immortality—in-

crease as dogmas fade away. This growth in the churches comes from the general spiritual activity of the ages. It is not their work, although they may be credited for their share in it. Spiritualism, for the last thirty years, has been a mighty uplifting and enlarging influence, opening many souls to heavenly light and enlarging the illuminated horizon. Bands of angels, companies of men and women in the heavenly realms, have been, and now are, organized to help in this work. Such a company may be helping and inspiring the editors of this *Christian Union* in their goodly task. Other agencies are active and the world moves and dogmatism is left behind.

There is a demon yet to be cast out of the minds of many, even of the progressive class of evangelical Christians. They are possessed by a holy horror of those who disbelieve in their "scheme of salvation" through the merits of their supernatural Christ. They are not free from the old Pharisaic spirit, "I am holier than thou," toward such as see the natural merits of "the man Christ Jesus" and hold the example of a divinely true life on earth as of more value than all miracles of divine incarnation. The same feeling in a more aggravated form, possesses them toward Spiritualists. It is a remnant of the old notion that heresy is crime. In due time it must pass away. G. B. S.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Work of the American Society for Psychical Research.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

It is purposed in this paper to give a brief summary or digest of the contents of No. 2 of the published "Proceedings" of the society whose name heads this article; in order that the Spiritualists of America, or such portion thereof as may read the JOURNAL, may have some idea of the nature and scope of the work undertaken by the society, and the measure of success which has so far crowned their labors.

One of the primary objects of the society is to establish, by carefully-conducted scientific experimentation, the truth or falsity of the alleged existence of what is called thought-transference or telepathy, or, as it is often called, mind-reading. (The more protracted researches of the parent English society seem to have satisfactorily demonstrated to its working members the reality of the existence of these psychological phenomena; and the American society, following in its wake, have been and are experimenting with a view to securing, if possible, confirmatory evidence of the truth of the conclusions therefrom of the parent society. The reports of the committee on thought-transference of the latter society that have been published do not show very marked positive results; they are for the most part of a negative character. In some cases, though, indications of actual thought-transference are apparent. In one case, one of the members of the Council of the society, Prof. W. H. Pickering, of Boston, in submitting a report of the results of his experiments, remarks as follows:

"In this sense of the word (unperceived physical or mental connection), I think we have proved the reality of thought-transference as completely as it is possible for a single pair of observers to do; and it now only remains for a sufficient number of other people to show that they can obtain the same results, in order to have the reality of the phenomenon admitted as one of the well-ascertained facts of human experience."

Numerous difficulties attend the prosecution of research upon this phenomenon; but "in spite of these difficulties, the committee hope that individuals may yet be found who will manifest the power under conditions which may permit a satisfactory investigation to be made. To this end, an advertisement has been inserted in a paper published in the interests of Spiritualism, requesting that names of individuals possessing the power of mind-reading may be sent to the committee."

Quite an interesting report is made by the committee on hypnosis. This is the present-day scientific designation of the phenomena formerly called mesmerism, electro-biological, electro-psychological, etc. In addition to verifying "most of the now classical and familiar phenomena of trance," many striking and remarkable results were obtained, the precise determination of the mental states producing which will require much additional investigation, experimentation, and analysis. No signs of any sort of clairvoyance were discovered in the hypnotized subjects.

Very careful experiments seem to have been made by several members of the society relative to the existence in man of a magnetic sense and the reality of the magnetic flames alleged to have been seen by Reichenbach's sensitive; and with decidedly negative results. No evidence was secured of the susceptibility of the subjects to any impressions emanating from magnets; and the committee conclude that their experiments, "as far as they go, fail to reveal any sensibility for a magnetic field."

The committee on apparitions and haunted houses have, during a circular requesting information regarding alleged cases of apparitions of absent or deceased persons, including cases where the persons having the experiences have learned through them about some otherwise unknown facts, afterwards verified. "Should the committee receive, in answer to the circular, evidence of the oc-

currence of so-called apparitions, and evidence also of the attainment of such information through these apparitions as was capable of objective verification by the persons concerned, and should these evidences in any case successfully bear a rigid historical scrutiny, the committee would then feel prepared to examine whether thought-transference, or some like hypothetical or verifiable process, could be used to give a natural explanation for the occurrences in question." "All the members of the committee earnestly and specially desire to avoid *a priori* assumptions and unscientific prejudices of every sort, and to receive and examine in a spirit of cautious frankness whatever information may be put into their hands." Among the members of this committee is noticed the names of T. W. Higginson, who some years ago published his belief in the objective reality of some of the spiritual phenomena, and F. E. Abbot, the able founder and whilom editor of *The Index*.

The portion of the "Proceedings" that is probably of most interest to Spiritualists is the report of the committee on mediumistic phenomena, made by Prof. Wm. James, of Cambridge, Mass. Prof. James's investigations were confined chiefly to two mediums, Miss Helen Berry, the "materializing" medium, and a trance-medium, designated, at her own request, as Mrs. P. The results of the visits of himself and friends to Miss Berry were of a negative character, and no opinion is offered regarding the character of the phenomena at her sances. The sittings with Mrs. P. were more satisfactory. In addition to having had a dozen sittings with her himself, he has testimony at first hand from twenty-five sitters, all but one of whom were virtually introduced to the medium by him. Twelve of the sitters got from Mrs. P. nothing but unknown names and trivial talk. Fifteen of them were surprised at the communications received, names and facts being mentioned at the first interview which it seemed improbable should have been known to the medium in a normal way; of the fifteen, seven (including Prof. James) were connected with one family. Two of the twelve receiving nothing were also connected with this family. The medium showed a most startling intimacy with this family's affairs, talking of many matters known to no one outside, and which gossip could not possibly have conveyed to her ears. Prof. James records his own conviction in this case as follows: "I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and although at first disposed to think that the 'hits' she made were lucky coincidences, or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitters were and of his or her family affairs, I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

Prof. James emphasizes the importance of stenographic reports of the various sittings with the same medium, and continues as follows:

"Questions arise as to the irrelevant names and facts which almost every sitting to some extent contains. Are they improvisations of the moment? Are they in themselves right and coherent, but addressed to the wrong sitters? Or are they vestiges of former sittings, now emerging as part of the automatism of the medium's brain? A reading of the stenographic reports already taken makes it probable that, for some of them at least, this last explanation is correct. 'Spirits' originally appearing to me have appeared in the sittings of others who knew nothing either of their persons or their names."

"If a good trance-subject could be obtained for the society, at the outset of his or her career, and kept from doing miscellaneous work until patiently and thoroughly observed and experimented on, with stenographic reports of trances, and as much attention paid to failures and errors as to successes, I am disposed to think that the results would in any event be of scientific value, and would be worth the somewhat high expense which they necessarily would entail. If the friends of Spiritualism would contribute money for the thorough carrying out of any such scheme, they would probably do as much as by any one thing could be done, to bring about the 'recognition' of trance-mediumship by scientific men."

I think that all impartial, unprejudiced thinkers, Spiritualists and unbelievers, will agree with me that Prof. James appears to be dealing with the much-vexed questions involved in mediumistic phenomena in a fair, candid, and truly scientific manner; and it is to be hoped that the friends of Spiritualism will do all they can to assist the Professor, the committee, and the society in the work of scientific study, analysis, and determination of the variant phases of psychic, mediumistic and spiritualistic phenomena. With the exception of the choice of an unsuitable a president as Prof. Newcomb, I have seen little in the operations of the American society that any fair-minded Spiritualist can properly take exception to,—despite the fulminating impeachment of the society recently published in the JOURNAL by Prof. Coates. When the society proves false to its asserted scientific method of investigation, and deals unfairly or in a prejudiced manner with the spiritualistic or other phenomena engaging its attention, I shall be as ready and as quick to criticize and condemn its action, as I have that of its president; but as long as its proceedings are characterized by the spirit of fairness and earnest search for truth which I see manifested in its recently-published "Proceedings," it merits cordial encouragement from every lover of exact truth and scientific demonstration. San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Some Spiritual Experiences.

BY MILTON ALLEN.

In the wonderful progress of modern Spiritualism among all classes of people in this and other lands, there have been thousands of cases of very wonderful, and even miraculous personal experiences that have never been made public. Of such is the following sketch:

It was the writer's good fortune to be on intimate, social and friendly terms with the Rev. Mr. B. and his interesting family, some thirty years ago or so. Mr. B. was a well educated gentleman and a minister of high standing in his church in Southern Ohio. His family consisted of his wife, and two daughters, fourteen and eighteen years of age respectively. Both of these daughters had become developed as most excellent mediums. The youngest was, I think, the best medium, with one exception, that I ever saw, and now, after over thirty years' experience, during the whole of which time, being a medium myself, and having had a large and varied experience with all classes of mediums, I look back to the time of the wonderful display of spirit power in the quiet and cultivated home of that Christian minister.

Both daughters were clairvoyant, trance, rapping and writing mediums. In addition to all this, the youngest, Martha, was a personating and spirit light medium.

One morning, her mother and myself were sitting by ourselves when she went under a deep influence, and took a slate, and with her left hand (at such times she wrote equally well with either hand), her eyes closed and head thrown back and turned aside, she wrote quite rapidly in a circle, beginning at the top of the slate and finishing at the center; without moving the slate and with no motion of herself, except the hand, she pushed the slate across the table to me, and I had to keep turning it around to enable me to read. I found the writing very well executed, the letters all perpendicular to a point at the center, and addressed to me. But the name Kathrine Marie Antonie was a strange one, and I pondered on who it could be, until something else was written or said, when I remembered that my maternal grandmother was of French-German descent, and that her maiden name, as I understood it when a boy, was Mary Catharine Antonie.

She passed away when I was a mere boy and was not in my thoughts at all when this was given; neither had I ever mentioned anything about my grandmother to anyone in the town. The message to me was excellent and characteristic of her. She often came after this. One night she came to the circle and Martha, her mother, sister and myself being present, and after some manifestations of a quite remarkable character in the way of personation, clairvoyance, spirit lights, etc., had been given, she spoke through Martha and said she would go home with me that night and give me some manifestations.

A short time before this I had myself become developed as a medium, but did not know that any of my spirit friends could manifest to me when alone. I was, therefore, very agreeably surprised, that very clear and distinct raps came on my hat, collar and umbrella when on my way home alone.

On reaching my room at the hotel, I lit my candle and sat at a small table, as usual with me at night, to see what would come. And now a most wonderful experience took place. As I sat in my chair my hands were taken off the table and crossed on my breast. Then my feet were lifted from the floor and placed on the rung of the chair. I then felt a trembling motion in my chair and an unseen power lifted it up about six inches from the floor, as near as I could judge, when a sense of fear came over me that I might fall, whereupon my chair was lowered very gently to the floor. I then put out the light and went to bed. As soon as the light was out a regular shower of raps began in every part of the room; on the walls, ceiling, floor, chairs, table and on my clothing. I am safe to say that in less than five minutes thousands of raps were given. It seemed not unlike the pattering of rain on a roof. Never have I heard such a shower of raps since, and never did before.

After getting into bed the raps continued a few moments on the bedstead, pillows, on my face and all about the room. Suddenly they stopped and all was perfectly still for a minute when a tremor was felt in the bed and the foot began slowly to rise until it had gone up a foot or more, and stopped. Then the head of the bed went up until it came to a level with the foot, and it was floating in the air! I began again to be afraid of falling, and it was carefully lowered to the floor. And now flashed out in different parts of the room beautiful spirit lights, several at a time. Not so many nor so remarkable as I saw many years afterwards at the wonderful Tiffin circle. These lights ceased directly, and then suddenly a brilliant light appeared on the wall and remained a minute or so. It was ten or twelve inches in diameter and shone with indescribable beauty and with a brilliancy of exceeding intensity. The changing colors that continually flashed from this resplendent light were of surpassing beauty.

While this wonderful display of divine power and goodness was going on, a most calm and happy influence was upon me, and to this day I recall the experiences of that wonderful night with a deep sense of pleasure, and thankfulness to my heavenly Father, that words can but poorly express.

But to return to my friends, the minister and his family. One day Martha and her mother were sitting with me, and Martha went into a deep trance, and assuming a very tranquil and gentle manner she said, just above a whisper, "Mr. Allen, the chief priest is here."

By this expression, unusual with her, I inferred that she meant the Chief Priest of the New Dispensation, the great preacher of Nazareth. I said, "Well, Martha, what does he wish to say to us?"

She replied, "He wishes you to speak for him. He wants you to preach Spiritualism." "Well, Martha," I said, "When does he wish me to do this?"

She replied, "He says he will let you know the time." I felt willing to do this—to help make known the New Gospel of Glad Tidings to all men, but waited for the time. The chief priest came to our circle several times after this, and always with the same tranquilizing and happy influence as at the first coming. There may be those who will carp at and adversely criticize this last part of my experience. No matter. I have related truthfully only a small portion of the highly instructive and rather wonderful experience it was my good fortune to enjoy in the early time of what I believe to be the grandest and greatest movement the world has ever seen.

Those who know me will not doubt the truth of my statement. Space will not permit me to relate more of what was given us in that genial circle of harmonious and holy

influences, from departed friends who were dear, and from some who were far advanced in the immortal life beyond.

My minister friend was away so much, preaching to congregations at different places, that we were not able to enjoy his society much of the time at our circles. None regretted this more than he; for his heart and soul were in this new manifestation of God's power and love to mankind. He fully believed it to be the beginning of a New Dispensation to the world, when "Old things are to pass away, and all things are to be made new," and "A new heaven and a new earth,"—politically and spiritually—are to appear. See what an old Spiritualist and trance medium says on this subject, Rev. 21st and 22nd chapters.

My reverend friend often expressed his surprise that ministers and church people did not gladly welcome this new era of the outpouring of spirit power, and hail it as the harbinger of a better day for the whole world, when the sublime and holy truths of God should be made known to all kindreds, tongues and peoples on the face of the whole earth.

To be thus made known to all peoples, Spiritualism must become a power for practical good in a physical, social and religious or moral sense, in a higher degree than now appears. It must lift its head out of the low atmosphere of semi-materialism, and the absurd vagaries of paganistic speculation, and assert itself as a masterful power for good—the power of divine truth; a power that will be recognized by all, aggressive in action, with forceful, restless energy, marching boldly and successfully over the vast fields of human error, ignorance and superstition, conquering and to conquer, until the world of false teaching shall hide away forever from human sight, and the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace be fully established on the earth.

2411 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
"Science and Spiritual Research."

BY DR. G. BLOEDE.

Mr. Hudson Tuttle's article on this topic in No. 16 of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which by the way I have translated for the *Spiritualistische Blätter* of Leipzig, edited by Dr. Cyriax, in my opinion says the truth in regard to the so-called "investigations of Spiritualism" by orthodox votaries of modern science. Hudson Tuttle hits the point when he says that "the investigation of Spiritualism must be the task of Spiritualists," and he proves his point by showing that the claim of "science" to rest on a firmer and more demonstrable foundation than Spiritualism, is a mere delusion. Nevertheless, those "psychic research" companies which, of late, have been the rage among those scientific circles that have commenced to doubt the supremacy and omnipotence of "matter," have been and are doing some service to the cause of Spiritualism, and it may not be amiss to define this a little nearer.

This service we may state to consist in drawing closer lines of distinction between phenomena, both called "spiritual," which, however, may be divided into two distinct classes. One class would contain such spiritual phenomena which necessarily—that is by force of sound reasoning—suppose the action of disembodied intelligences—"spirits." The other class would comprise such phenomena, which, barring the co-operation of spirits, may be explained as the realization of certain mystic or magic powers of the living human subject, which we call "spiritual," because although amenable to law, they seem outside of the hitherto known laws of nature. In this way we have two distinct classes of phenomena as the legitimate objects of investigation by Spiritualists; the purely spiritual, in which the "medium" appears as the unconscious and even unwilling instrument of disembodied intelligences, and the magical, the active power of which may not be referable to the Spirit-world, but lie within the human subject itself, being the realization of its spiritual or astral body. There is no doubt, however, that these latter phenomena, too, belong by right to the realm of "Spiritualism," in the wider sense of this appellation, for the simple reason, because they prove beyond cavil the existence of a spiritual half of man, endowed with powers which are not controlled by the known laws of matter, and which, therefore, demonstrate that man even in his mortal form belongs to a higher order of existence, which, after the dissolution of this form, becomes the reality of his being and therewith prove immortality, or rather "Life after Death," the legitimate object of modern Spiritualism. As one of the most striking of these "psychic," "mystic," or "magic" phenomena, we may refer to the miraculous but well established fact of the "double," which we may regard as the complete projection of the spiritual body unconsciously to the natural subject, which may be either awake or asleep, or at the point of death. These wonderful appearances which have occurred at all times, have never been attributed to the action of "spirits," although they are undoubtedly the action of "the spirit" residing in the mortal of man.

Some of the puzzling occurrences in the presence of renowned mediums—as Dr. H. Slade—may belong to this class of phenomena, executed by the magical subject itself, without the aid of any disembodied spirit; for instance, when I saw in a sitting with Dr. Slade, the empty glove of a lady pass over his head, fall to the ground, and then reappear at the other end of the table (where Dr. Slade could not reach by any means), seemingly filled by a human hand, I feel now inclined to believe that this "trick" was done by the magical subject in Dr. Slade through its power to repeat, "double," either its whole form or single limbs of the spiritual body. In the same way many instances of the moulding of hands and feet, etc., in paraffine, which has gone out of fashion, may be explainable without the co-operation of "spirits."

By ascribing these and similar facts closely resembling the tricks of legerdemain, except the entirely different conditions under which they occur, to the mystic subject residing in the organization of the so-called medium, no blame whatever ought to be thrown upon the latter. The power, whose instruments they are, is not subject to their will, in spite of the assertion of the Theosophists; they yield to it, as the Spiritualists believe, unconsciously, and the main difference between the phenomena we speak of and those due to spiritual agency, lies therein, that these bear unmistakable evidence of an extraneous intelligence, for instance, when the medium talks or writes in languages entirely foreign to him and any of those present, whilst in the magical phenomena the operator is within the organization of the medium, its spiritual ego, who makes use of this organization to produce signs which fall within the common perception of the human senses. As such, however, as these signs show an intelligence decidedly

surpassing that of the medium, we are right to suppose the agency of some "spirit." This was the case in the ever memorable rappings of the two children, and demonstrates the great importance which apparently insignificant physical signs may have for proving the spiritual theory. The plainer and so to say, childish, the physical signs are, the stronger is the evidence they afford for a spiritual origin as soon as they show an intelligence beyond the natural powers of the medium.

Clairvoyance (telepathy), too, we may regard as being of a mixed nature. Clairvoyants of older date—that is, before the advent of modern Spiritualism—never spoke of their knowledge as coming from the Spirit-world, and this very day we will be nearer the truth by assuming that in most cases clairvoyance is the realization of the magical powers of the spiritual, the astral man, and does not suppose the intervention of spirits. Here, too, the criterion would be the nature of the facts revealed by the clairvoyant. Clairvoyants, as magical subjects, may at any time become the instruments of spirit power, but their visions do not necessarily prove the intervention of such power unless other circumstances substantiate this assumption. As the best illustration of this I may refer to the well known "spirit" postmaster, Dr. Mansfield. He is in the first line a clairvoyant of wonderful power, considering that when he writes his answers to letters addressed to "spirits," he does not appear in the least to be in a mental condition different from the normal one of any other man. By stroking and rubbing the envelope containing the letter with the tips of the fingers of one or both hands, he becomes aware of the contents in a mysterious way; he "reads" then, so to say, as other clairvoyants "read," with their foreheads or the pit of the stomach, and this in many cases would enable him to write appropriate answers, particularly, as he always insists that the letters should contain the full name and the degree of relationship, etc., to the writer, while other particulars may come to him by that special branch of clairvoyance, to which the name of "mind-reading" has been given. In this manner many of the answers given may simply come from Dr. Mansfield, the clairvoyant; not through Dr. Mansfield, the medium. I had proofs of that in several instances. Dr. M. had the erroneous impression that the initials of my first name, G., meant George, as a note of his addressed to me one day betrayed, and in consequence of that a "message" which I received the next day through him from my wife, astonished me by being directed to my dear George!

Another time, a sister of mine addressed me her answer with "Dear Doctor," thus destroying my belief in the coming of a message from the Spirit-world, since this tenor of the answer was rather a general one, and could have been guessed from the clairvoyant's ready question. To test this more closely I submitted this "message," written in Dr. M.'s own hand, to a good psychometer, who gives delineations of characters. The effect was, as I thought, a most characteristic description not of my sister, but of Dr. Mansfield. At the same time, in other cases, this admirable clairvoyant acts as the unmistakable instrument of "spirits," and of this, too, I had a striking experience. I once directed a few lines to an "Indian spirit" with whom I had become familiar through some trance medium, never taking this spirit for much more than a fancy-picture of the medium. The answer, however, which in this instance Dr. M. wrote quite mechanically and in broken English, in a perfectly different hand from his, and mixed up with emblems, the meanings of which he did not understand (but I did), convinced me that in this case I had to do with an intelligence decidedly extraneous to Dr. M. When this scrap, too, as well as the others I submitted to my psychometer, the effect was vastly different. From this handwriting of the spirit-postmaster, the high-sensitive did not at all receive the impression of a human personality, but attested to a strange spiritual influence, which she was unable to describe. This proved—at least to me—that the Indian spirit was not the product of the imagination of a trance medium, but a real denizen of the Spirit-world, and had really made use of Dr. Mansfield as an instrument to impress me with his existence and identity.

These and similar experiences of myself and others have made me aware of the uses of the "psychic research" societies as necessary links in the development of modern Spiritualism, as well as of the necessity for Spiritualists themselves to distinguish as closely as possible between the purely spiritual and the mystic or magic phenomena, which are both legitimate objects of their investigation.

A GREAT TRIAL

As Portrayed by Dr. Talmage in the Tabernacle.

In this great trial that is now coming on, said the preacher, in this great trial in which every Christian is to have decided for him in regard to the life of his soul, I want you to understand that this is a charge, a law suit, brought for the breaking of a solemn contract. How often we promise to be the Lord's; on our knees again and again we say, "Oh Lord, I am thine now and forever." Have we kept the promise? Have we stood up to the contract. Have you not sometimes been recreant when you ought to have been true? Have you not sometimes played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it on you and I charge it on myself. We have broken the contract. Aye, this law suit claims damages at our hands. The worst slander against the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing. We by our inconsistencies say religion is another thing. And what is most deplorable is that those who have most inconsistencies see the faults of others and do not see their own. Find some miserable old gossip who is from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot filled with imperfections, her whole life a blotch of sin, and she will go telling, telling, telling, all her days about the faults of others, not seeing her own. God save the world from the gossip, female and male. I think the males are the worst. Here comes the chariot of the Gospel, and by our inconsistencies we block up the wheels when there ought to be nothing but palm branches all along the line and we ought to have been lifting the shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Now, you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready to plead. Then the case must come on, and the witness will be called, and this whole thing will be decided. The first witness that we shall call in behalf of the prosecution is the World, all observant and critical of Christian character. We know that all around us there are those who banquet on the follies of God's children, and they purpose to make a life-boat out of

their inconsistencies, by which life-boat they may safely cross the stream of death, and they are going to try it. Alas, what a mistake! When they get midstream, over will go the boat and over will go their souls to perdition. Oh, world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, do you know this Christian man on trial? Testify about him. "Oh, yes," says the World, "I know him, I have seen him in a variety of circumstances; he pretends to have the treasures of heaven, but he is very sharp in a bargain; he talks about being a child of God, but he is full of imperfections; I think I am really better than he is, although he professes so much and I profess nothing; he talks so much about himself and so little about God and heaven that I am very glad to testify that he is a bad man." Stop, oh, World of the greedy eye and the hard heart! When a witness is too much prejudiced or too much interested his testimony goes for but little and I fear, oh, World, you are too much interested in this matter and that there is an old family quarrel, and while you have told many things in regard to this person on trial that are true, you have overstated and we will take your testimony with a good deal of allowance, for you are keeping the old grudge open. The second witness we call for the prosecution is Conscience. Oh, Conscience, what is your business? Where were you born? Where did you come from? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven; I came down to befriend this man; I warned him; I have helped him; I have with whip of scorpions scourged his wickedness, and when he did right I applauded him, and sometimes he has yielded to my mission and sometimes he has refused. How many cups of life I put to his lips which he dashed down, and how many times he put his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God. I am sorry to testify against him; but I am commissioned of the Lord Almighty; I am God's agent; I must tell the whole truth." The next witness in behalf of the prosecution is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, why art thou here? "Oh," says the angel, "I am the messenger for that soul. I came from heaven to help him. With this wing I have sheltered him again and again. When spirits of darkness came up to destroy his soul I fought them back with infinite fierceness. Though I am the third person in the adorable Trinity, I have to testify that, notwithstanding that I came to help that man, to convert him, to sanctify him, to comfort him again and again, he has despised my mission. How often he has forgotten the Bible injunction, 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost, quench not the Spirit.' Again and again he has grieved me and yet I must testify against him. I dislike to give this testimony, but before all the universe I must announce he has been worldly and he has been proud and he has been selfish and he has neglected ten thousand duties. He is guilty." There is but one more witness to call and that is the great, the holy, the august spirit of God, and we bow before Him. Holy Ghost, hasten thou know this man? "Yes," says the Holy Ghost, "I came to strive with him and sometimes he received my work and sometimes he fought me back. He has rejected my work again and again and I must testify against him. Alas! alas! that I must testify against him." The witnesses are all now through with their testimony in behalf of the prosecution and now will be the time for the rebuttal evidence on the part of the defense. Guilty or not guilty? What is your evidence? Is there not something down in your soul that seems to say, "Unclean, unclean?" Is there a man in all this audience who dare rise up against the evidence of the world and the conscience and the angels and the Holy Ghost and say these are perjured witnesses? Is there any one who, like Scipio Africanus, can stand up in the forum and announce his good deeds? Can you arraign your good deeds? Can you bring before this court the battles you have fought for God and the truth? Can you declare your innocence, or, if having sinned, can you declare your right to be emancipated, and you ought to be freed because of the grand and glorious and triumphant things you have done for God and the truth? Not one of them. Testimony all in now. We have come to the most interesting part of this great trial? The evidence is in and the time has come for the advocates to plead. Justice rises in behalf of the prosecution and with the open Bible reads the law and the penalty, which says: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." And Justice, the advocate, cries out: "Oh, thou Judge and law giver, it is thine own enactment; this man, by all the testimony, has sinned against all these enactments. Now, let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man come unsinged through the flames of Sinai? Let judgment be announced. Let him die. I demand that he die." Oh, Christian soul, does it look a little dark for thee? Who will volunteer to be thy counsel? Who will be thy advocate in so forlorn a case? I see one rising. He is a young man, only 33 years of age. He rises, his face suffused with tears and covered with blood, and he says: "I will be this man's advocate," and as he says it all the galleries of heaven are thrilled at the spectacle. Thanks be to God, we have an advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous. He is great because He knows all the law and He knows all the penalties, and He cannot be surprised at any new turn of the case, and He will do as well for thee without compensation, as though you put the universe at his feet. Standing there this young man of 33 says: "I admit all the offenses charged against my client. I admit more than anything that has been announced here this day. But look at that wounded right hand, look at that wounded left hand, look at my wounded right foot, look at my wounded left foot. By these wounds I plead for that man's clearance. Count the drops of my tears, count the drops of my blood. I am his ransom." The advocates on both sides have made their pleas. There is nothing now remaining but the awarding of the judgment. Attention all, above, around, beneath. The universe cries, "hear, hear." The judge arises from his throne and he gives this decision which can never be changed, can never be appealed from, can never be revoked: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." But there comes a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner shall be tried. It will come suddenly. Perhaps the former will be in the field, the merchant in the counting room, the woodman ringing his axe on the hickories, the weaver with his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer walking amid the buzz of looms and the clack of flying machinery. Perhaps the attorney may be at the bar, perhaps the minister in the pulpit, perhaps the drunkard reeling amid his cups, perhaps the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth. Lo! the sun hides. Night comes down mid noon. Wave of darkness rolls over the world. Stars appear at noonday. The earth shudders and throbs. There are earthquake openings and a city sinks as a crocodile would crush a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in an avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea and oceans up-

rearing cry to flying Alps and Himalaya. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty rises on His throne and declares, "Time shall be no longer," and archangels' trump repeats it until all the living hear and all the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Will we be ready?

COMMENTS BY J. G. JACKSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Some good brother has sent me a slip containing a late effort by Dr. Talmage in the "Tabernacle." It is headed, "The Christian Arraigned to plead for the life of his Soul."

What must one say whose thoughts are trained in the school of natural rational religion, on reading such disgusting jumbles of dramatic Bible-bull and wholly absurd theories concerning the human soul, its relations and prospects? Must he laugh such efforts to scorn, weep over them as sorrowful and hurtful delusions, or stamp in anger and condemnation at the blind leaders of the blind, or at the tricksters who cut their capers before the gaping crowds that listen to them?

This, however, is largely a sensational age, and that preacher draws the most hearers and reaps the largest pay who can best pander to a vitiated taste for excitement and display.

The beautiful and healthful Goddess of Rational Truth, with all her real comeliness, does not, it seems, attract the intoxicated followers of sensational absurdity, so well as the Queen of boary Error who spreads before them her flapping colors but to hide her disgusting senility. Well might the old poet say now as formerly:

"I run up half mankind and add two-thirds
Of the remaining half to find the total of their
Hopes and fears—dreams—empty dreams—
Fools, blinded fools!"

But still, what shall we say of the preacher who harrangues weekly to the gaping crowds such reiterated nonsense? What can the man be made of?

Very plausibly it is now stated that few, if any, sound-brained conscientious young men in these days study for the ministry; for with the progressive openings of science and history, to become an orthodox preacher, one must needs be either a knave or an intellectual weakling.

We do not like to be rude; but with no personal knowledge of the man and the many good qualities he may possess, Talmage seems to us like a tripple cross between a Ranter, a Jack-an-ape, and a Pseudo-Philosopher, spawned 'mid he slime of a rotting and effete theology.

"He lives and flourishes by such tricks
As more delusion; or by foppish airs,
And hectoring numbers, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage."

The weak, perhaps, are moved, but are not taught.

As the good old Cowper poet here says:

"Therefore avunt all attitude and stare,
And start theistic, practice at the glass;
Seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine, and all besides
Though learned with labor and through much
Admired."

By curious eyes and judgments ill informed
To me are odious."

It would take more than the genius of Cowper to fully portray our "Tabernacle" performer. He is past my powers. Very poor, however, I must say, in his estimate of the intelligence of his hearers when he attempts to lead them through such a fantastic mock-trial as his late sermon shows. It may tally well with the orthodox estimate of divine justice—that miserable travesty of common sense which has dominated the minds of pious fools for centuries.

But put such shams and shadows of justice into the scales held by the really discriminating, blind-folded Goddess, as she is represented, and how little will the shedding of a few gallons of blood (albeit of so good a man)—how little will the driving of nails through his hands and feet, even though to him a source of agony—how little, we may exclaim, will they weigh against the rivers of blood shed and the terrible aggregate of suffering and agony resultant from human crimes and ignorance! Aye! suffering produced by the persecution of the very men who most build up their hopes of immunity and salvation upon this absurd invention of prepaid indulgences in transgression. Well might we cry out almost in despair: "How long, O Lord! How long shall blatant false teachers proclaim these insults to right-reason and the lights of human intuition?—the damnable doctrine of vicarious atonement—and that there 'is now no condemnation (for transgression) to them that are in Christ Jesus.'"

Out upon them! Out upon them! For as sure as that an infinite Divine Presence rules and reigns over the grand amplitude of worlds, throughout all the ramifying arteries and veins of their infinite life, so sure will there ever be retribution for all transgression of law and order that tends to mar the harmony of the divine kingdom.

In vain do the blinded Bible worshipers quote from its sonorous records the seemingly sublime yet unmeaning statements they contain. Science laughs at them as at "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Let your readers note Talmage's pompous peroration and then reflect upon the following parts which science deduces:

"For untold millions of years this infinite Divine Presence, through the ceaseless operation of law, has been building worlds—is now building them, and will forever continue to build. As in the past and present, so in the future. Oceans and mountains have rocked and rolled—are now rocking and rolling—and will forever thus manifest nature's workings."

Stars are falling now—have been forever falling and will forever fall, with a swiftness that staggers belief. Time is but a fragment of eternity, and no "Almighty" will ever declare, "Time shall be no longer!"

When will fools cease their magpie chatter and ravens croak upon themes beyond them, and upon which archangels dwell with bated breath?

J. G. J.
"The sun (our star) is falling with terrible velocity and we with it, yet astronomers alone can perceive it. Sirius is falling farther from us; one and one-half million miles per day. The beautiful Alpha Lyra is falling—approaching us—more than four million miles per day; yet so immense are they (both in magnitude and distance from us) that they may continue to fall thus for thousands of years and show no appreciable change."

Thomas J. Claverius, who was hanged Jan. 14th, at Richmond for the murder of Lillian Madison, was Superintendent of a Baptist Sunday-school and a member in good standing of that church.

Jordan B. Noble, the drummer boy at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and a veteran of the Mexican War, is still living in New Orleans. He is 87 years old, and quite infirm.

It is said that a chemist has produced "lamed" whiskey, which is deprived of its ethers, or intoxicating elements.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

"I am so weary of my home," she cries,
"And of its endless task so mean and small;
I love to mingle with the world outside,
To drink from life's full cup; the drops that fall
From broken hearts are dear, though glad I quaffed,
Slake not my thirst my hand must hold the draught."

She feels a little hand slip into hers,
And little fingers clinging to her gown,
And in her heart a tender memory stirs
Of violet lids by early death cut down;
And as she lifts the little hinderer up,
"I drink," she cries, "at least from love's full cup."

"Forgive, dear Lord, forgive the foolish speech,
For love is all, without it life is naught;
Let me but have the blessing in my reach,
And I will never more complain of aught;
Life's cue may hold for woman what it will—
Without love's wine she will be thirsty still."

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, masterworkman of district assembly twenty-four of Chicago, has a double right to be called Knight of Labor. At the age of thirty-nine she is the mother of twelve children. Mrs. Rogers went to the labor convention in Richmond last fall, taking with her her baby not three weeks old. It had to be enrolled as Knight of Labor before admission.

A large restaurant has been opened by the Central W. C. T. U. of Chicago in connection with their cheap lodging house. The practical side of this great reform is being taken up by these women who believe in caring for the body as well as the soul. What shall be done with New York City, the paupers of which number two hundred and forty-five thousand? Their homes, placed side by side, would extend forty-five miles on either side of a street of druggists—mostly. Yet the gilded saloons that make paupers are scenes of luxury, with fittings of carved mahogany, marble, bronze, and with gaudy or indecent pictures. There is no hope of reform without woman's inspiration and courage.

To Miss Mary S. Brennan has been granted the first license to run a stationary engine ever issued in the United States. She is the matron of the St. Auburn Young Ladies' Institute in Cincinnati. The surprised examiner said she answered questions as fast as they were asked, and he could not help giving the license. Reduced and intelligent, Miss Brennan has an unusual love of mechanics. Finding difficulty with the management of the apparatus used in heating the building, she drew plans and had the boiler moved and refitted. Having full charge of it, Miss Brennan finds great satisfaction in her duties.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of a late date, contains a very good picture of Mrs. Mary Miller who is licensed to command a steamboat. She has a pleasant, bright, intelligent face, great serenity, and a large upper brain. One sees nothing in her of the rampant, strong-minded female of which we used to have such terrible accounts.

Capt. Miller, who is much the senior of his wife, became physically unable to navigate the steamboat he had built for the trade between Ouachita river and New Orleans. Then, to quote from the Times-Democrat: "Woman's wit and loyalty proved once more equal to the occasion. Mrs. Miller applied for a captain's license, proved herself worthy of it by passing the necessary examination, and received the license." She had made herself thoroughly acquainted with the shifting bars, caving banks and snags of the Western rivers.

Miss Minnie Babbitt of Randolph, Mass., a successful teacher, found herself in failing health, a couple of years ago. Desiring to live in the open air as much as possible, and disdaining idleness, she rented eight acres of land from her father and went to raising small fruits. Hiring two boys of seventeen, she superintended their work in person, mostly from a summer-house built for that purpose. Applying improved methods to gardening, Miss Babbitt's intelligent efforts were rewarded by clearing three hundred dollars net, from one acre of strawberries, the only thing for which she did not pay being the use of the horse and wagon by means of which the boys delivered the berries in the village market near at hand.

But a brain of such superiority did not expend all its capacity upon gardening. Looking over, one day, pictures of the flags of all nations, Miss Babbitt conceived the plan of making a game for children out of combinations of flags, and soon carried the scheme to a successful conclusion. The game was patented and has just been put into market. It is most interesting and instructive. Patriotism is gratified in learning that the American flag wins. Those who have seen it, pronounce it destined to be popular.

AN HEROIC CHARACTER.

One of the heroines of the Revolution was Abigail Adams, wife of the second President of the United States. Her early education was confined to study at home, and the influence and example of a hardy, intelligent, serious-minded people. She wrote of herself: "I was never sent to any school. I was always sick." Yet Mrs. Adams endured privations, anxieties, responsibilities and dangers, with wonderful patience and ability, but she became the founder of a family that still makes its mark upon the country.

Her marriage with an "honest lawyer" and poor man, was in the stirring years that preceded the Revolution. John Adams became a member of the Continental Congress, and his wife was left on the farm with four children under ten years of age. During thirteen years her husband had been away from his family more than half that period. Attending to ploughing and sowing and harvesting, instructing her children, spinning, carding and making their clothing, she worked hard to make the ends meet; for they were poor. Mrs. Adams was perfectly conversant with public affairs. The letters which passed between the two during Mr. Adams's absence, have been published by their grandsons, Charles Francis Adams, and the book makes interesting reading. Let us observe what the second President himself says of woman:

"In reading history you will generally observe, when you light upon a great character, whether a general, a statesman or a philosopher, some female about him, either in the character of a mother, wife or sister, who has knowledge and ambition above the ordinary level of women, and that much of his eminence is owing to her precepts, example or instigation." And he proceeds to give examples. Afterwards, Mr. Adams went abroad on public duty, with his son, John Quincy, who later became President, leaving Mrs. Adams at home with the remaining children. During six months a time she heard not a word from them. Take it all in all, they were a noble pair. In her tenderness and sensibility united with resolution and char-

acter. No doubt the stern experiences of the age called out the heroic element which might have continued latent in a more peaceful season, but she remains a grand figure in American history.

Abigail Adams might have been called strong-minded by the satirical. In March, 1776, she writes from her home in Braintree, to her husband in the Congress at Philadelphia, in this wise:

"I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by the way, in the new code of laws which it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to us, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves to be bound by any laws in which we have no voice nor representation. . . . Why not put it out of the power of the vicious and the lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity, with impunity? Men of sense in all ages abhor those customs which treat us only as the vassals of your sex; regard us then as beings placed by Providence under your protection; and, in imitation of the Supreme Being, make use of that power only for our happiness."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Restraining Power of the Spirit.
BY L. A. CLEMENT.

Born about the time of the Millerite excitement in the forties, of Christian parents, I became a natural inquirer and a natural skeptic. Being of a susceptible nature I found myself peculiarly subject to temptation. As the Christian would say, "I found myself prone to wander in by and forbidden paths," and was made to feel that I needed some power to restrain.

I tried to accept the Christian religion; tried to lay hold of that faith which would enable me to live right and do right, but I never could accept the idea of the atonement. I never could believe that salvation depended upon faith, rather than works; or feel that I should be condemned for refusing to accept an idea that I could not comprehend. I did not question the belief of others, or seek to change their views, but the idea that I must depend upon the goodness of Jesus and his death for my salvation, was revolting to me. And yet so long as I tried to live a Christian life I was safe. When from the depths of my soul I cried unto the spirit to lead me not into temptation it was easy enough to fight the good fight and overcome the enemy. But left an orphan and a wanderer among strangers, I found myself easily led into all manner of excesses.

At eighteen I was a soldier and literally laughed at the dangers that surrounded me and at the fear and trembling of my comrades. As I lay upon the battle field suffering with cold and hunger, and pain of wounds, my angel-mother came and gave me rest; when sick and in prison she came to me also, and again I was taught to look up and lay hold of the power of the spirit. Whether in dreams I know not, but I was led through lovely gardens amid beautiful flowers, through crystal palaces, and permitted to listen to babbling brooks and to the music of heavenly songsters. While others starved about me I did not suffer, but walked and talked, almost literally, with the heavenly messengers.

Returning to my regiment I gained rapid promotion, and while I encountered dangers of almost every nature, I looked to my guardian angel, my mother, and felt that it was she who brought me through all dangers. And yet I did not realize that this was anything more than a condition of the mind, and when the war closed I settled down to the struggles of civil life. I forgot the dear one who led me through the dangers of battle and of prison, who stood guard when disease stalked about claiming its victims, and again fell into the temptation and distress. But when my own wisdom and every resource failed, and in despair I lifted up my heart in prayer, my guardian angel came and again led me to prosperity and happiness.

Not until then did I realize the necessity for a pure life; not until then did I realize what it was to grieve the spirit—to commit the sin that would drive the spirit from us and plunge us into despair. I had been taught to pray, and that when the wisdom and resources of man failed there is an inexhaustible supply yielded us from above through the power of prayer. I had looked upon the lesson as mere idle words, and it required misfortune—it required loss that was almost irreparable to bring me to my senses and cause me to reach out for the blessings that were within easy reach.

In times of forgetfulness since then I have wandered from the light only to grope in darkness, never failing to meet with disaster. I am not speaking in a figurative but in a literal sense. I do not say with the Christian that I know that my redeemer liveth, and because he lives I shall live also; but I do realize that when the Nazarene left the earth he left the Comforter with us, and I know that every soul can reach out and grasp the blessings of the spirit, and from my own experience I know that the help of the pure and good can only be gained through a pure and upright life; through constant striving for the blessing.

But there are dangers also that I have found in Spiritualism. Many are too apt to look upon all that comes from the spirit as being infallible. I have found that I cannot throw off my guard and go into a saloon without being seized with an irresistible desire to drink—a passion unknown to me before I became susceptible to spirit influence. Usually they let upon me if I take a drink, for two—one for myself and one for my invisible companion. I dare not look upon a game of cards lest an irresistible desire to play should seize me, unless it be in some family circle where I am almost certain to win, as I am, also, if I play for dinners with my traveling companions, but if I step aside and indulge the gambling propensity further I always lose.

From this I conclude that there is life and health and prosperity in living right and doing right, and that the spirit friends whom the All-wise one sends can be of wonderful help to those who call aright; but that association with evil spirits as with evil men or women, leads only to distress and to disaster. I am inclined to think that the heart is our reception chamber, and that those come to bless or curse as we extend our invitation.

There is another danger in Spiritualism. Too many accept anything that comes from the spirit. They go here or they go there without first taking into account the source from which the words come. No matter how ignorant the spirit, or how vile the medium, they accept the evidence given and question it not, not guarding against the insane or the vicious who live in the hereafter and possess the same power of communication as the good, the true and the loving.

I investigated the subject for a term of fourteen years before accepting fully the truths of Spiritualism—investigating as I would turn the pages of a book to learn what there is in it, condemning nothing, accepting nothing—investigating at the home, choosing for companions those who were unprejudiced and who, like myself, were ready to receive the light. I did receive it, I do accept it, and feel that I know that the most potent power on earth is the spiritual power which is within the reach of all. I care not by what name you call it, whether electricity, magnetism or the spirit, there is an intelligent force within and about us which may be used to promote our spiritual and in many respects our material interests.

While believing in God and the angels and in their power for good, and rejecting the generally accepted idea of the devil, I know there is only humiliation and distress in giving one's self up to evil associations, whether they are of the flesh or the spirit.

The Christian who takes the Nazarene as his example and seeks to live like him and to become like him, studying his principles as laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, will surely grow in grace and strength. One inclined to be a soldier, who will study in like manner the life and principles of some great captain, whether it be a Napoleon, a Wellington, a Washington or a Grant, will command spirit influence that will develop and unfold their warlike nature.

Those who choose Webster, or Sumner, or other great statesmen as their model, and seek to live the life they led, may, in some degree at least, become like them. The miserly may in like manner become miserly by giving themselves up to their congenial spirits, and the wicked more wicked.

They simply lay hold of the power of the spirit and stand or fall with it, while others are turned here or there like a vessel adrift in shifting winds, because they are without a purpose.

Duluth, Minn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered, through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

POEMS AND ESSAYS. By James Very. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 500 pages.

James Very, son of an intelligent sea captain, was born in 1826 in Salem, Mass. He was a companion of his father in several voyages, a self-helping student, a graduate of Harvard, a preacher nominally Unitarian but in reality, no chiding, writer of 30,000 lines of verse. He was a transcendentalist, one of those in that remarkable era of allegiance to the spirit within as greater than any written word, and to the Divine guidance as higher than any creed, which swept over the upper air of New England thought forty years or more since, and opened the way for modern Spiritualism. His essays and many brief poems have been gathered into a fair volume.

C. A. Bartol gives his brief preface of a few choice words, from which these give his estimate of the book:

"In these poems beauty and originality blend and lofty truth is set forth in perfect rhythm. It is the author's life-long piety set to music. It is his soul's experience of God."

James Freeman Clarke gives a brief biography, in which he says of Very, who was silent, as the spirit directed him. He was led by the spirit in all things. He preached occasionally as the spirit gave utterance. . . . He would visit Channing, Emerson, or some one unknown to fame, when the spirit said "go," as the early disciples and the early Quakers were conscious of direct spiritual leadings or inspirations, so our friend, fully believing in the reality of perpetual guidance to a wholly sublimative will. This made him very interesting to men like Emerson and Channing."

Not only was James Very like the disciples and the Quakers in this following of spiritual guidance, but like some spiritual mediums in Boston and elsewhere to-day. Are these mediums very interesting? Dr. Clarke says: They only differ from Very in feeling that they are guided by some spirit present upon earth, while he only conceived of the one spirit as his guide.

We hope Dr. Clarke may live to write a biography of some good medium as appreciative as is this of a man who was mediumistic, yet did not realize it. He surely was led in paths full of light. Were he on earth he would doubtless be a Spiritualist.

Delicate feeling and insight rather than strength characterize his writings, from which this sonnet is taken:

THE SOUL'S OPPORTUNITIES.
"To every soul, however obscure its birth,
A boundless heritage is freely given:
The wealth and beauty of the spacious earth,
And the bright glories of the starry heaven.
This goodly world, and all which it doth hold,
Were for man's use, and pleasure too, designed;
A school, in which he might his powers unfold,
His various faculties of heart and mind.
From such a school shall man go forth in vain,
Squandered in foolish play his precious hours;
Or from its lessons hardly wisdom gain,
And never use of his immortal powers;
Till for an endless state he shall prepare,
And in an angel's bliss and knowledge share."

G. B. S.
ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY AND SKEPTICISM AND DIVINE REVELATION. By John Ellis, M. D. Author of the "Avoidable Causes of Disease," "Marriage and its Violations," "The Wine Question in the Light of the New Dispensation," "A Reply to the Academy's Review," and "Deterioration of the Puritan Stock." New York: Published by the author. 1886.

Those who indorse the writings of Swedenborg throughout, will find this work, no doubt, interesting. To the Spiritualist it will prove of no value.

New Books Received.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By Geo. Rawlinson, M. A. New York: John E. Alden. Price, 2 vols. cloth, \$1.25.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, Vol. V. New York: John E. Alden. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents.

From Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago:
THE LEGEND OF HAMLET. By Geo. P. Hansen. Price, paper, 25 cents.

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN WOMEN. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By W. C. Gaunett and J. L. Jones.

BROWN'S WOMEN. By Mary E. Burr. Price, cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.

BROTHER AND LOVER: A Woman's Story. By Eben E. Rexford. New York: John E. Alden. Price, cloth, 40 cents.

THE PURPOSE OF THEOSOPHY. By Mrs. A. P. Sianet. Boston: Occult Pub. Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

ROMANISM; or Danger Ahead. By A. J. Grover. Chicago: Published by the Author. Price, paper cover, 40 cents.

It would make our neighbors laugh, says The Dominion Churchman, if they knew that the oldest church in America was once stolen and carried away seven miles; but such is the fact, and these are the circumstances: A church was built on the Sparren hill, Wickford, B. I. in 1707, but in three-quarters of a century the people had moved to a more convenient settlement, seven miles lower down. Not liking to walk seven miles each Sunday some proposed in vestry that the church should be moved. The few, however, who remained in the original settlement violently opposed such a proceeding. One evening the people of Wickford mustered their forces, collected all the axes, placed the church on wheels and rolled it down the hill to the place where it now stands. When the people on the hill woke

up and found their church gone, if they were no good church people they must have used some very queer language.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 22, 1887.

The Individual and the Family.

In the book called "The Family, An Historical and Social Study," by Rev. C. F. Thwing and his wife, Carrie F. Butler Thwing, occur some contradictions which ought to be corrected: It is stated, in the first chapter, that the pre-historic Aryan races "lived in families. The husband is the husband of one woman, and the wife the wife of a single man. Each family has its own house and garden.... In this pre-historic period, the family appears to hold a place of much greater relative importance than in modern times.... The family has a distinct and separate existence.... In the two great races, then, the Semitic and the Aryan, we find, at an early period, the family as the type of the social structure."

So far the statements made by these authors strictly accord with all good authorities upon the subject. Chapter III. opens with this passage:

"For the idea that marriage is a life-long union of one man and one woman, that outside of this union any sexual relation between a man and a woman is sinful, the world is indebted to Christianity."

These two statements are diametrically opposed to one another, and the second assertion is incorrect. Witness again, in Chap. IV., "It has been well said that Rome fell because it had lost the old Aryan idea of the family." Then follow illustrations of the unhappy results of the loss of the purity of the family relation. This assertion that the sacredness of marriage originated in Christianity, is unworthy of the authors of this valuable book. Ecclesiastical bigotry has had its usual effect. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" and unto Christ the things that are Christ's.

As a convenient compendium of social relations, "The Family," will have a popular place on the book-shelf. The authors believe that the family existed as a social unit from the first form of which history gives any knowledge, and not in a communistic form. Tracing marriage and the condition of woman through different ages and races, they discuss the family as an institution and the basis of social order.

Through justice, expediency and the welfare of all concerned, Mr. and Mrs. Thwing prove the equality of both parties to the marriage contract—equality in rights, duties and authority. Christianity and the Protestant Reformation elevated the individual above the family; new social and political theories during the last three centuries have, also, fostered individualism. In the United States the tendency is strongly marked in that direction, while there is a corresponding depreciation of the dignity of family relationship.

This tendency has its dangers as well as its advantages. Husband, wife and child feel less strongly the bonds drawing them together, and the importance of the individual becomes paramount. By this way comes progress, enterprise, far-reaching undertakings. By it also come dangers to order, morality, and the permanence of the affections. The conserving and shielding safeguards of domesticity are decreasing to an alarming extent. Men drift from place to place, lured by commercial attractions and love of adventure, without the anchorage of steady affections. There is serious need for a return to the family as the social unit.

The authors of "The Family" fail to enlarge upon this portion of their subject. Pages should be devoted to the sacred pre-eminence which ought to be given to the home. Whatever bears bloom and fruit strikes root and abides in a fixed place, even though it be in the cleft of a rock. Whatever drifts and ways and flies now here, now there, holds neither nourishment nor need for the future. A floating population invariably

retrogresses toward barbarism. The instincts of simple, pure lives are toward the family relation as the unit. To it tends rural life; away from it floats the population of cities.

The growth of individualism among women also has its dangers, to which our authors allude. With the just increase of her rights and powers, woman has not received a corresponding increase in her responsibilities. It is a maxim of political economy that irresponsible power is dangerous. Place upon it the burdens it should bear, give it dignity, thoughtfulness, maturity, and what is the result? Decrease in sentimentality; increase in capacity to reason, first of all. Characters having weight, poise, energy, power to meet emergencies, and to administer are developed. Ninon d'Enclos, Louise la Valliere and their ilk, had power but not responsibility.

So have the occupants of boarding-houses, women of elegant leisure, free to come and go, to foster appetites, to enjoy pleasure and adventure, but who in turn contribute nothing to the family or to society. Such belong to the dangerous classes only a little less than the men who live in clubs and are known as "men about town." Knowing nothing of discipline, of self-surrender, of the genuine sweetness coming through home joys and home cares,—they are luxurious, useless and more or less depraved members of the commonwealth.

There is no such thing in this world as perfect independence, but interdependence and responsibility. Men and women live not alone, but for the family, the community, the State and the world. Social order and social progress grow naturally from individual characters, broadened and disciplined in the family relation, until they meet and unite in that broader family of which each is member, spite of protest or evasion.

A Curious Ghost.

An exchange says that in the progressive little mill village of Grosvenordale, situated about five miles north of Putnam, Ct., on the Norwich & Woonsocket Railroad, great consternation prevails among the French-Canadians. The cause is the reported ghostly visitation of a departed mill operative, who, upon numerous occasions, was shockingly cut and pummeled in brawls of debauchery. The ghostly apparition makes its appearance every night about 12 o'clock in the tenement in which he used to dwell, and when not seen by the terror-stricken tenants his rappings and other dismal noises are but too plainly heard. For this reason the family living in the haunted tenement hurriedly vacated their quarters one Saturday night lately, when his ghostly majesty in flowing white robes and blood-streaming face commenced his nightly tour through the house. The fleeing family, by their terror-stricken shouts, aroused the neighboring tenants, who poured forth from their chambers to learn the cause of the noise. Some ridiculed the idea of ghosts, while others, thinking there might possibly be something in it, cast furtive glances toward the windows of the house, when, to their utter astonishment, a ghostly figure appeared, and waving a bony hand to the now excited crowd, vanished instantly. The superstitious ones, not caring to investigate and feeling scared, flew to their quarters. That was not the first time that the ghost had been seen by others than members of the family of the haunted house. Night after night courageous men of the village have kept watch, but on these occasions, except for a very transitory appearance and sundry knocks and ghostly rappings, nothing definite could be learned. If it were not for the known veracity of those who saw the spirit people might think lightly of the matter. The family positively refuses to go back into the house.

"Light" Relighted.

The British Spiritualist public has good cause to congratulate itself, in that *Light* has been supplied with fresh strength and bids fair to give out a more brilliant and far-reaching illumination than ever before. Mr. Stainton-Moses, the best equipped English writer on Spiritualism, a man whose literary attainments, spiritual gifts, constructive genius and untiring energy have never been surpassed in the ranks of Spiritualism, has consented to assume editorial control of *Light*. Some weeks since, a gentleman who stands very high in American literary and college circles wrote us of Stainton-Moses as follows: "He impresses me as a man who is always has just reserves in store; he is a very strong ally, and his writings are scarcely equalled by any other of your people. I must subscribe for *Light*; please send me directions how to do it."

In the conduct of *Light* Mr. Stainton-Moses will have the valuable assistance of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, who was, if we recollect right, the original founder of the paper, but who has had no direct connection with it for several years. Mr. Rogers, as associate editor, will bring to his task a wide experience, devotion to the cause and facile pen.

It is to be hoped the editor-in-chief will continue his "Notes by the Way" which have so long been the most interesting feature of the paper. *Light* has attracted much attention in America, within a limited circle; its circulation here ought to be largely increased. The JOURNAL will be pleased to receive and forward subscriptions as a matter of courtesy. *Light* is a weekly, and the price to American subscribers is \$3.00, post-paid.

Serjeant William Ballantyne, the noted English barrister who defended Dr. Slade several years ago, when he was arrested in London, is dead at the age of seventy-five.

Illinois Press Association.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Illinois Press Association will convene at Quincy, February 1st, 2nd and 3rd. The sessions will be held in the Supervisors' Room of the Adams County Court House. The citizens of Quincy with their accustomed public spirit have made handsome preparations for the entertainment of their guests. The work of the Convention will be in accordance with the following programme:

TUESDAY, 7:30 P. M.—Address of Welcome, Hon. Jonathan Parkhurst, Mayor of Quincy; Response, Mr. J. K. LeBaron, *Every Saturday*, Elgin, First Vice-President, I. P. A.; "The Country Press in Ethica," Mr. J. C. Bundy, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, 10 A. M.—"The Experience of a New Editor," Mr. Charles W. Warner, *Chronicle*, Hoopston; "Newspaper Book-keeping," Mr. F. B. Mills, *Herald*, Lincoln.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.—Symposium, "Success or Failure in a Printing Office," Mr. Charles Holt, *Gazette*, Kankakee, Mr. Geo. E. Doying, *Courier*, Jacksonville, and Mr. E. B. Fletcher, *Herald*, Morris.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.—Complimentary Banquet and Ball, given by the citizens of Quincy, at the Tremont House.

THURSDAY, 10 A. M.—President's Address, Mr. J. K. LeBaron, *Every Saturday*, Elgin; "The Relation of the Metropolitan and Provincial Press," Mr. M. E. Stone, *News*, Chicago; "Special Editorials," Mr. L. A. McLean, *Herald*, Urbana.

Carriages at 1 o'clock for a drive about the city.

THURSDAY, 4 P. M.—Symposium, "Women in Journalism," Hon. M. B. Castle, *Argus*, Sandwich, and Mrs. Antoinette V. Wakeman, of the Illinois Woman's Press Association. Reports. Election of Officers.

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.—"Journalistic Trend," Miss Lillian Whiting, *Traveler*, Boston, Mass.; Annual Address, "Newspapers," Hon. E. M. Haines, *Legal Adviser*, Chicago.

A Proposed Debate on Modern Spiritualism at Billings, Mo.

There is a small number of good Spiritualists located at Billings, Mo. Of late they have been much assailed by the Rev. Mr. Ackers of the same place. They want to defend themselves from his malignant attacks, and have secured the services of Mr. J. Clegg Wright. The reverend gentleman challenges to debate the following proposition, he to affirm, and J. Clegg Wright to deny:

That modern Spiritualism is anti-scriptural in its teaching, and immoral and atheistical in its tendency.

This proposition does not meet with the acceptance of Mr. Wright for two reasons: (1) Because the teachings of modern Spiritualism in his opinion are unscriptural. That modern Spiritualism tends to immorality and atheism he will deny. (2) Mr. Wright wants to affirm something, and has sent the following challenge, Mr. Wright to affirm and Mr. Ackers to deny:

That the physical and psychological phenomena of modern Spiritualism can be best explained upon the hypothesis that they are produced by spirits; that similar phenomena are recorded in Scripture; and that the investigation and belief founded upon these phenomena have no tendency to immorality and atheism.

Mr. Ackers to affirm and Mr. Wright to deny in the following:

That Christianity is in harmony with science and reason, and superior as a law of life to the philosophy of modern Spiritualism for securing the happiness of man here and hereafter.

The inhabitants of Billings may now look forward to lively times in the beginning of February.

Skepticism in Theology.

At an orthodox ministers' meeting in Minneapolis a bold paper was read by Rev. A. Hodson on "Skepticism in Theology." He strongly favored agnosticism, and the evolution theories of Darwin and Spencer. He said scientists all tended that way, and made an honest confession:

"The theology of to-day must be less speculative. Christian union will become more in reality when Christian leaders learn that their dogmas are not inspired but simply the human scaffolding thrown around their theories. How to check the grinding monopolies from robbing the poor is of more importance to-day than as to which of the theories on the atonement is orthodox. These social problems are at hand and we have no time to devote to non-essentials."

It may not be surprising that a well informed minister should utter such brave thoughts and such strong language, but it is surely a hopeful sign of the times that his brother ministers should receive his words with applause! When ministers place live issues above such vital dogmas as the atonement, a mighty onward stride is taken, and the end of dogmatic teaching is close at hand.

Emma Harding-Britten says: "Personally I am just now chiefly concerned in promoting the formation of circles, the only fitting scene for the production of phenomena, and the methods of investigation." She has, however, by no means given up her platform work, and is met by crowded houses in the provincial towns of England. She has begun to work in the right line. The home circle is the prayer meeting, the love feast, the scientific means in the hands of any Spiritualist. A circle formed of proper persons, sitting quietly at stated times, is certain in the end of valuable results; the more valuable as won among themselves.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan writes: "I can congratulate you on the management of the JOURNAL. It is well adapted to reach the most intelligent people and commands respect for the cause it advocates."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. E. H. Danham of Providence, R. I., writes that Warren Chase occupied the platform of Blackstone Hall, giving two very interesting lectures Sunday, January 9th.

Geo. H. Mellich writes: "The Parker Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 219 West Forty-Second street, New York, in the parlors of Mrs. Wallace."

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York City, have just issued a pamphlet entitled, "Newspaper Advertising." Its aim is to aid the advertiser in making his selection of papers.

J. Clegg Wright is open for engagements at the coming camp meetings. His appointments so far are: Lake Pleasant, Aug. 14th and 17th, and Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., the first week in September.

The New York Times says the statement going the rounds of the press in reference to a man being buried alive in York county, Pa., is not true. No such occurrence has taken place there.

"The Scientific Weather Guide," for 1887, is at hand. The weather forecasts are calculated on Prof. Tice's Electro-Planetary Theory, by Dr. D. Higbee and C. H. Lillington. Price, 20 cents. For sale at this office.

"Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine and Floral Guide," for January, 1887, is ready and as complete as this enterprising Florist and Seedsman can make it. The cover is handsome and quite ornamental, being a combination of harmony and color.

The Medium and Daybreak says: "If our noble cause is worth anything, if as mediums and Spiritualists we would be true to our name, surely we ought to encourage the loftiest aspirations, and drink ever at the perennial stream of spiritual life and wisdom."

Isaac L. Lee writes that the Spiritualists of St. Louis organized a society last August, and have a large and intelligent membership, and they have determined to establish a free library, and in connection with it a news stand and book store.

Lyman C. Howe, writing from Kansas City, Mo., says: "At my meeting Sunday evening, January 8th, we had a good audience, considering the weather, and a general good feeling seems to pervade and animate all who join us in the good work."

Speaking of the Psychograph, the Rev. Samuel Watson says: "The Psychograph you sent me has been doing finely. There are some persons for whom it will not turn round to the letters, but it will rap for them. It is a vast improvement on the primitive rapping process."

We have received from the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway, "Petroleum and Natural Gas," an eighty page pamphlet, dedicated to the boys and girls of America. The pamphlet aims to give, in an entertaining way, some facts and theories in regard to nature, source, and production and use of Petroleum and Natural Gas.

Mr. B. F. Underwood reached Chicago on the 14th, and spent the day in calls at the JOURNAL office and upon other friends. In the evening he took part in a discussion before the Ethical Society's literary club. The theme of the evening was "The True Basis of Ethics," which was opened by Mr. Hegeler of La Salle, in a thoughtful paper.

A sentimental young woman of this city has courted one of the anarchists who lies in the county jail, under sentence of death for murder, and proposes to marry him. She says she has by this performance superseded Mrs. Cleveland as a sensation. The time is sure to come, when cured of her romantic nonsense, she will wish she had been less sensational and more sensible.

Sunday evening services in Central Music Hall are to be continued by the Rev. Jenkin L. Jones, the eloquent pastor of All Soul's Church, a very able and earnest speaker. On last Sunday evening, the platform was occupied by the Rev. James Vila Blake, in whose hands, it is safe to say, the high standard of pulpit eloquence and learning heretofore maintained on this platform did not deteriorate.

On Thursday of last week the JOURNAL office was unexpectedly illuminated by the presence of Dr. Joseph Beals, who for fourteen successive years has been President of Lake Pleasant, Mass., camp meeting. The Doctor was on his way to Colorado. He reports the prospects of Lake Pleasant as being brighter than ever, and looks forward to seeing the camp all that its most ardent friends could wish, in good time.

The sons of Mrs. John Benner of St. Louis, a few weeks ago spoke to her about the birthday dinner they meant to give her on her ninety-first birthday. Although in good health the old lady said: "No, boys, instead of a dinner it will be a funeral." No attention was paid to this, but soon after Mrs. Benner began to fail, and just as she had predicted, on her ninety-first birthday her sons assembled at her funeral.

January 21st, Mrs. U. N. Gestefeld will deliver a lecture at the Methodist Church Block, corner of Washington and Clark streets on "The Popular Craze—Christian Science" or "The Mind Cure"—and "What it amounts to." She will consider the subject under the following heads: "What it is thought to be by the uninformed public." "What it is called by those who criticize without understanding it." "What it really is." "How all may gain the necessary understanding, sufficient for a practical demonstration of its truth." Mrs. Gestefeld's lecture delivered before the Psychological Society, and published by the JOURNAL, was read with deep interest by thoughtful minds, and we have no doubt her lecture on the above will be equally interesting.

The Dunlway Publishing Company have sold the *New Northwest*, its plant, title, business and good will, to Oliver Perry Mason, Maggie Allen and Lucas Mason.

The JOURNAL's readers will regret to know that Heber Newton was still too ill to fill his pulpit last Sunday. It is highly probable he will speak next Sunday; if he does the JOURNAL will contain its usual full abstract.

J. M. Allen spoke in Mantua Station, Ohio, Dec. 26th and Jan. 2nd. He is now in St. Louis, Mo., under engagement for the First Spiritualist Association for four Sundays of January. He will make further engagements in the West and South. Address 1260 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The condition of the streets and sidewalks in this city are a disgrace to a civilized community. The only objects the members of the City Government seem to have at heart is the accumulation of "boodle," and political capital from the hoodlum class. Harrison and his gang must go! Let the next municipal election see a ticket in the field that represents the decent element of the city regardless of politics, and then let every respectable man see to it that he casts his ballot.

Mrs. Mary V. Priest was called to Kansas City last month, to heal a sufferer whom the "regular" physicians had failed to help. She was eminently successful, it is said, as was amply testified by the gratitude of the family of the patient. Mrs. Priest is not only thoroughly conversant with so-called Christian Science, having studied it in Boston, but is highly commended by Prof. J. R. Buchanan as a psychometer. She teaches "metaphysical healing," but on a different basis from that of Mrs. Eddy. About February 1st, Mrs. Priest will begin a course of lectures at her residence, 289 West Washington street. Those interested should call or write her for particulars.

Dr. S. D. Bowker of Kansas City, writes: "Mr. G. H. Brooks has just closed two months' labor among us. He is an honest and devoted worker, and deserves the confidence of the people. He has special powers in the direction of organization, a much needed service in our ranks. Through his efforts we have a choir of excellent singers, under the leadership of Prof. Moffit. Lyman C. Howe took the platform last Sunday, to remain with us three months. He expressed himself much delighted with our music. Wherever Mr. Brooks goes he will carry our fullest confidence as an effective worker."

A writer in the *Minneapolis Tribune* says "A strange omission from the list of invitations was the name of Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent English naturalist, coadjutor of Darwin and Huxley, and a man whose scientific research is a main reliance in Harvard's curriculum. Mr. Wallace was delivering a course of lectures in the Lowell Institute in Boston at the time, and as his presence could not but have been known to the committee, the failure to invite him was not accidental. It is rather hard to believe that the reason he was not invited was that he is a Spiritualist, but such is said to be the fact." The above has reference to a recent festival at Harvard University. It is now in order for the University to explain.

The Spiritualists of Solomon Valley are earnest and enthusiastic. They organized a society in 1877, and with thirteen charter members in 1881, became incorporated according to the laws of Kansas. The society now owns one acre of land, surrounded by trees, on one of the main streets of Delphos; have an increasing membership of seventy and the successive camp meetings held there have been attended with growing interest. The society this year has a publishing fund, and issues "Spiritual Glimpses; the Constitution and By-laws of the First Society of Spiritualists, Delphos; What we believe; National Declaration of Principles and Inspirational Songs." These songs are mostly by J. M. Waterman, and written for the purpose of being sung at the camp meeting. Some of them for the purpose for which they are designed are very good. Those by A. D. Ballou may be classed with the best hymns. Among the active members are such strong men as Dr. Ballou and Joy Blanchard.

The Boston Evening Transcript says: "Mr. B. F. Underwood, who has been for several years editor of the *Index* in this city, and is about to remove to Chicago to assume charge of the new paper, *The Open Court*, devoted to science and progress, to be published in the city above named, and his wife, were the recipients of a very hearty and pleasant parting testimonial at the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Stevens, 146 West Newton street, last evening. It was tendered by the Parker Memorial science class, of which Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have been active and very efficient members. About fifty persons were present, and after an hour or more passed in the interchange of social and friendly greetings, and proper attention had been paid to a choice collation furnished by the hospital hosts of the occasion, Mr. John C. Haynes, the president of the society, expressed in an address of kindly and well chosen words the sentiments of those present toward the guests of the evening, and testifying to the appreciation by the members of the service they had been to the class, with good wishes for the happiness and prosperity of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood in their prospective Western home. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were presented with a substantial gift from the class, and each individually responded in a feeling and happy manner to the compliment tendered them. Mrs. Abbie A. Tower of South Boston, contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening, by a recitation in which she showed excellent skill and taste."

Andover Theology in Court.

Twelve long columns of the Boston Herald and the New York Times are filled with reports of the great trial in Boston, of certain Professors in Andover Theological Seminary, charged with heresy and breach of trust in teaching religious opinions not in accord with the creed of that school, which all teachers in it are obliged to sign and to renew their signature every four years.

The Boston Herald gives a picture of the opening of the trial, Dec. 28th, as follows:

At 10 o'clock this morning the old dining room at the United States Hotel was three-quarters filled with an distinguished company as was gathered within its walls. The Andover visitors, President Seelye presiding, and Dr. Easton and Judge Marshall on either side of him, held seats on the platform as judges or umpires. On one side of them were the plaintiffs, Dr. Dexter, Dr. Lamphar and Dr. Wellman, with their counsel, Judge Hoar, Judge French and Mr. Arthur H. Wellman. On the other side were the defendants, Andover professors, Dr. Smyth, Tucker, Hynckle, Churchill, Harris, with their counsel, Judge Russell, ex-Gov. Gaston, Judge Baldwin and Prof. Theodore W. Dwight. The audience was largely composed of Congregational clergymen, including Dr. Withrow, Dr. Herrick, Dr. Newman Smyth, J. T. Tucker, Dr. William Barrows, Dr. Judson Smith, Rev. Stacy Fowler, Dr. Merriman and a large number of the suburban clergy, and not a few ladies.

While the courtesies of a court-room were observed by the eminent participants in the trial, it was evident that a great deal of deep feeling existed on both sides, and showed itself in outbursts of strong language and in the tones and manners of the speakers, as well as in the aspect of the deeply enlisted hearers. Judge Russell, for the defense, said the charges bore evidence of studied duplicity. No heresy was charged, but heterodoxy, a fine point of difference. Professor Dwight said:

It is judicious to foster such a rigid adherence to ironclad creeds as to arrest thought? The present creed, rigidly interpreted, is a dog upon instruction. It withholds instruction in the truth. In the name of all the teachers of this land, including the president of this board, I protest against this binding of men to an iron-clad creed. If checks are useful at Andover, why not at Harvard and elsewhere? The Calvinists undertook to do what was impossible—they made an inflexible creed; but many English divines refused to be bound by such a creed. Cromwell and a few of his kindred, however, were bound by it, and according to the words of Prof. Dwight here entered into great detail concerning the statement of religious opinion in England in the 17th century, to show that even the English Non-conformists were not willing to insist entirely upon an ironclad creed. The language of the founders of the associate creed was language which made their creed subject to the light thrown upon it by the Scriptures themselves, according to the best light that God gives them. Is it not strange that this phrase of Milton's should have floated down the ages and have found a place in the associate creed put forth on Andover hill?

Only Professor Smyth's case was tried, his fellow Professors probably expecting to stand or fall with him.

Prof. Smyth then spoke with deep earnestness on the most important accusation against him, that relating to probation after death. "I claim," he said, "that the right under the creed to hold in this matter whatever a true interpretation of Scripture and the revelation which God makes of himself in providence and according to the best light that God gives them." I do not think I shall commit any sin against reason or violate any obligation under the creed if I allow myself to follow with a perfect trust wherever, with the heart as with the head, I can discover any traces of God's holy and reconciling love. It is made imperative upon me by my pledge, given on entering my office as Professor, to unfold the Scriptures according to the best light that God gives them. The creed must be taken as a whole. It is impossible to take it in any other way, for it contains clauses which, separately considered, are contradictory. I accept this creed for the substance of doctrine, using this phrase, which has been used; and the use of which has been justified by the greatest and most orthodox divines for generations, in no loose sense, in no larger sense than that in which it was used when the framers of the creed were living and acting as divines. I accept the seminary creed in its historical sense. But I do not mean that opinions which it does not contain may be read into it because they were entertained at the time when it was written. The creed, instead of being intended to forbid progress, is itself the child of progress. It contains later progress which are way marks of progress along the line of modern theology. Prof. Dwight declares that the Hopkinsian founders were in favor of progress in the interpretation of the creed if it was progress toward Hopkinsianism. I plead for no license of interpretation, no violation of a single law of grammatical interpretation; for no departure from the natural historical meaning of terms; but I do ask for breadth, insight, and justice. A suit for a breach of trust would lie more properly against the trustees or the board of the seminary. The best part of the seminary funds come into my hands save as I receive it from said treasurer, who acts by order of the trustees. If there has been a breach of trust in the management of the funds, the custodians and disbursees of those funds are guilty of this offense, and there are available and natural methods of prosecution. The arrangement of five professors, and the interruption of their work in the midst of a term of study, is not one of these natural methods. This is a trial for heresy, or it is nothing. The violation of solemn promises which is charged is simply an issue of interpretation of a creed. The only charge in essence and in form is the accusation of "heterodoxy."

You will pardon me also if I request you to bear in mind that I am not on trial before you as an editor of the Andover Review, or as a joint author of a volume called "Progressive Orthodoxy," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. I should not draw any line or artificial distinction between my utterances in the Review and in the lecture room. No honest man, certainly no trustworthy, religious teacher, can hold a double and mutually contradictory set of opinions, one for his public, another for his own privacy or for some other use. If I have taught in the Review what is contrary to the creed, I shall not plead in my defense more reserved or utterly silent in my lectures.

Professors from Yale and Andover gave testimony as to their theological teachings. On the third day the interest was deeper to the close. Rev. Mr. Blaisdell, one of the four accusers, withdrew from the complaint, satisfied with Prof. Smyth's statement. Henry M. Dexter, for the prosecutors, said:

The attitude of the creeds of Christendom toward this doctrine is a legitimate subject of inquiry. The earlier of these creeds contain nothing on the subject of probation. The Roman creeds are like the Athanasian and Confession of the day of judgment. The eastern creeds are like the Roman. The modern Protestant creeds are stronger in the limit of salvation to this life. The Westminster Symbol of 1647 is clear on this subject in two points—the state of the wicked and the character of the day of judgment. This was indorsed by the New England creeds. Substantially the Westminster Confession and the new English creed of to-day. In the Shorter Catechism, the points of the Confession on the state of the wicked were retained. The Presbyterians, the Baptists, and other evangelical bodies in America have retained substantially the same language. There is valuable testimony concerning the opinions of the founders as to probation after death from the views of Jonathan Edwards and others who were contemporaries with him. Dr. Dwight and Dr. Griffin were next questioned. Then the later divines were shown to fall in line with Edwards, Dwight and Griffin. The chief work with which Samuel Phillips, one of the founders, tried to sustain the Andover Seminary, was Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," in which eternal punishment was distinctly

taught. Dr. Spring and Dr. Woods held the same views. Dr. Griffin did not differ from them. There was no chance to make a second trial for life after death. Dr. Timothy Dwight was one of the original Andover visitors. He says in his theology that death terminates the opportunity to repent. Here was an original visitor declaring that probation ends with this life. Dr. Dwight of Portland held the same view. The creed also requires that each professor shall stand against all heresies and errors, and Dr. Smyth has offended here. He is opening his eyes to more than one of the errors which the creed condemns. He teaches Universalism in the form of restorationism. The Universalist Quarterly recognizes the fact that "Progressive Orthodoxy" is in strong sympathy with the Universalist doctrine.

Judge Hoar, of Concord, followed, saying that he respected Prof. Smyth personally, but that legally the prosecutors were right.

President Seelye announced that the court would then stand adjourned till 11 A. M., on Monday, when the trial of Prof. Tucker, Harris and Churchill would be resumed. After the adjournment, a most delightful scene was presented in the court room. Prof. Smyth and Dr. Dexter were engaged in friendly conversation. It seemed as if good feeling had suddenly burst out on all sides. There was no enmity anywhere. The solemn character of the tribunal at once disappeared, and lawyers and clients and deadly foes forgot their antagonisms in pleasant conversation. It has been notable about the case that the suit has been socially of a friendly character. The accused professors have been often socially with their prosecutors and the board of visitors, who looked grim and stern during the trial, seemed as glad as any one else to crack a joke, at a suitable time, with their fellow men. The bearing of Prof. Smyth during his trial has attracted much attention. His thoughtful and cheerful face had won him new friends, and his bearing in his defense and during his accusation have put in the least conflict with his reputation as a Christian gentleman. The speech of Judge Hoar this morning was keenly enjoyed, and was constantly enlivened by wit and anecdote.

This closing scene from the Boston Herald report, is surely creditable to all concerned, and is also significant of the change in the theological temper and spirit of our day. The old Emperor Constantine was obliged to have a strong guard of Roman soldiers around a council of pious Bishops in his day, lest they should try

To prove their doctrines orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks."

Yet the differences on points of theology in that old time council were no more vital and momentous, far less so indeed, than these discussed in a Boston court.

This glimpse of the great trial suffices to show that whatever its result may be, the old orthodoxy must go. Progressive orthodoxy must come and must serve as a stepping stone to still higher and broader view, a faith and knowledge more rational and more spiritual.

All this is only clearing away rubbish and not tearing up the foundations. The great permanent and underlying truths are not yet disputed about. Daily, practical righteousness, immortality are accepted in Andover as well as outside, and as the old cast-iron creed of the Seminary is broken in pieces these vital matters, at the foundation of life and character, will be better seen.

Edward A. Bross.

On Tuesday morning, the 11th inst., after a very brief illness, Edward A. Bross, aged fifty-two years, departed this life from his home at Elgin, Illinois. His funeral took place in Chicago on the following Friday under the charge of Oriental Consistory of which he was a member. A genial, warm-hearted, generous man and zealous member of the Masonic fraternity, Brother Bross had hosts of friends. He was for many years one of the most popular passenger conductors running out of Chicago, and we have ridden tens of thousands of miles with him.

He was a firm Spiritualist and knew that loved ones would meet him joyfully on the "other shore." Nearly three years ago we attended the funeral services of his only child, a beautiful young woman, beloved by a large circle and the idol of her husband of a year. Only the sweet consolation which Spiritualism gives, sustained the stricken parents, and now the father has joined his idol, leaving the mother to wait yet awhile. But she does not mourn as one without that sustaining faith which comes of knowledge. In her sore distress she can confidently look forward to the time in the not far away, when once again she will clasp to a mother's bosom the sweet May, whose life on earth seemed so prematurely closed, and rest in the arms of those dearer than life.

"Sad family and friends, who mourn the dead, You know how much of love our brother had Within his heart for you and all with whom He came in contact, and you know how kind In acts he was; in that dear home, from which He has gone out, at last, forever!"

"We brethren knew him too, where you did not; In scenes which try and test the man the best. And memory weaves a chaplet to enshrine The page on which his best and noblest traits Are found inscribed; and only those are found Thereon."

A PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

At a recent meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, Rev. Dr. Thomas, who is a member of that society, suggested that committees should be appointed to different phases of spiritual phenomena, and since then the different members of the society, as they could find opportunity, have been pursuing such investigations. A reporter of the Journal met a member of the society, a leading and well-known business man in this city, and asked him to relate some of his experience in the pursuit of such investigations. He said:

I have prepared a report in writing to be submitted to the society, the substance of which is this: I visited the Bangs sisters, while the medium was out of the room. The pellets were constantly in sight. I took one pellet in my hand. The medium placed her hand on my head and requested me to place the paper on a slate with a small piece of pencil, the slate having been first carefully cleared. She took the slate in her right hand by the corner, while her left was on the top of the table. She placed the slate under the table. We heard raps on the table, and very soon the slate being removed without the paper seemingly being injured or disturbed from the position in which I had placed it, we found a satisfactory answer to the question. To all four questions quite good answers were received, though they did not entirely cover the ground, but sufficiently so to

indicate that the questions must have been known to whatever intelligence it was that answered. At my request I distinctly felt a hand on my knee. While the slate was under the table the medium's right hand was under mine, and in this condition the writing was obtained. Then the slate was pressed toward the floor as though with a heavy weight.

"The day before yesterday I went to a store in the city and bought three slates with hinges. Then with a friend I went back to the same medium. The slates were not allowed out of our sight a single fraction of a second. I wrote four questions as before, folded them up into small pellets and had answers to the questions which were satisfactory. At that, too, I had decided manifestations of hands on my knee, which only came at my request. There were at least two sets of hands. There were the hands of a young person and those of a full-grown man. My final test was this. I took this pocket-book and wrote a question like this: 'Please give me the contents of this book.' I folded that over the book and then took a string and passed it round the book both ways twice and tied it. The medium stood right by my side. I put the book between two slates with a piece of pencil. We then placed the slates on the top of my head. The medium asked me to hold the slates while she placed her two hands on my shoulders, and in this position I requested hands on my knees again, and they came emphatic and decided. The medium spoke to her control and said 'George, now shake him up lively so that there will be no mistake about it.' I received an iron grip. The medium then said, 'Pull off his shoe and throw it into the middle of the room.' At once the hand took hold of my foot. The fingers went under the elastic and an effort was made to pull the shoe off, but I said I was satisfied before it came off. It was a physical impossibility for the medium to have done the business. Both her hands were on my shoulders while I held the slates on my head all the time. When we looked at them for an answer to my question as to the book's contents we found this: 'A complimentary to telling where the complimentary was to be used, and so much in money. I knew there was the complimentary in it, and some money, but I did not know how much. Without untieing it, I brought it back down town and got a friend to open it and examine the contents. The complimentary was there and the exact amount of money, but there were other things which were not mentioned in the answer."

"There is one thing I have found about these investigations. If you go with your mind set on having a certain thing as a test, you won't get just that thing at that time. You may get it the next day when you are not thinking of it. That is the case until the person is able to investigate without having his mind on any decided or special thing."

Chicago Evening Journal.

Our esteemed evening contemporary, is hereby informed that from the date of organization the Western Society for Psychical Research has had a half dozen committees. Dr. Thomas has from the first been chairman of one of them, but not of that on physical phenomena. The gentleman whose experience is related above is making his researches on his own account and not in an official capacity. He is well known in this office as a critical and experienced investigator, and is prominently identified with a leading Methodist church in this city.

Maria Smith, widow of the late Beekman Huling, who passed to the life beyond, on Wednesday, December 22nd, 1886, at Saratoga, N. Y., was one of eight children of Jacob Smith and Rebecca Lodewick (four sons and four daughters). Mrs. Huling was born in Schoelack, Rensselaer county, December 8th, 1799, and was consequently eighty-seven years and fourteen days old. When modern Spiritualism made its advent in March, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Huling were among those who early began to investigate the phenomena, and they soon saw the truths evolved. Mrs. Huling was firm in maintaining her opinions, and while she did not attempt to force them upon others, she never hesitated to assert and firmly maintain them when called upon. The last rites to the mortal remains were attended at the residence of Col. W. M. Searing, and Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, the inspirational speaker, made one of her most effective addresses. Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey read the Episcopal service at the grave.

E. J. Huling of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes, reporting the progress of the First Society of Spiritualists there during the year just past: "That reliable test medium and faithful healer, Dr. W. B. Mills, has been the president, treasurer and lecture committee, during the year; and besides numerous conference and fact meetings, we have had seventy-six lectures from sixteen speakers, among whom were Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, Warren Chase, Maria Clara A. Field, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mrs. H. Morse Baker, and others. This year, with an increased subscription, we have returned to the court of appeals room in the Town Hall, which has been leased for the year. During the past year, Dr. W. B. Mills took the stand thirty-one times after evening lectures, and told of the spirits present, giving some wonderful tests. He has been to Troy a few times and gave tests there before the Second Society, so that they desire to have him at least once a month."

General News.

Henry M. Stanley had a prolonged interview with the king of the Belgians. His expedition for the relief of Emin Bey will start on January 22nd.—Turkey has ordered 150,000 repeating rifles; and will devise some mode of payment at a future date.—A steamship which last Saturday left Charleston for New York carried over one hundred tons of pig iron from Alabama. This unprecedented shipment is regarded as the commencement of a great trade.—The police of Berlin have forbidden the sale of a pamphlet issued by a socialist society in Chicago in denunciation of the anarchists' trial.—Abner Leitch, of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, a lad of fifteen years, has carried out his threat to avenge the murder of his father by Jacob Borden. The corpse of the latter was found last Saturday in the woods where the boy

was hunting.—John R. Hoxie, for the past twenty-seven years a leader in the live-stock trade at Chicago, is about to transfer his residence to Taylorville, Texas, for the benefit of his health.—During a dense fog last Saturday morning the Dublin Steam packet Banshee, with three hundred passengers on board, ran on the rocks at Holyhead. The steamship Eleanor went to her aid and was stranded, but the Banshee floated off within three hours.—Cholera is ravaging the towns in Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, hundreds of deaths occurring daily. Loaded vessels off Buenos Ayres are not allowed to communicate with the shore.—A natural son of the late Prince Imperial of France and a school-mistress in Australia, is said to be at the chateau of the Marquis d'Oyley in Paris. The ex-Empress Eugenie has telegraphed to the Duc de Mouchy to make an investigation of the story.—The publishers of Gen. Logan's book report that up to the date of his death they had paid him an average of \$1,000 per month, and the sales have since increased to a marvelous degree.—An expedition under Prof. Charles A. Young is to be sent from Princeton College to Russia to observe the eclipse next August.—Hall's painting of the battle between the Monitor and Merrimack has been hung in the east lobby of the senate wing of the capitol at Washington. The library committee paid \$5,000 for it, although the artist had been offered \$15,000 by parties desiring to exhibit it through the country.—Secretary Lamar and his bride arrived in Washington last Saturday.—The national banks of Chicago have petitioned Congress to be placed on an equality with New York as a reserve center, when 25 per cent. of their circulation and deposit liabilities must be kept in their vaults.—Frank J. Bowman, the St. Louis attorney, has brought suit for \$20,000 damages against Theodore G. Case for causing a divorce suit to be commenced at Chicago.—The receivers of the New Jersey Central Road, after fully investigating the strike of employees of the coal-shipping companies for 25 cents per hour, find that labor of the same grade on the railways brings but 12 cents, and that they can not recommend that the coal companies yield.

A New Dakota Town.

Along about 1882 and 1883, much was heard about the rapid growth of Dakota; how a sprightly city would spring up where only a fortnight before was the unbroken prairie. The tales were received at the time, in the East, with many a grain of allowance. It has been popularly supposed that the time for such examples of rapid growth had passed, and that the development of Dakota, while going steadily on, had assumed a more even pace; but it has been the fortune of many within the last few days to see a large town, with important business interests, jump into being on ground where but three or four weeks ago a lonely Moose River ranchman peacefully pastured his lowing herds.

Reference is made to Minot, at the second crossing of the Moose River, 118 miles west from Devils Lake and 527 from St. Paul. The cause which has so suddenly brought this thriving town into being lies in fact that this is the place chosen by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Co., for a division headquarters, and railroad communication has suddenly opened up for settlement a wide and fertile region which, though so late in the season, is already attracting many settlers.

The town is building on the south side of the river, which here, as elsewhere, is heavily timbered, and the gently sloping hills, which further back make a rapid ascent to the level prairie beyond. A few days ago, only last week, a long and a long main street, lined on each side with twenty or thirty business houses in all stages of completion, with hastily constructed dwellings straggling on either side. Lumber, boulders, tar paper and a miscellaneous array of other building materials litter the street, and trip up the unsuspecting wayfarer, while the rasp and clatter of the saw and hammer continue from early morn till late at night. It is amusing to see the desperate hurry of the merchants to "open up" and be the first to catch the golden shower. Empty grain bags and tar paper do duty for windows, and blankets and quilts for doors. This is rather airy for November, but building goes steadily on and order will no doubt come from chaos before the colder weather comes on. A restaurant is doing a rushing business, with the entire front of the building open to the street, while the thin November "winds" playfully whisk bits of paper around the coat tails of its patrons. Business is rushing and everybody is busy.

It is readily understood that there is a big demand for workmen of all kinds. Carpenters receive \$2.75 to \$4.00 per day, and other work is paid for in proportion. Of course, everybody is making money; it can't be otherwise where, within the last ground to begin with, everything must be created from the raw material. The future prospects of the town are excellent, and a greater growth can be expected next year. The town is the present terminus of the freight and passenger service on the railroad, and besides, it is to be the headquarters for building five or six hundred miles of new road next year, and machine shops, storerooms and divisions headquarters are to be built in the early spring, and in addition, much repairing and other work must be done. The company is busily at work putting in several miles of side-track and making other arrangements for an extensive business. But the chief factor which assures its future, is that it is the natural entrepot for the De Lac and Moose river valleys, and the exceedingly fertile surrounding country, which is now only partially occupied, and which will be certain to be settled with the opening of another spring.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hoxie's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and order, instructed by their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Free Press, June 19, 1885.

Philadelphia has started on another of those long-lived phenomenal "boy-preachers." He is now said to be 16. If he follows the example of Harrison he will remain a boy until the gray hairs come.

Pier's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1267 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, N. Y. is a Society, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Dr. Carroll, President; Oliver Knapp, Vice President; Dr. George H. Perrine, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue.—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2:15 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

Chicago Meetings.

The South Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Martin's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd Street and Indiana Avenue.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Grand's Hall, south-west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. H. W. FAY, Pres't, 620 S. Broadway. SNAC S. LEE, Sec'y, 1422 N. 12th St.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. Send for free articles in the world. I send free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

PIANO AND ORGAN PLAYING

Learned by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the Keys. Any person can play a tune at once on either instrument without the aid of a teacher. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book with testimonials free.

HEARNE & CO. P. O. Box 1487, New York.

CANCER

Cured without the use of knife. Pamphlet or treatment sent free. Address: F. L. FOND, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

BANGS SISTERS.

Bangs Sisters, 2714 Walnut St., near Ashland Ave. and Lake St. Light Materializing Service. Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Seance for physical manifestations Tuesday and Friday evenings at 8 o'clock. No previous knowledge of spiritism necessary. Will answer calls from abroad to give Seances.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Fox's Patent Improved Combined Ear Trumpet and Battery. Cures the hearing and performs the work of the natural ear. Suitable, comfortable and always in position. All conversations and even whispers heard distinctly. No previous knowledge of spiritism necessary. FREE. Address: P. H. FOX, 6-3 Broadway, N. Y.

ELY'S CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM. IS WORTH \$1000 TO ANY MAN WOMAN OR CHILD suffering from CATARRH. A. K. NEWMAN, Greeting, Mich. A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable to use. Price 25 cts. by mail or at drug stores. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Green, N. Y.

PRE-NATAL CULTURE.

Being Suggestions to Parents Relative to Systematic Methods of moulding the Temperament of Offspring before Birth. By A. E. NEWTON.

"The best work ever written on the subject. Everybody should own, read, and be guided by the valuable suggestions."—Wm. Winstock, Editor of THE ALBANY. "It is well and carefully and conscientiously done, and will be of service to a great many people."—Dr. HOLMES, Editor of THE ALBANY.

Price, paper, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

SOME

Why not start a business of your own? We make every reader of the ADVANCE the greatest offer any Responsible Home can make you. Microphotography was considered an art requiring years of study and practice, and very costly apparatus, but since the introduction of the ADVANCE Dry Plates, any one having common sense and a small capital to buy an outfit will be able to make the best Microphotographs without the aid of a teacher, either to make money or merely for amusement. Boys, Young Men and Ladies, cannot engage in a more genteel or profitable business than photography. Hundreds will employ you to take flowers, landscapes, portraits, family groups, etc. You start out in the morning with a good stock of Dry Plates and a camera in hand, all weighing but a few pounds, approach a residence and the poverty of having a photographer with full equipment is apparent in the very air at once. You carry a good stock of business cards, and a small capital to buy an outfit will be able to make the best Microphotographs without the aid of a teacher, either to make money or merely for amusement. Boys, Young Men and Ladies, cannot engage in a more genteel or profitable business than photography. Hundreds will employ you to take flowers, landscapes, portraits, family groups, etc. You start out in the morning with a good stock of Dry Plates and a camera in hand, all weighing but a few pounds, approach a residence and the poverty of having a photographer with full equipment is apparent in the very air at once. You carry a good stock of business cards, and a small capital to buy an outfit will be able to make the best Microphotographs without the aid of a teacher, either to make money or merely for amusement. Boys, Young Men and Ladies, cannot engage in a more genteel or profitable business than photography. 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Voices from the People.

AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

One by One the Leaves are falling.

One by one the leaves are falling.
To the faint breeze they bend;
Whispering accents and mournful,
"All that's beautiful must end."

Nature robed in all her glory,
Bends unwillingly her head;
Like a broken-hearted mother
Weeping o'er her cherished dead.

Thus one by one we fall and perish,
And our bodies pass away;
But the undying soul shall flourish
In one bright eternal day.

Thus the chilling blasts of winter,
O'er bright nature casts a gloom;
Thus does death to dying mortals
Ope the portals of the tomb.

—Lillian.

What is Congregationalism?

Some of our readers are in a perplexity, like these which Layman speaks of, and so his question, and the main part of the answer of the *Christian Union*, a trinitarian Congregational journal, are taken from its columns:

"I wish you would tell your readers exactly what are the doctrines and principles of the Congregationalist denomination. Some of us are greatly perplexed by recent discussions on the subject."

LAYMAN.

Congregationalism is properly a word descriptive of church polity, not of doctrinal belief. The Unitarians, Universalists, and Baptists, and some Methodists, are, in the ecclesiastical sense of the term, Congregationalists. But the word is generally used to designate a particular class of Congregationalists, called, to distinguish them from Unitarians and Universalists, Orthodox Congregationalists, or, sometimes, in New England, the Orthodox merely. Used in this sense, the term Congregationalist signifies one who accepts, for example, the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed, who believes in the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the miracles, the sinfulness and ruin of the human race, its redemption not only through the teachings but also through the life, sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ, the final judgment, and the irreversibility of its awards, the two sacraments of the church, and liberty in the form of their administration. One who holds these doctrines is theologically a Congregationalist, however little or much more he may have—whether, for example, he is a Unitarian Congregationalist, and if he holds that the relation of the historic fact to human history, or his theory of the atonement, or his views as to the intermediate state, or his preference as to infant or adult baptism. If, on the other hand, he holds that there is no need of any sacrifice for sin, he is a Unitarian Congregationalist; if he holds that there is no final judgment with irrevocable awards, he is a Unitarian Congregationalist; and if he holds that infant baptism is a violation of the divine order and even a display to Christ, he is a Baptist Congregationalist. . . . Thus ecclesiastical Congregationalism recognizes three principles of church order:

First, the right and duty of Christians to form organizations for Christian work and worship.

Second, the wisdom of making every such local organization independent of all foreign ecclesiastical authority.

Third, the ecclesiastical equality of all the members of this spiritual democracy.

To which we should add a fourth; namely, the duty of these independent and democratic churches to maintain fraternal and helpful relations with one another.

The first of these principles distinguishes Congregationalism from the Papacy and historic Episcopacy; the second and third from Presbyterianism and every form of Episcopal supervision; the fourth, from Independency.

Briefly stated, each Congregational church governs itself, with the counsel and co-operation of an Association made up of delegates from the churches. Each Presbyterian, or other church is governed by the Presbytery or Conference as to its own affairs. Congregationalism is the most democratic, and was the method of the old Puritans, who would have no Popes or prelates.

Spiritualism—Christianity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is not very strange that continual changes have occurred in religious thought, as minds have been opened to discover truth in the ages past. We may think it strange, however, that many things regarded as true could ever have been accepted as such. The divine elements of love and goodness, which we understand to be the spirit of Christ, may have existed in some degree in the souls of all mankind. These elements, capable of enlargement and growth, and being the positive in our nature, we expect, as time is afforded, that they will be able to leave the whole lump. The acceptance of Christ, therefore, as the only true, in correct, for while the opposite elements predominate, as happiness, peace, and harmony prevail. Thus we say, God-like attributes, and must tend in a God-like direction.

The great difference between the theology of the past and the teachings of Spiritualism are, that death ends the growth of these attributes in the old, but increases and enlarges these opportunities in the new. We have abundant evidence in Spiritualism to prove the latter to be true. Progression is the distinctive feature of Spiritualism. Theology of Spiritualism is God, the Father; Humanity, the Son; Spirit, the Holy Ghost.

I believe all systems of religion have their intermediate, only begotten son, but each claims its own only as genuine. The broadest, most liberal and reasonable is certainly with us, and can we ask for more proof than is given us? Can the thought be a reasonable one that consigns to eternal misery all of earth's inhabitants who know not the personal Jesus of Nazareth. They may have possessed the spirit of Christ far more than the intolerant bigot who assumes to damn him. But how long are those "doctrines of devils" to degrade and disgrace the character of man?

The teachings of today hold man to a more rigid accountability for his life and character, than does the teachings of the past. We must suffer the penalty of our own violations. The spirit of Christ will save us from our sins, but not from the effects. Robes are often made white by great tribulation. All that infinite wisdom ordains is for the accomplishment of good. The child may err, but the earthly mother does not her affection. Can God be less affectionate?

No more correct figure can be used than fire, which burns to purify, but theology has recognized only "the letter which killeth," not the "spirit which maketh alive." The external man in the person of Jesus of Nazareth has been the object of worship. Is there any thing, either in past or present inspiration, to justify it? Present inspiration, however, is denied, but the past most firmly insisted upon. It is in our day that life and immortality are being brought to light. Who refuse to receive it? They had Moses and the prophets, and they needed not the preaching of Jesus in his day, and the same mistaken declaration is made now. But hope is welling up within us; a lamp is lighted that will never go out; the city is upon a hill and can not be hid. Life is crowned with a glorious purpose. Not lost to God rules and armies of heaven and earth. The two have noble and only sons passed through the fire, and had a youthful entrance to the Spirit-world in consequence of the late war. Others may yet be sacrificed ere mental slavery is abolished. I live not to mourn their loss, but to rejoice in their victory.

F. THOMSON.

John Mayhew writes: My sympathies are with the *JOURNAL* as ever, and we cannot do well without it. I esteem it the best paper published, and commend it with increased appreciation to all my friends throughout the Western States where I am more widely known than in any other section of the Union.

Truth is an immortal and eternal thing. It be-comes not a beauty which time will wither, nor a courage which may quail before a human tyrant, but only things just and lawful, from which it divides and destroys all that is unjust.

Eastern Fakirism.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, who is well-known to many of our readers as the author of the "Four Georges," etc., etc., has long taken an interest in spiritual and occult subjects. For several seasons he was a regular attendant at the séances of Captain James, and he was at one time, he believes, private seances with Mr. S. C. Hall. The following account, therefore, of what are certainly inexplicable phenomena, written by Mr. Molloy in Algeria, and sent to the *St. James Gazette*, will be read with interest: "Last night an extraordinary religious ceremony was celebrated here by the Alcazar, a fraternity numbering among its members Arabs, Nubians, and Kabyles. The scene of the rite was the open courtyard of a house in the Arab quarter of the town. This courtyard—entrance to which was obtained by a dark, narrow vestibule opening from the street—was paved with red tiles, surrounded by columns supporting horse-shoe-shaped arches, which in turn upheld an upper gallery, the pillars of which were connected by a stone balustrade breast-high. On this occasion the tiles were covered by matting, over which was spread a Persian carpet. In the centre of the carpet, on a low table, on which candles burned, stood a small altar, on which were placed a bowl of water, a sword, and a spear, and the leaf of a prickly-pear. In an apartment looking on the courtyard were venerable chiefs in turbans and snowy burnous—grave, dignified, silent—sat cross-legged on low couches. In the courtyard, seated in like manner and forming a semi-circle round the table with its solitary light, were a number of men, dressed in white, some in robes and some in tunics, and some in a mixture of the two. The men in robes were mostly white-bearded. In the gallery above, veiled Moorish women looked down upon the scene. On a rope suspended from the columns swung an oil-lamp. The courtyard was crowded with dark-faced Arabs and Kabyles, who presented in the half-light a picture no words can paint.

"At a sign from the master of the ceremonies, who was seated in the semi-circle, the sound of which fell in rhythmic measure. To this was presently added a monotonous chant, rising and falling with equal cadence. Occasionally and suddenly there broke from the women above a wild cry, having nothing plaintive and little human, in its tones, appealing like the note of a trapped bird, uncanny as laughter heard in sleep, the while an Arab boy, seated by the turn, during the time from time to time in the burning coils until a heavy fragrant smoke filled the air. When the beating of the tambours had continued for about fifteen minutes, an old man sprang from amongst the spectators into the semi-circle, with all the gestures of a maniac—jumping into the air, flinging his hands wildly about, and swaying his head to and fro in a manner that would have seemed grotesque had it been painful to witnesses. By degrees and with some difficulty the attendant removed his turban, scarf, and short jacket. The tambours now beat more violently, the chant became more vigorous and the incense heavier than before. The old man's face was deathly pale, his eyes were glazed and fixed; his scattered grey hairs stood up as if from fright. His frantic movements gradually increased; and when he had arrived at the crisis of his frenzy, the sword lying on the table was passed to the chiefs, who, bending it, handed it back. The master of the ceremonies then presented it to the fanatic, who, seizing it with a frantic cry and waving it several times over his head, plunged (or seemed to plunge) it into his neck. The blade would not penetrate. Placing the handle of the sword against the shoulder of one near him, he leaned on the point; but with like effect. Having bared his chest, he then caught the sword at the hilt and point, and struck his body with the edge of the blade several times, howling and gesticulating the while; but the skin seemed uninjured. He next struck the point upon his side; but no traces of blood were visible. Finally, he placed one foot upon the burning coals, holding it there for a couple of minutes, and then removing it apparently without injury. After this his gestures became more frantic; he bowed and jumped into the air until he suddenly fell back into the arms of two men.

"Meanwhile two young men had, with piercing cries, jumped into the circle, and each with his arm around the other's waist, swayed their heads backwards and forwards, gently at first, but with ever-increasing violence, until their heads touched their chests and the backs of their heads touched their chests. The strong frame trembled in every limb, their dark faces became distorted. Nothing more terrible can be imagined than the appearance they presented. In due time one was given a red-hot shovel, which he received with frantic yells and gestures of delight, rubbed his fingers on it repeatedly and licked it again and again, crowing after each act with savage glee. The other was then placed on his back, and the first, who had been struck on the eye; but with no apparent injury or pain, he then took the spear, and, resting it against his stomach, struck the handle with a large stone; but though the stone broke, the spear never penetrated beyond the skin. Presently these men fell down exhausted. Others, in the course of the evening, came forward in like manner. In the midst of his contortions one of them took a live scorpion, held it between his eyes, and then, after a moment's pause, he blew it away like a mouthful of the prickly-pear. He blew it; but no blood came from his mouth. This man and another who performed the same feat roared like beasts, and in taking mouthfuls of the prickly-pear thrust forward their heads and snarled at it instead of using their hands, which were free to convey it to their mouths. Later on, two others took long sharp needles, and, having heated them in the flame of the candle, stuck them in their tongues and cheeks.

"The actions I have mentioned were repeated by others; the spectators sitting tranquilly by—those in the semi-circle beating their tambours and chanting incessantly, the Arab boy burning incense, the women crying shrilly from above. Each of those taking part in the spectacle sprang suddenly from the ground where he had been sitting silently; each used the same gestures, and having performed his part came helplessly to the ground. A few minutes served to restore them to their usual composed demeanor; they calmly took their places amongst the spectators, to all seeming neither injured nor fatigued. By the permission of an Arab chief, I was permitted to test the sharpness of the sword and spear. I know the scorpion and the leaf, and that I could not handle the leaf of the prickly-pear."—*Light* (London, England).

Musical Entertainment in Haverhill, Mass.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Ladies Spiritual Aid Society connected with the First Spiritualist Society of this city, gave one of their entertainments in the Good Templar Hall on Thursday evening, January 6th, consisting, first, of one of their superlative suppers, which nearly one hundred persons paid their respective contributions to that benevolent entire satisfaction. After supper, literary and musical entertainment was presented. The choir connected with the society rendered several selections in pleasing style. Miss Merton presented the organ, gave a character song, which was heartily enjoyed.

The Home Orchestra (Miss Jessie Little, Leader), consisting of six granddaughters of Dr. H. H. Nichols of Bradford, Mass., was the centre of attraction for the evening, presenting a programme of scientific music upon the violin, with piano accompaniment by Miss Emma Nichols, one of the sisters. Dr. Nichols, the grandfather of these six young ladies, is one of the old-time Spiritualists, and fully appreciated the heavenly music that is afforded him, to cheer him from the western world of his earthly pilgrimage; more pleasant still that he should enjoy his parental role. May his days be many to enjoy the bliss of blessing.

Miss Della F. Gray, of Boston, and Miss Georgietta Chipman, of Waltham, Mass., both rendered special selections that were heartily enjoyed. Our happy occasion terminated by the Home Orchestra presenting the hymn tune, Dennis, in answer to an encore. It is grand to step outside of the lecture room and the lecture hall once in a while and enjoy a hour of the echoes from the musical wave that is passing over our planet. Spiritualists, I believe we are being brought up into a higher plane of spirituality by and through the agency of the grand and holy music of the present decade. The music of today is full of life—full of soul. It is song without words. Send with it to the reader a word between the lecture and lecture room, and four hours of labor. It will make life all the more enjoyable and your friends more lovable. W. W. CURRIER.

If a man would truly attend to the course of his life, he would discover the entire series of events, as it were, in his mind. Herder's *Philosophy of History*.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

A Man Never Sees His Wife Until He Is Wedded to Her—A Queer Kind of Courtship.

"A Chinese love-letter! Have I any old-fashioned Chinese love-letters in my trunk? Have I a glittering Chinese billet-doux with a monogram like a crow's track? There was never a love-letter written in Chinese. No Chinese maiden ever penned a billet-doux or sent a valentine."

Kather, sadly was this said by a romantic young Chinaman, Mr. Hong Wing, who is noted among the Chinese for the skill with which he plays on the mandolin.

"In China," continued he, "a man never sees his wife until he is wedded to her for life, and sometimes he does not see her then, for she may refuse to remove her veil until three days have elapsed after the wedding. If he doesn't like her he cannot get a divorce, but he may marry another wife, and then another and another, until he has gone through the blindfold lottery often enough to get one that suits him. Some of these Chinese Cruises have hundreds of wives. There was an old bachelor who took it into his head to get married one winter, and he married two hundred wives before he got through. The last wife was his favorite, but the first one is the best."

"If a man never sees his wife before their wedding, how does he make love to her?" "He doesn't make love to her. His mother arranges the match, and his future mother-in-law makes love to him. It is a queer courtship. Children are formally engaged to other children that they have never seen at the tender age of 9 or 10, and after an engagement of ten or twelve years they get married."

"Does a Chinaman ever marry his cousin?" "No; a marriage of cousins was never heard of in China. A man may no more marry his cousin in China than in England a man may marry his deceased wife's sister. You talk about your old family and your old families are only five generations old. In China families are seventy-five and eighty generations old, and every member has a complete record of his ancestors for all those generations. The remotest kinship prevents marriage in China, and if two families have the faintest imaginable kinship seventy-five generations back their children cannot marry."

"What are the most common families in your country?" "The Chens, the Wongs, and the Lees. The Chens are the Smiths of China, the Wongs are the Joneses, and the Lees are the Browns. A Mr. Chen would marry a Miss Wong, but he wouldn't marry a Miss Chen. Perhaps that is the reason why the old folks make the matches. It prevents the Chens from falling in love with one another."

"Are the Chinese educated?" "Yes; they can read and write, draw, paint, and embroider. They never go out on the street with their husbands. A Chinese man and woman were to walk on the street arm-in-arm in their country, as American men and women do they would be mobbed. The women stay indoors. If they wish to visit their mothers they take conveyances. Sometimes they may be seen walking in the park with their children."

"You are married?" "Yes."

"To a Chinese lady?" "No, to an American. I came to this country when a boy 11 years old. Though I was nine thousand miles from China, my mother betrothed me to a little Chinese girl I had never seen. My mother wrote to write to her, how small her feet were, and how pretty she was, and what a beautiful cat-like nose she had. When I was 20 years old my mother sent me a letter saying I was old enough to get married, and must come back to China and marry the girl."

"What did you think about it?" "I thought I was old enough, and so I fell head over heels in love with an American girl in Nevada. I wrote to her, how small her feet were, and how pretty she was, and what a beautiful cat-like nose she had. When I was 20 years old my mother sent me a letter saying I was old enough to get married, and must come back to China and marry the girl."

"What happened?" "The next thing I knew my uncle and four cousins came on to the United States and had me arrested for bigamy. I was taken before a court and tried. My uncle went on the stand and swore that I was in China, and was married."

"What did you do then?" "I thought I was in a box, as you Americans say. The judge asked the witnesses how old I was when I left China. They replied that my mother had picked her out for me, and that in Chinese law, was the same as marriage. The judge said that they didn't have any Chinese statutes in this country and my uncle innocently replied that he would send to China for some. Everybody in the court, except me, and I had lived in the town ever since I came to America, all knew that I had left China a little boy, so the jury acquitted me. My uncle told the judge that he would be beheaded when he went back to China which was a monstrous fib with which he intended to scare the judge. I have never been back to China, and suppose the little girl whom I never saw is a grass widow. Poor child!"—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

The Cause in Cincinnati, Ohio.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have joyfully read your account of the Society of Union Spiritualists of Cincinnati are progressing, since our last Quarterly Meeting, Nov. 1st, Clegg Wright occupied the position of reader, and made a decided impression in his favor, although a few who still cling somewhat to their early teaching, thought he was a little too radical. The false foundation upon which they had anchored their hopes, was completely carried away by his argument. They are now searching the records to see if these things are so, and by April, when he returns to us these friends of his will be earnest supporters.

Miss Helen Stewart Richman, sister of the society as speaker during the month of December in a very satisfactory manner. She gave promise of ranking among the foremost workers for the cause of truth. She kindly remained in the city for three days after her engagement had expired to give the society a benefit, which was enthusiastically received by the large audience assembled. She left our city for London, where she speaks regularly in January, and I am sure she carries with her the warmest wishes of many friends who admire the many good qualities she possesses as a lady and teacher. May her lines be cast in pleasant places, and may she accomplish a great work in the field she has chosen.

During January we have with us the well known speaker and test medium, J. Frank Baxter, of Mass. The thermometer marked below zero last Sunday, but a fine audience came out with morning and evening, to hear this gifted speaker, and were richly repaid for their effort. This lecture was well received, and the spirit tests given were most convincing—all recognized! We feel that a larger hall will soon be a necessity. We hope to secure the best speakers in the field. The management feel proud of their success, as they have closed the second year with such fine prospects for future good work, while the attendance is steadily increasing. We have been able heretofore to pay all bills as they came due each month, and we commence our third year with no one holding a claim for one cent, and have \$300 in the treasury. Our music has been much improved, having bought a new piano; there is a good organ in the hall. Mrs. Rose, the organist, is ably assisted by Miss Evans, contralto, violinist, and on special occasion by Mr. Evans, contralto.

The young people of the society meet for social enjoyment twice each month at the hall, where the evening is spent in dancing, interspersed with a recitation or song. These socials close promptly at 11 o'clock, when all retire in the best of humor and anxiously await the next promised occasion, fraught with so much pleasure to cheer us on our way.

I believe that a goodly number of JOHNNIES were sold last Sunday in the hall. May its influence ever be for the right, be it right.

L. S. MCCRACKEN.

The theological seminary of the Reformed Episcopal denomination, which is being erected in West Philadelphia at a cost of \$200,000, is nearly completed, and will be open for the reception of students at the beginning of the coming school year. The institution will begin its work free of debt and with an endowment of \$25,000.

Chicago ministers think that the girls of the ballet are "inexhaustibly fleshy." This is a natural error, as ministers are not acquainted with peddling except in their own sermons.—*Louisville Post*.

Message from David Teniers, an old Flemish Painter.

The *Medium and Daybreak* gives the following message, as given through a working man in an unconscious trance and taken down, verbatim, by a person in whom they trust. There were two artists, father and son, both of the same name; both were famous, but the son most eminent, and their pictures are in the great European galleries to-day. From some allusions this is probably the son. Their paintings are of the kind described, not religious but scenes in common life, and Rubens was the teacher and friend of the younger Teniers.

The message is of such a striking and peculiar character as to make it probably that the great Flemish artist inspired the medium. Of this our readers can judge by the extracts given, as follows:

This present age has remarkable advantages over those of my days on earth; when too often the pen and the brush of the designer or painter were in the necessitated service of the church, in the lining of altar-pieces, suffering martyr, and *ecce homo*, who reigned supreme.

Neither my life, my pencil, nor myself found much favor among the priesthood. My studies were those of the people by whom I was surrounded, preferring to paint them in their pleasures rather than in their sorrows, so that many of the ruling priests had contemptuous remarks to make. My human subjects are alone worthy of the man. I never was very fond of argument. I was never very forward in thrusting my opinion down any other man's throat; but I had very strong opinions of my own; the one in whom I believed was myself. I believed in the power of my brush, and in the fortune which belonged to the cunning of my hand, so that I took seriously to heart the text: "Enough for the day is the evil thereof, and let the morning provide for itself."

My brush paying my way and leading gradually, yet surely, nearer to fame; gaining me ultimately the possession of a chateau and grounds, of which I was as proud as any man could be, and for this reason, that I had worked for them, and that every stone in it was mine. Yet the priest would often strive to disturb the harmony of my life, which flowed so smoothly and happily for me, by one holding such heretical opinions as my own. I often lightly remarked to a portly priest, that even he would appear better on canvas fasting than fasting.

Realized the events, that are happening now; I looked for some further revelation, that would more closely agree, and ally itself with human reason; for I distinctly realized, that I should be a liar to my own conviction. I made any confession of faith in the theology of my day, recognizing now the convictions of my day on earth, and further than this that the priests suspected me. This means little or nothing in the present day, but it meant a great deal then; for as the German adage goes: "You cannot put two heads under one hat." It was just as impossible for me to wear a mask or use a forked tongue. They knew that their hard doctrines had no influence over my life, were no guide to my conduct. I felt in my own mind a higher spiritualism than what they could teach.

To-day there is a flowing-in of the spirit of God, and men seem to be approaching nearer and nearer to the fulness of all things; those of the past are surrounded by those of the present. Channels are being opened out through which inspiration is flowing into the hearts of all men. I am glad of it; there has been a strange change, when spirits, like myself, men of the sixteenth century, are now the controllers of knowledge that they had this inspiration; but this new explanation, if not on their lips then, was closely instilled in their hearts.

The old medieval theological teaching has had its course, and it must give way to a scientific spiritual explanation of immortality. The old system, like the old castle, was built up stone by stone with a solid masonry resembling a barbed castle of the past; but it is just as uncomfortable to accept it today as the old castles would be to live in and occupy. I do not disparage that book; but I do love you for teaching, that it resembles a garden, and in that garden flowers of rare beauty may be gathered, but that without reasonable precaution weeds will be found mixed with them. I do love you for this, that you teach graduation of claims, either to spiritual reward or spiritual punishment; for this is a teaching of that which we positively know and realize and are living under; teaching the Fatherhood of our Almighty Creator, who is your Father in time, who is your Father in eternity. I am as dear to His heart, despite my careless, thoughtless acts in time, as the saint, who has never offended, and whose thoughts have always been turned towards Him. You are set aside for the time, a model of thought resting on scientific principles, and scientifically and methodically based on what is natural; ending in what is purely spiritual; claiming attention from the truest minds of the present day.

Happy is that man, who is attempting to promote the happiness of others by that teaching, and by a trust, that bestows most happiness to a man. . . . I do not know, dear Recorder, why I have permitted myself to drift into such a rambling story. It certainly is not my intention when I came, I was sent to you, that I might make one of a number in trying again to use with that lightning rapidity, which belonged to me on earth, my pencil and brush. I am one whose brush was always busy; one whose works alone would nearly cover the walls of your annual exhibition; one who joined heart and soul with a happy painter, preferring him and his smock frock to the priest in his black robes. Dear Recorder, God bless you. David Teniers bids you good morning!

Death of a Prominent Italian Medium.

(Medium and Daybreak London.)

I have to announce the demise of one of the greatest of mediums, and a fervent Spiritualist, in Italy. Francis Scaramuzza, of Parma, left this material sphere of life for the realms of light, on the 15th ultimo, at the ripe age of 83 years and 5 months. His life had been a most laborious one, he was a painter and as a medium. The most noteworthy monuments he leaves after him are his mediumistic poem, "Poema Sacro," inspired, or dedicated, by "Aristo," and the illustrations of Dante's "Divina Commedia," consisting of two hundred and forty large-sized pen and ink etchings. The "Poema Sacro," containing twenty-four thousand lines, and descriptive of the life in the work of a medium, is a literary excellence, would do honor to the literature of any idiom. In the introduction to this great work he avers that he never was engaged in study of literature, and never composed poetry, and only when he became a medium, at the advanced age of 64, he felt impelled to write verses, to the great amazement of himself and friends. As for his etchings, in the production of which he spent 17 years of almost constant labor, he was a medium of mediumistic origin had an impress of the ideal which renders them of incomparable artistic beauty.

I never knew this remarkable man personally, and not knowing his demise, I last week, purposely visited Parma in order to make his personal acquaintance, when I was informed of his apotheosis. I learned from his widow, a thorough Spiritualist, of the remarkable effect Spiritualism had on her husband's disposition, which, from fiery and impatient became calm and enduring. Scaramuzza being a distinguished artist, President of the Society of Painters and notwithstanding his Spiritualism, universally respected, was buried with public honors, the pall being supported by the Mayor and Corporation, and followed by the principal Orders of the Kingdom. He died at the sign of the times, which become more and more tolerant with respect to Spiritualism.

We have had in Florence another couple of mediumistic jugglers. Six weeks ago Signor and Madam Fornari announced their presence, and that they would exhibit not only leggedomain but also spiritual phenomena. Of course I went to see, and although I have long ago ceased to wonder, I saw that which I should have scarcely credited. This medium-conjuror, who is a Neapolitan, after exhibiting some very mediocre feats of leggedomain, put his wife in the cabinet, and showed all the usual phenomena of instruments playing, etc., etc. He then made the medium leave the cabinet, and after making numerous meandering passes on the interior of the cabinet, he lighted a candle, and invited one of the committee to enter the cabinet and stand on the closing (in cabinet), the coat of the blindfolded prisoner was unceremoniously thrown out of the cabinet, the coat being turned inside out. There followed some such kicks and blows from the inside, that Signor Fornari hastened to open, when the committee man rushed out pale, bewildered, trembling. Something had frightened him. Now the la-

stantaneous projection of the coat and its being turned inside out, apart from the undoubted respectability of the person and his unmistakable state of fright, precludes all idea of a mere conjuring trick or collusion. It is also noteworthy that Signor Fornari (alias Fornari), having placed his performance as Spiritualism. The fact is that of late the discussion of Spiritualism has been so frequent in the best daily papers of this country, that the subject is becoming more and more familiar in the public mind.

Florence, Italy.

G. DAMIANI.

Ridiculing Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The *Chicago Times* in Monday's edition, publishes an account of one of the various meetings held by Spiritualist societies on Sunday in this city. It is an extremely absurd relation and exhibits the ignorance and prejudice on these subjects, of a paper so widely known.

Spiritualism as a science can be ridiculed, as every science can, whether it is composed of great and important principles, or otherwise. But as a religion, a religion that teaches the human soul a beautiful beyond, an everlasting life, which placed in perfection, whose only God is goodness—it can not be imagined why such a grand belief alone (even if not a knowledge) could be scoffed at by those who claim to be the saviors and propagators of a great nation. The correspondent must have been, indeed, a narrow-minded and short-sighted individual, to have let escape some of the refined and beautiful thoughts, happiness to be lost; or the kind words of advice and sympathy to those whose lives are darkened by misfortune and sorrow, and saw nothing but a few immaterial defects of those who (though doing more for the world than some of the greatest names that could be mentioned) are simply classed as mediums. It is time, Mr. Editor, that the world should realize true refinement and progression—especially among the newspaper classes—should the true work of reform upon these principles go on. It is useless to note the arrogance, selfishness, and ignorance that now predominate the press of America.

A. L. COVERDALE.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Gov. Lee of Virginia is credited with being the champion checker-player of the South.

There are 46,145 German Methodists in the United States, with 6,339 probations and 623 ministers.

The hospital Sunday collections this year in London have yielded \$200,000, the largest amount ever obtained.

The gospel is preached in the United States by members of the Lutheran church in thirteen different languages.

Sunday-school Teacher—Now, children, can any of you tell me who Methuselah was? Small Scholar—He was a chestnut.

W. G. Desbler, a millionaire banker of Columbus, O., has presented the Woman's Benevolent Society of that city with a check for \$100,000.

God does not pamper the good man with delicious fare but tries him; he accustoms him to hardship and prepares him for himself.—*Seneca*.

An Ontario minister prayed, one recent Sunday morning, as follows: "Lord, bless our servant-day who are detained from joining in the worship of Thee by the sleeping of their masters and mistresses."

An Open Question—Parson: "I hope for a mild, open winter." Layman: "I hope for a hard winter." Parson: "But my dear sir, think of the poor." Layman: "Great Scott, man, think of the Jobogang club!"

The crucial test of a thoughtful mind is a sense of the mystery of life in this world; of our being and destiny. The mind that regards everything as common and as a matter of course, has not begun to think.

Mother—Did you pray in your Sunday school, today Johnny? Johnny—Yes, mamma. Mother—That's a good little boy, always pray in Sunday-school. Father—But what did you pray for? Johnny—I prayed for it to let out.

Gladstone received \$1,250 for his article in the *Nineteenth Century Review* on Tennyson's poem. This is said to be the largest price ever paid in England for so short an essay. It was written in three days, and critics say it bears evidence of hasty composition.

The Emperor of China is the shortest monarch in the world, being only five feet tall; the Emperor William of Germany is the tallest, being six feet six inches tall; Prince Albert of Germany, nephew of the Emperor, is six feet six inches tall; the Emperor of Russia is nearly six feet.

The largest organ in the world has just been completed and placed in the Lutheran Cathedral church at Riga. The colossal instrument measures 36 feet in width, 32 feet from back to front, and is 65 feet high. It contains no less than 6,825 pipes, distributed among 124 sounding-pipes.

Bishop Lightfoot urges a closer following of the primitive custom of "breaking bread" every Lord's day. He states that in the county of Durham, of 234 parishes, 105 have a communion table, and 129 have a fast night, and 67 once a month, only three parishes allowing longer periods to elapse.

A mandament from Cardinal Tacheraun, read in the Catholic churches in Montreal, prohibits Catholics from attending the meetings of the Salvation army. Persons disobeying would commit mortal sin. Tracts and hymn-books distributed by Salvationists must be thrown into the fire.

A missionary in Japan writes that he was lately invited by a Buddhist priest to preach in his temple, something unheard of before. The missionary adds that a marvelous change is taking place in the minds of the people. He says,

MAGNETISM.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is safe to say that one million dollars have been spent in the United States during the past year by gullible people for different kinds of magnetic appliances to be worn on the body to improve health. It would have been as wise to have expended it for pea nut poultices. From them some strength would have been absorbed into the system and the outlay would not prove wholly worthless. In this city an old man tramps the streets with a little horse shoe charm constructed of zinc and copper. The amount of metal in it is worth not to exceed a cent. The making and finishing for the market will not cost more than six cents. They sell so well for \$1.50 that three hundred of them were disposed of in one month. Now one of our enterprising friends is getting up a magnetic night cap. This is to soothe the nerves, restore vigor, make people (even those of bad conscience) sleep soundly, and rise in the morning with the primitive strength of fresh created Adams.

It is hardly to be supposed that many people will understand much about electricity and magnetism. They are mysterious forces that require long study and investigation to become familiar with. For this very reason every charlatan seizes on them to impose upon a credulous public and get their money so he will not have to work to live. He can tell them any thing in regard to his magnetic humbug and they are not able to dispute it. I wish to warn the patrons of the JOURNAL against investing in this direction. I feel competent to do so for I have made a protracted study of both electricity and magnetism. A distinction must be made between what I shall term electrical magnetism and animal magnetism. It is unfortunate that the term magnetism has been applied to that peculiar soul-force that is associated with will power. The word was appropriated because there was no substitute, or new word coined to clothe the thought. So the peculiar power that accompanies electricity, or that dwells in a fixed magnet, has become mixed up with mind force, and that without the least relevancy, for there is not so much in common between them as there is between heat and mind.

It cannot be demonstrated that electrical magnetism has the least or any influence whatever upon the animal organism. Sir William Thompson placed his head between the poles of the strongest electro-magnet in Europe, so that his brain was saturated with the strongest magnetic force, and in this position he had the electrical current turned on and off repeatedly, so as to magnetize and de-magnetize the poles, and he was not able to detect the least effect or sensation upon himself by the beginning, continuance, or cessation of the magnetism, in a field so strong that it would have readily suspended a half ton of iron. I took special pains to investigate this subject, by calling on an intelligent engineer, who for two years has lived more than half the time in a field of magnetism so strong that it would run a good watch in half a minute. The whole atmosphere in the room is pervaded by the magnetism thrown off by light to ten large dynamo machines. Even the nails in the window casings are so magnetic that if you touch them with a loose nail they will grip it fast. Is this man's duty to pass around these machines continually, and thus he walks through a dense pervading magnetism so that every part of his body is permeated by it. My inquiries were if he could detect from his experience any effect either beneficial or deleterious from his continued relations to the magnetic force; if he discovered that it in any degree made him nervous or restless; or if it impaired or improved his digestion. He replied fully that he believed from his observation that magnetism was a subtle force that was entirely inert towards any of the functions of life; that it is incapable of sensibly affecting or modifying the animal organism. He had discovered nothing either in himself or from others who had worked in a similar position to his own, to lead him to believe that magnetism had in it any remedial or curative qualities. "Why," said he, "if it had we could readily arrange a gallery about our dynamos and run a most profitable sanitarium. We could sell sittings for so much an hour, so that invalids could come and take a magnetic bath; for they can get more magnetism here in ten minutes than there is in a ton of their magnetic belts in a year."

I cannot close this article without further giving warning against the employment of electricity as a remedial agent. In general electricity is a destructive and disintegrating agent, and in the hands of an ignoramus, it can produce most mischievous and disastrous results. There is nothing that it can accomplish as a curative agent that cannot better be done by heat, and the latter is the cheaper, more convenient, and better understood remedy.

I have been impelled to write the foregoing because many of the cranks who have attached themselves to the science of Spiritualism for the purpose of living off the credulous public, display among their paraphernalia elaborate magnetic and electrical appliances, the knowledge of the use of which only extends to the fact that they are efficient aids in transferring the cash of their dupes to the pocket of the practitioner. Those mediums that have the gift of healing should discard the term magnetism, as inappropriate in connection with their methods.

Denver, Col.

C. H. M.

"Too Great Prosperity."

Never before, we think, in history has a country been perplexed and pestered by its too great prosperity. We have substantially paid off all the national debt due and payable this century, and are accumulating a surplus at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year. What to do with it is the problem of national finance. Reduced taxation would be the very natural solution; but this cannot be done without so considerable a reduction of the tariff as to interfere with its protective character, and against this something very like half the country, possibly much more than half, protests. The latest scheme of providing for the surplus is embodied in a bill introduced by Congressman Scott, of Pennsylvania, providing that the Treasury shall loan the surplus to the national banks at two per cent. interest on call. The *Christian Union* is not, as our readers are aware, afraid of considering propositions because they are socialistic in their tendency. But the socialistic audacity of this proposition fairly takes our breath away, and we hardly know what to make of the fact that the most radically socialistic proposition seriously made to Congress comes from so sound a thinker as Mr. Scott, who is one of the ablest business men in Congress, and comes in the interest of the national banks. It is nothing more or less than a proposition to levy a tax on the banks, the sugar, the tools, the household and personal necessities of every American in order to lend the product at an incredibly

low rate of interest to the men, who apparently need it least; namely, those who have good commercial credit with the banks. If the United States Government is going into the money-lending business, why not lend direct on bond and mortgage to the small farmers in the West, who now have to pay from eight to twelve per cent. interest?—*Christian Union*.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

LETTER FROM THE HON. A. H. DAILEY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Directors Meeting of the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association met at the Crawford House this morning, to look after the matters of the Association, and take action relative to the session to be held at Lake Pleasant in the year 1887. The President, Dr. Joseph Beale, was re-elected last August, so there was no election of officers as many supposed there would be.

All of the Board of Directors were present except Mr. Terry of Los Angeles, Cal., who has gone with his wife on a trip through Mexico. The meeting was called to order by Dr. Beale, and the reports of the clerk and treasurer were severally read and approved. The financial condition of the Association is very flattering. The indebtedness has been steadily reduced, and notwithstanding the building of the bridge from the old to the new grounds over the outlet of the lake and the chasm between, only about \$1,000 is owing by the Association.

It was voted to hold a camp meeting, commencing on Saturday, the 30th of July, and ending on Monday, the 29th of August, which gives five Sundays. It was also voted to furnish early comes to the Lake with the use of the lamps at any time before, and to extend the protection of the Association to the 15th of September to such as remain over. This will be a decided gain on all previous arrangements, and will be recognized as a step towards making the place in reality a summer resort; and the future improvements of a more permanent character than the former have been.

Appropriations were made for the necessary expenses of the coming meeting. The really important work of to-day's meeting was that which related to the purchase of the grounds by the Lake Pleasant Association; and that the public be not misled, let it be understood that the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association is one body, and the Lake Pleasant Association is quite another. The Lake Pleasant Association is an association of persons who have purchased the grounds of the Fitchburg Railroad where the New England Spiritualist camp meetings have been held at Lake Pleasant. They have done this because the latter Association was unable to raise the means of purchasing the grounds, and their lease was to be sold to other parties, and to enable the New England Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association to continue their meetings and its members to secure titles to the land they have improved, the entire grounds lying westerly from the railroad, with all the buildings and improvements belonging to the railroad company, have been bought by the Lake Pleasant Association, and thus a new relation has been established. I think all of the Lake Pleasant Association are members of the N. E. S. Camp Meeting Association, and have hazarded their money in the investment for the common good of both Associations. It became necessary in order to deal with the railroad, that the lease with it should be cancelled. The Board of Directors were instructed to do this by the camp meeting last August, upon making satisfactory arrangements with the parties purchasing the grounds. Those arrangements were anticipated by the Lake Pleasant Association in its articles of association. The Lake Pleasant Association gives the Camp Meeting Association the use of the grounds free of rental to hold its meetings; it gives it the rentals of all of the present buildings on the grounds which belonged to the railroad; it also gives the Camp Meeting Association one-quarter of all the net proceeds of sales of lots, of rents and of lots; of railroad revenues, and puts the grounds in order, repairs its buildings and does the necessary pumping to supply the camp with water. The remaining proceeds of sales, etc., go to repay the purchasers their advances, and to improve the grounds, with power in the managers in their discretion, to do as much more to make the united enterprise a success as they think essential.

The old grounds have been carefully surveyed, and new streets laid out, and many cottages placed in line and something like order now appears. Each lot has its exact dimensions given on a map, and all will be carefully appraised independent of improvements. When the sales will begin is not yet stated. To me there was a manifest disposition to under value the lots, considering the object in view. There should be a surplus of \$10,000 in the hands of the trustees of Lake Pleasant Association, to apply to improving the grounds and erection of buildings, without selling a lot upon the new grounds. Those who want the choice lots, should compete for them at a public sale with provision that the purchasers should pay for all improvements, in addition to the price of the lot. This would be likely to bring a revenue of some considerable amount.

But in no instance sell a lot under the appraisal. These are my views on that important part of the plans before the Lake Pleasant Association. As it is desired to make Lake Pleasant a place of beauty, health, comfort and usefulness, the wherewithal to accomplish it, must be raised, and if not from the sale of lots, then how shall it be done? All that can be derived from the sale of the new grounds will be required for the same purpose, and most of this part of the property should be held in reserve for the present. Beyond this, many persons desire the establishment upon these grounds of a home for a class of persons whose service in the cause has been at the sacrifice of health, or whose condition is such as to require aid from others. I certainly favor this and hope the Lake Pleasant Association will take some steps in this direction. From what I know of the ladies and gentlemen of whom it is composed, and from the sentiments I heard them express, I believe they are in accord in this matter. Therefore, let persons who purchase upon these grounds understand to what they are contributing in the purchase of their lots, and also consider that the more the place is improved, the more the value of the lots they purchase will be enhanced.

Boston, Jan. 8th, 1887.

Notes from Onset.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The tenth annual meeting of the stockholders of the Onset Bay Grove Association, was held in Eagle Hall, Boston, Mass., January 11, 1887. President Crockett called the meeting to order, and read the call for the same. The clerk read the minutes of the last annual meeting and the treasurer made his

annual report, showing cash on hand Jan. 1, 1886, \$522.65; gross receipts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1886, \$50,668.66; gross expenditures for the year ending Dec. 31, 1886, \$19,244.70; cash on hand, \$1,346.65.

The following Board of Management was elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. D. Crockett; Vice-president, George Hosmer; Clerk, E. Gerry Brown; Treasurer, E. J. Johnson; Directors, Alfred Mash, Simon Butterfield, Cyrus Peabody, W. W. Currier and Mrs. J. P. Ricker.

Every share of stock was represented and a lively interest manifested.

W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass., Jan. 12, 1887.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

RE-INCARNATION.

BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

I have just read Mr. J. J. Morse's well expressed remarks upon the above subject, and feel like saying that they deserve reading twice over by all persons interested in such obscure and profound subjects. We can never all think alike upon subjects on which the imagination has to supply all the facts. There are some Spiritualists I know, of excellent parts, that would affirm that all existing personal intelligence in the material and spiritual world can swap off one existence for another at will in conformity with conditions and laws of the soul-world. Probably no objective facts could be brought forward in support of such a proposition. There can be no science without facts. I am not aware of any man yet able to show how a spirit can re-incarnate itself in a body and chatter itself again through the mortal mazes of this world. A man with large wonder can believe easy. Wonder is the basis of religion. Unreasonable religions have been those that made the largest demand upon credulity. Miracles excite wonder. Cause—that wonderful word which theologians prize so much—inspires wonder.

The origin of nature inspires wonder. Man does not know the genesis of being—not even his own. What a man does know is, that he came from his antecedents. It is an absurdity for a man to say, "God made him," till he has demonstrated that no other "cause" could have made him. God is the last cause we must fall back upon in seeking the truths of nature. We must proceed upon the line of experience, and throw away the old *a priori* method. It is the parent of stupendous errors in philosophy and theology. The theosophist commences all his reasonings upon the assumption that "God is." We cannot know that. We cannot affirm that, because the human mind cannot know anything but its experience of phenomena. The mind on all sides is limited by contradictions. An absolute infinite cause is a contradiction. The word infinite can have no comprehended meaning. God is a word that expresses nothing. Absolute cause is meaningless; there is no idea in the mind it represents. All correct reasoning must begin with the facts of sense. There can be no sensations without an external body to produce it.

The sum of all our knowledge of natural genesis, is that we came from that which existed before us. If the human soul be an entity, or a thing having body and form, it has always existed, or it has been evolved, or it has been created from nothing. If the soul has always existed the hypothesis of re-incarnation becomes a possibility in nature; if it is evolved it is evolved from the combined energies of matter and spirit, and in body is a compound with qualities of memory, feeling, and intelligence. If the soul has been created, it must have been created from something like itself, or from something different from itself. It could not have been created from something like itself, for that would be simply the continuation of the same thing. It could not have been created from nothing, because from nothing nothing can come. Therefore the hypothesis that the soul of man has been created, or the garden-story that, "God breathed into man a living soul," must be given up. Then the soul has always existed, or it has been evolved. The soul may have always existed; if it has always existed it has done so in form; it has been body for a past eternity. The soul is the thinking body, and must have been eternally thinking; but we have no experience of even being eternally thinking. Our knowledge of thinking does not even go back to our cradle. The pre-existence of the soul is beyond knowledge.

The hypothesis that the soul is evolved from the combined energy of matter and spirit, is reasonable, because it is in this way that we see nature at work. Mind has a physical basis. It never perfectly acts independent of its body. The figure and quality of the brain determine the power of the mentality. The soul is the product of death. After that event its development is so complete as to have acquired conscious capacity apart from gross matter. Death marks the growth.

Jesus Christ believed in re-incarnation; he believed also in socialism. We reject both doctrines as unsupported by the experience and wants of man. Men who have large wonder and social sensibility turn reformers, and start air-balloons for the amusement of mankind. There is no more in the silly doctrine than there is in the immortal conception of the Virgin, or that Alexander was begotten by Juno.

These fallacious doctrines live in ill-trained minds, that have set up within them a standard of all truth, which is nothing but the fog of a philosophical imagination, or which has been sometimes called the inner or spiritual discernment of truth. This interior shortcut to truth has never made a lasting science, and never will.

Newton, Kansas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An Angel's Rebuke.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Behold our Mother Earth, her history is like our own. From chaos, impenetrable gloom and poisonous vapors she rolled into her appointed orbit. "Mid flames and seething billows of unredeemed elemental forces she toiled for countless years, and then came forth gashed and seared on her whole round bosom. Every inch of surface has been a battlefield, a burial-ground, a thousand times, and still the work goes on. Shall we despise the grandeur of her mountains because born of mad upheavals? Shall we mock her majesty because it grew through epochs of toil and pain? Shall we stop our ears to the music of the sea because once dead silence reigned, and close our eyes to the glory of the Summer day because it came from depths of rayless midnight? Then why regret our own infancy with its attendant helplessness, or youth, because it had eras of its own, as necessary links to manhood and womanhood as the first blade of corn to the full ear? Why regret the learning of that alphabet of grief by which we are enabled to interpret the

sublime tragedies and crowning sympathies of human life? Shall the lily condemn the soil or the root from which it sprung?

The things that have been named as proof of eternal pain, are so only to the weak and ignorant. The wise and strong behold even in life's follies the best of teachers. If we stumble and fall, we should rise again, not execrating the path, but looking more carefully for a safe place where to rest the foot. He who wastes time in bootless regret is stealing from God's pure treasury. Regret is worse than hardness of heart if it saps our courage and is useful only as a spur to higher endeavor.

Let the dead leaves of last year lie undisturbed! Nature will take care that they serve some wise purpose. They enrich the ground and are resurrected in eternal changes of life and beauty. So our dead hopes, our vanished dreams, our faded flowers of love are not without their sacred use. Higher and purer possessions take their places, and if we turn not back but look forward and upward, we shall see a new glory of buds and blossoms, a glow of unborn days, flushing the ever-widening horizon, and grateful for the past—the cradle of all the giants of truth, goodness and love—we shall meet the future without fear, trusting in the immutable good forever!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Christian Church an Organized Hypocrisy.

BY GEO. A. SHUFFELDT.

It is a familiar story to all of the civilized world, that about nineteen hundred years ago there appeared in an Eastern country a man of obscure birth and lowly origin, who grew up in his manhood to be a divine avatar, an example for, and a teacher of, the race. This man made neither boasts nor pretensions. He was of a kindly and benevolent nature. He was charitable and unselfish. He went about doing good deeds. He relieved the poor and the suffering, and by the touch of his hands he cured the sick and the diseased. He taught the purest system of morals, and his whole life was an unbroken story of devotion to the well being and good of his fellow man, sacrificing all personal appearances, indulging in no luxuries, living in the simplest and plainest manner, he exemplified his teachings by the methods of his daily life. In after years the human race deified this teacher—turned him into a God and fell down and worshipped him. They organized a church and called it after his name. They filled this church with popes and bishops, cardinals, deacons, priests and presbyters. They made offices and places of pomp and power, and filled them with worldly, wicked and ambitious men. They perverted the simple teachings of the Master; they distorted his code of morals, and ignored his unselfish example. Using his name and pretending to worship his divine nature, they gathered in the weak, credulous and superstitious of the world, until they had built and created an organization, which exerted its evil power all over the civilized earth. They inaugurated wars in which the blood of millions of human beings was spent; they invented instruments of devilish torture, and in the name and for the cause of Christ they roasted alive more than two hundred thousand human beings. Christ laid his hand on the suffering one and said, "Be well. Your pain shall cease." But in the fires of the Inquisition lighted by his followers, the cries of agony and the shrieks of pain wrung from tortured bodies, testified to the power of the church in enforcing the example and teachings of its founder. He gave his all to the poor, and enjoined his followers to do the like. They obeyed his injunctions by wringing millions of money from the toil and sweat of the world and spending it in riot and debauchery. They levied taxes on commerce and sold indulgences to sin, and then used the enormous revenue for purposes of prostitution and vice.

Christ disclaimed all pretenses to earthly and temporal power. He lived and died among the poor and dependent people of Jerusalem. His church, postponing its heavenly pretensions, has sought only to rule the temporal world, and in this, its divine mission, it has created and deposed kings, emperors and rulers, and has for nearly fifteen centuries involved the whole civilized world in broils, quarrels and sanguinary wars.

Professing his doctrines of love, charity and mercy, the church has laid its iron hand upon the ignorant, the weak and the helpless of earth, and bound them down hand and foot. One has only to read Ranke's "History of the Popes" to learn of the debauchery, robbery, scandal, murder, arson and other frightful crimes committed by these representatives of Christ. For a thousand years, the darkest days of the world's history, the Christian church ruled the earth with undisputed power, and it has left a record written in letters of fire and blood. What, then, is this church but a band of organized hypocrites, professing one thing and practicing another? What is it but a worldly machine, kept in motion for the benefit of its priests and preachers who do not believe the superstitions they preach, and maintain the organization only for the emoluments it brings?



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Readers of the JOURNAL, are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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CAN SPIRITUALISM SPIRITUALIZE?

On the 9th inst., an article with the above title, and written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, was published simultaneously by a syndicate of leading dailies, including the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and Louisville *Courier-Journal*. As the article was copyrighted by the purchaser who supplied the papers, the JOURNAL is unable to reproduce it. From the numerous re-joinders received by us, a synopsis is here offered our readers. Hudson Tuttle, J. J. Morse and Mrs. R. S. Anderson furnish the material.

J. J. MORSE.

That the character of phenomenal Spiritualism is exciting the critical consideration of the literary and professional classes, is an indication that the era of combined contemptuous indifference and acrid abuse, is happily drawing to its close. It is also a prophecy of better days for psychical experimentalists, promising them a calmer hearing and a more respectful attention at the hands of those, who, with more or less reason, assume a right to be heard in regard to such matters, though standing themselves outside thereof. The opportunity such improved conditions of thought presents to the advocates and supporters of Spiritualism, is too important to be heedlessly ignored. Intellectual self-efficiency is the sure creator of personal hostility in the listener or observer that is its subject. This present century, since 1848, marks a period during which, the first time since the advent of Christianity, a persistent and intelligent attempt has been maintained to penetrate the mystery of death by a more or less precise and careful interrogatory of the latent powers of our common nature. The demonstrations of the existence of subjective powers in our being, that the mesmerists of Europe and America have given, from Anton Mesmer downward, go a long way upon the road to prove the reality of a range of super-sensuous faculties as facts in man's nature, while the mesmeric trance as near to death as artifice can come, and its subject live—evidences that sight, hearing and cognition can all be had while their ordinary channels are insensible to any test the most exacting can apply.

Consciousness depends upon organic environment. What is the character of the environment of the consciousness of the mesmerized sleeper? Must it not be an environment that is one degree, at least, nearer the consciousness itself, since it sees, hears and knows of things the objective environment is, by its condition at this time, insensitized from cognizing, and things, too, in the nature of the case, that if the environment was in its normal state even, it could not then have cognition concerning? The real question at the base of present-day doubt, from the extremes of coarsest materialism on the one hand, and dilapidated agnosticism upon the other, is not, do spirits come back to earth? but, are there spirits in our bodies now? The *a priori* fact is the *posteriori* evidence of Spiritualism are to many minds "out of court" until the foundation upon which they must surely rest is proved.

To-day, psychology—mesmerism—is the *a priori*, and spirit communion the *posteriori*, of human immortality. The first is a measurable proof of a spirit now; the second a measurable evidence of a spirit hereafter. This much, then, in justice to the cause of Spiritualism that is now receiving more courteous treatment from friendly critics outside its pale.

Among the deliverances that have of late appeared, indicating on the part of those

making them, more or less of willingness to enter the experimental paths of Spiritualism, the one which is likely to excite considerable attention, alike outside as well as within our ranks, is that from the cultivated mind of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the gifted authoress of "The Gates Ajar" and "Beyond the Gates,"—books that, undoubtedly, have numbered their readers by the millions. The last named of the above works expressed so much that is on a par with the communications Spiritualists are so familiar with, as received through their finer sensitivities, that it is difficult to realize it was but a purely literary effort of its cultured writer.

It may be freely admitted that any contribution from Miss Phelps is at all times worthy of an earnest and sympathetic consideration. The one in question, "Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?" is worthy of, and ought to receive, the attentive perusal of Spiritualists throughout the United States. The distinguished writer while unsparringly criticising, displays an earnest desire to find firm ground—free from bog, morass, weeds or noxious things, even be it the bare and rugged rock of truth, all uncarpeted by the velvet lie, so it be rock, and firm based, and she at once enchants our sympathies. Her deep desires bespeak a noble unrest that thousands share with her, for as a type she is to-day representative, not distinct. Distinctly and emphatically she defines her own position thus: "It may be worth while to say precisely here that the writer of these columns is not a Spiritualist," consequently, as may be expected, her brief is that of the critic—yet a not altogether unfriendly, if at times an uninformed one.

An examination of her thesis reveals that it is critical and didactic in its major tones, while a sort of half-hearted, hopeful doubting marks the minor strain. Critically all that she says has been said before, sometimes better said, sometimes worse said, and by no means infrequently these ten years past in the columns of the paper wherein these lines will be seen. Every worker for the best interests of psychical research and spiritual fact admits that promiscuous and doubtfully administered seances and mediumship that profess to give and do, in a supernatural sort of way, all that is called in other walks of life as fortune telling, brings discredit upon a Spiritualism proper, and repels many a seeker who is matured as is the writer under consideration. But our writer must be absolutely uninformed if her supposition is that such matters and their patrons are all there is in Spiritualism, and evidently the nature of her criticisms will lead most of her readers to assume such is her opinion in the premise. The simple fact is that the law of supply and demand holds good, and until humanity is unfolded to a higher degree, collectively, than it has attained to-day, there will always be some—or many—that are satisfied with folly, are content to be under the influence of superstition, and willing to use the thickest to help their lowest needs. So long as such continue, there will be those willing to minister to, and profit by, them. In a word, the ship is not responsible for the barnacle that clings to it, but the captain is if he fails to keep his vessel free. This is in fact the point of our critic's case, for in effect, it is urged that Spiritualists are responsible for the harpies, frauds and cheats that, barnacle-like, have attached themselves to their cause.

Re dealing with this issue a word or two upon the perhaps unintentional but scarcely innocuous inference our critic makes that mediums and Spiritualists are mainly of the sort she refers to. Professional Spiritualism, like professional orthodoxy, is not a just criterion of judgment, though in each case public life is the handiest criterion to obtain. Ministers and mediums are but human. Christians and Spiritualists are mutually neither better nor worse than the average citizens around them, while experimental fact does not depend on character, supposing the fact to be susceptible of verification by outsiders, which is true in this case.

The results of the inquiries of an Edmonds, Hare, Mapes and Sargent, of the United States; of a Crookes, Varley, Cox, De Morgan, Chambers, Challis and Wallace in England; and Du Prel, Fichte, Zollner, Bontleiff and Flammarion on the continent of Europe, can not be lightly disposed of on a basis reared by the "smart" reporter of the average lively daily. It is a question of fact, and sentiment or rhetoric is outside the issues involved. Spiritualism in private life must be a sealed book to our earnest critic. Mediumship in private life is surely outside of her knowledge. There is in private life an ever increasing stream of spiritual fact and belief, which is constantly finding an outlet in the ministrations of pulpit, press and personal unfolding. Our critic is in earnest, but real needs knowledge, and the weakest of all leaders or critics are they who undervalue those they marshal their forces against.

When our essayist becomes didactic her counsel becomes as absolute as her criticisms are trenchant, but in the latter instance with more of strength than in the former case. Though even here a trifle of weakness intrudes itself in her expressed or implied faith in the ability of outside bodies to deal with, and determine upon, our facts. The inconsequent conclusions of the Harvard investigations in 1857, the Dialectical Society, Eng., in 1860, the indefinite approach of the English Society of Psychical Research during the past four years, are not calculated to inspire even the most earnest Spiritualist with too much faith in such agencies. So, if correct, it is not quite miraculous, or repre-

hensible, if but "ten in the whole country respond" when another bran new tribunal calls for testimony.

Spiritualists have rights equally with their critics, and counselors. The nauseating scenes of the dissecting room are, in faith, disgusting enough, but comparative anatomy and physiology have grown therein. Some parts of Spiritualism—so-called—are repellent enough, but even so admitting, does that part contain any truth? The safety of the work rests upon an unemotional dissection of its facts—facts first, the philosophy hereafter. We are counseled to come "from" our "dens and fens," "alleys and corridors," to "turn off" our "paid mediums"—and more similarly—which proves our counselor has seen, or knows of, but the darker side of her subject, and in her great anxiety to find the truth overlooks all but her immediate experiences. A morbidness is implied, as of one apart who feels her own needs of greatest import, yet strives to cover them under a general thesis which at times comes dangerously near the *ad captandum* style of a rhetorician rather than the healthier tone of the judiciary; however, our counselor is so terribly anxious on our behalf, that it is pardonable if she at times lapses from her own desired ideals. Let her find "surcease from sorrow" on our behalf in what follows.

Spiritualism asks a candid inquiry. It repudiates charity, immorality and "stealing the liver of heaven to serve the devil with," generally. As the writer understands it, the purpose Spiritualists have in view is to demonstrate the truth of immortality by actual communication between the living and the so-called dead. It cannot be too emphatically insisted upon that this is altogether a matter of evidence and experiment. We all would, doubtless, wish that religion, Spiritualism, politics, society, were rid of all who trade and batten thereon, but our imperfections compel us to do the best with man as he is, and systems as they are, ever striving to lift them to higher planes of thought and movement.

However, if we urge our rights in self-defense, we must not avoid our duties. Our duties are ourselves; to sift, examine and investigate always. We, above all people, cannot afford to take anything as granted, until proved. We must trace the dividing lines between hysteria and inspiration; between "tricks that are vain" and genuine psychic facts; between marvels that are due to spirits and marvels that are due to latent powers and forces within ourselves; between "messages" that are the reflex of buried memories in our own minds, and the veritable voices from beyond the tomb; between intelligence and drive—the windy verbiage of vacuity and verbosity—that is but mental slush—and the not too frequent breezes from the vernal hill tops of inspiration's breezy heights. We must admit that death gives no license that life denies. We must, in the words of our counselor, "turn up your [our] gas," lest we see our rare and admirable agency become a larderhouse of superstition, folly and intellectual senility. Truth never fears the light; error alone shrinks from its beauty. We must not be mocked or deceived, nor are we.

Spiritualists! a new order is coming, an order of things that shall conserve the highest and best in all things; that shall cause Spiritualists to pursue their quest for truth's sake, and for life's sake only. We have all that can help us; but the demands of the times are, character in our representatives, accuracy in our experiments, judicial calmness in our records, and a reversal of the methods that include the promiscuous public circle, where any Tom, Dick or Harry, can, "for a consideration," be amused, mystified, disgusted, or enlightened, as the chances may be. Public mediums are a necessary and useful class, and where they can give undeniable proof of spirit return, have as much right to pay, honestly earned, as a minister, physician, or any other craftsman.

We need have no cavil with the able authoress of "Beyond the Gates." She has written, doubtless, as she felt. We may lament her experience of Spiritualism—its mediums, literature, and personnel—which has evidently been extremely limited, accepting her article as *bona fide*; a more extended acquaintance with the subject will convince her she has but touched upon its outer fringe. Let her and all like her rest assured that Spiritualists—those she regards as the "more intelligent sort of Spiritualists"—deplore the evils she advert to, recognize the full importance of their facts, and are as anxious to keep their cause as clean as ever can their best friends outside desire it should be.

In the words of our critic, "Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?" Yes, if you find the right sort; but this is outside the implied limits of her article. Her quest therein is for facts—proof. The value of the fact lies in the use it is applied to; also its applicability to a given need. Our immediate concern is, do the so-called dead return? Settle that fact first, then its possible effect upon the human race may be discussed. To the pure all things are pure; the converse is also true. Life is a commingling of diverse interests on all points, but a common desire fills all hearts, that of truth. Perhaps, after all, the emotional stimulus of "faith," the sensuous facts of Spiritualism; the yearning "intimations" of the intuitive, the experiments of the psychologist, the superstitions of the Old, are all strands in the one great cable—all varied efforts differing in character with those who make them, as man tries to solve the mystery of death in his hope to prove the eternity of life. In the coming struggle within our ranks the true will prove victorious. A fair field and no favor is all we ask

To our critic, and all such, let it be said, do not scold us too much, but rather, "Come, let us reason together," for our desires are as yours, for truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written a remarkable article under the above title, which has appeared simultaneously in several leading journals. That she has written on this subject, and such journals published with flaming headlines, is a significant sign of the times. She in the beginning admits with strange complacency her disbelief. Spiritualism is an "oblique subject," on which she looks "squarely from the outside," and with amusing assumption of the consequences of her opinions, she proceeds to advise Spiritualists, and lay down the law as to what they must and must not do.

She writes well, as she always does, on whatever subject engages her, but the question demands something more than fine writing. Before she assumed a task fraught with such great consequences, she ought to have posted herself in the personnel, and literature of the spiritual movement. She confuses herself to the "disreputable" nor mentions a name of the vast array of noble men and women who accept Spiritualism exactly as she advises them to do. She knows nothing of the weary struggle for quite a generation, these men and women have made, to make Spiritualism all that is claimed.

She truthfully says that there is a movement on foot among the best class of Spiritualists, "for the purification and clarification of their own standards of faith and knowledge." But how woefully astray is her reason for this: "that it is because this class of beliefs has succeeded in making a clutch or even in getting a grip on the slippery surface of cultivated thought; that cultivated thought seems about to make its first reasonable impression upon the unfortunate conditions which have hitherto controlled the facts and phantasms of mysticism."

There may be, and probably are, many more cultivated minds inclined toward Spiritualism now than at any period of its past history; but that it has just attracted such attention, or that it is being modified by such extraneous influence, is a baseless assumption. It has always counted its cultivated adherents among its leading minds, and can show a list of such minds equal to that any other cause can produce. In the same vein she says: "The amount of it is, that the claims of Spiritualism are too serious not to be made subject to the laws of common sense." Is not this the exact claim of every Spiritualist? And yet by implication they have advocated the reverse, and Miss Phelps has been called on to give them this sage advice!

She indulges in a rhapsody over what a glorious thing Spiritualism would be if true, and says the whole world would gladly accept it if the evidence was forthcoming, and makes this unfortunate admission:

"It is possible that the author of the 'Malay Archipelago,' may feel as much interest in the continuity of life as the author of 'Oshes.' The theory of communication with the dead may even appeal to the distinguished scientists, Crookes or Varley, as well as to the gentlemen who advertise to put you in connection with the secrets of eternity for two dollars."

She is innocent of the fact that Wallace, author of the "Malay Archipelago," is an ardent Spiritualist; that Crookes and Varley, by crucial investigation accepted the facts, as has every one without exception, who has honestly investigated the subject.

Evidently Miss Phelps has either visited mediums, or carefully read the average reporter's story. She graphically describes the abode of a medium, "up flights of dubious stairs, at the foot of which a guest, sensitive to the conveniences of life, may well pause and ponder as to the reputability of his errand." "The room is darkened; the medium has symptoms of epilepsy; a falsetto voice; questions like a lawyer, but after all this outward appearance surrenders disgust."

"Strange questions leap from her wily lips; they are beyond wiliness; startling disclosures follow in her shrewd voice; they are above shrewdness. Words that make the blood rush to the heart embody themselves in her polite accent; they are without the pale of policy. The names of our dead, the circumstances of bereavement, the peculiarities of family history. The nature of one's cruel anxiety or remorse—perhaps the secret of one's heart—this stranger knows as you never saw before, and may never see again, who knows not our face, or name, or social ties, or anything whatever that is pure—such things she tells us, heaven knows how. Thousands of intelligent 'investigators' can testify to these facts; they are beyond dispute, whatever they mean, if they mean enough to be worth dispute."

In the same vein she speaks of a seance: "If she persuade you to her 'circle,' what have you? Still mystery and folly clinging hand to hand. You sit with the gas open, among a motley group such as you would personally encounter nowhere else, unless on an excursion steamboat. In the presence of strange men and women, such, perhaps, as you would not select to inquire your way of in the streets, the most sacred events of your life are handled like the riddles of a guessing game."

There may be and there certainly is a degree of truth in the strictures made on public circles as conducted by public mediums; but we cannot refrain from applying the

same methods of thought to a public medium who came about 1857 years ago and gathered a "motley group" of men and women not over "reputable," and tramped from place to place defying the doctrine of beggary. These were coarse, ignorant fishermen, and magdalenae; none of the "cultivated minds" of the day. The "cultivated minds" sneered at the "motley group," the tramping mob, and at the pretensions of the leader, and declared him a vagabond and a cheat. Had Miss Phelps lived at that day, and had some friend advised her that on the shores of Galilee a wonderful teacher had appeared, healing the sick of body and spirit, she would have said: "Oh! no, I'll not go to hear him, for he is followed by a rabble and has ragged garments; is soiled by the dust of the desert, and as yet 'cultivated minds do not accept him'!" If we read history aright, these same cultivated minds never received him!

Above all things, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wants Spiritualists to bring their cause before the tribunal of scientific investigation; again with charming simplicity ignoring the fact that they have urged this matter for more than a third of a century, and in their own walks been guided by it. She says:

"When a comical Psychological Research Society, Harvard College, Boston, thoroughness, and what not of otherwise and reputable things that no amount of newspaper wit can prevent us from respecting very much indeed—when such a committee calls by circular for cases of mediumistic powers which may be subjected to honorable and scholarly examinations, and only ten in the whole country respond—is it any wonder that the public indulge in a significant smile not altogether reverential to Spiritualism?"

"Believers in spiritualistic faith, you have your chance. It is the best you ever had, or the best you are likely to get. Use it, or you abuse it; it is almost too good a one to be abused. Classes of minds not hitherto occupied with your faith are moving to meet you on the great chess-board where the visible and invisible fight out the game of belief for the age. It is an earnest age, and means to believe something, but means to know the reason why."

Spiritualists will remember when a committee of "Harvard Professors" investigated, under the solemn pledge that they would truthfully report, and in the end suppressed the report that was a vindication of the claims of mediumship. If the American Society for Psychical Research, follows the wake of its English namesake little can be hoped of it. Harvard professors, college professors everywhere, and "scientific men" generally, have as a rule proved themselves utterly incompetent as investigators of Psychical Phenomena.

Miss Phelps talks as if it was the duty of every Spiritualist to become a ranting propagandist, and exert every force to proselyte. She here mistakes the spirit of the cause. As the most comforting philosophy of life, the most satisfactory and perfect, it is the wish of every believer that all may share its benefits; but at the same time the believer knows that the doctrines of Spiritualism are not to be accepted in a day; they are of gradual growth and development. When she would have them brought to the "House of God," does she consider that her incoherent talk about their loving acceptance, is a dream? The pulpit that proclaims the fall of man, eternal damnation, hell with its devil, and heaven with a white-throated God, instead of pravity, redemption only through the blood of Christ, and the saving power of belief in these dogmas, will that pulpit receive with rapture a doctrine of life which overthrows every one of these conceptions from summit to foundation stone?

If there are any minds, cultivated or otherwise—any "classes" who desire to receive the doctrines of Spiritualism or investigate its phenomena, the way is open, and is broad, and every possible assistance will be offered.

The "significant smile" of the public because only ten mediums responded to the invitation of the Harvard professors, may be responded to by quite as "significant" a smile from Spiritualists. When the true scientist sets himself to investigate a phenomenon he inquires into the conditions of its occurrence, and fulfils them as nearly as possible. If, for instance, an astronomer wishes to observe an eclipse, he waits until the appointed time, and then adjusts his telescope. He does not withdraw to his observatory, and say, "Now, if there is such a thing as an eclipse, bring it forward!" Yet the latter is the course of this Psychological Society. It sits down and says, "Now, if any one can do so, bring these phenomena before us. We are now ready to observe!" In that subtle realm of forces of which these same professors are not only utterly ignorant, but to which they are blinded by education, the conditions are so fleeting and evanescent that no one can predict what the results will be, and the bare presence of the professors themselves may negative all promised results. It is not, then, at all strange that a sensitive, well knowing the influence of circumstances too slight for others to notice, would hesitate to go before such a tribunal when all might be lost and when nothing at best was to be gained. Here is another paragraph of advice:

"Turn off your paid mediums who sell the 'preciousness' they presume to possess for fifty dollars a day. Purify your altars—they need it. To admit a medium to your fellowship on whose life rests the stain of known moral error is as ruinous to your faith as it were for the Christian church to keep evil men behind its

(Continued on Page 2.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OCCULTISM IN INDIA.

BY W. T. BROWN.

After graduating from Glasgow University, I paid a visit to London, where the new Theosophical movement was attracting attention. A. P. Sinnett had recently arrived from India, and as he was the leader of Theosophical thought in London, I was fortunate to make his acquaintance. I read with interest Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World," in which the views of the theosophist are set forth; and I was so impressed by the reasonableness of the new philosophy that I resolved to obtain a more thorough knowledge of the subject, and go out to India without delay.

Armed with letters of introduction to Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, the leaders of the movement in India, I left England, August 25th, 1883, going out in the capacity of an independent investigator, at my own expense.

Now I can say with all candor that my motive in going to India was to further my highest interests, that is to say, to add to my knowledge of spiritual things and further the working out of my own salvation; and it will be interesting to myself to put in writing the reasoning whereby I arrived at the conclusion that the Theosophical movement is a good one and worthy of the most serious attention on the part of religious thinkers.

It was claimed for Madame Blavatsky that she had phenomenal powers, that she was clairvoyant and clairaudient, that wonderful things took place in her presence, such as the tinkling of bells and the sound of tapping upon objects without physical (i. e., ordinary physical) contact, that letters were formed in the air "out of nothing," and that she was in communication, by occult or psychic methods, with the living representatives of the ancient Magi. It was not claimed for Colonel Olcott that he had unusual powers, but that he was an earnest gentleman, who had been a Spiritualist in America when converted by Madame Blavatsky to Theosophical doctrine. Of Madame Blavatsky's clairvoyance and clairaudience I had no doubt, because I had satisfied myself that clairvoyance and clairaudience were true; of the tinkling of bells, the sounds as of tapping and formation of letters I had no doubt also, as the literature of Spiritualism teems with thousands of parallel instances; and of her being in relationship with the Magi, the letters of Koot Hoomi in the "Occult World" presented a strong *prima facie* case. I asked myself and answered the following questions. What character does she bear? Is she self-denying? Very. She does not care for "society" or worldly pleasures, but spends her time quietly in furthering the interests of the organization with which she is connected. She holds the post of Corresponding Secretary and edits the Theosophist Magazine. Does she make money out of the concern? No. On the contrary Olcott and she have spent thousands of pounds out of their own pockets (vide preface to "Occult World," p. XV). Does she gain the applause of the multitude for her work? No, only the esteem of her devoted followers. Does she charge money for the performance of occult phenomena? Never, not a fraction. In the magazine which she edits is purity of life advised and enjoined? Always—no advancement in occultism without it. In short, is she leading a Christ-like life for the benefit of her fellow men in India? I think so.

The same line of inquiry might be pursued regarding Colonel Olcott. As providing an indication of his character I cannot do better than quote passages from a private letter to myself, received shortly after my arrival at Madras. Referring to the libel Bill controversy, which was raging at that time, Col. Olcott says:

"We are devoted to the revival of the old Aryan wisdom, and therefore have to partake of the moment's hatred of everything Indian. Of course the affection and respect for us is correspondingly growing among the natives. As American citizens, Madame B. and I have no difficulty to keep ourselves free from the passions and prejudices that rage about us, and I go about the country as unmoved by the things that are goading the Europeans as though they did not exist. But can you do the same? Do you feel in your heart that the missionary work of Theosophy is thoroughly attractive? Are you prepared to eat with me the plainest food, to expect neither luxury nor even comfort, to have your private character traduced, your motives pictured as base and sordid, to endure extremes of climate, the fatigue of hard journeys in all sorts of conveyances by land and sea, to know of the existence of the Masters, yet be denied the privilege to go to them, until by years of toil you have purged your innermost nature of its selfishness and accumulated moral filth, and by working unselfishly for the enlightenment of mankind you shall have fitted yourself for the holy companionship? Think of all this. The philanthropist's lot is a hard one: few covet its crown of thorns, fewer still are able to wear it. If you are liable to soon tire of my constant movement and sigh for rest and inertia at home then do not come, for I tell you I am so dead in earnest that I would be ready to die any day for my society."

From October, 1883, till January, 1885, I was immediately connected with the Theosophical movement in India, and became acquainted with its work. I traveled over the entire length of the land—from Madras to Bombay, and from Bombay to Peshawar. I have been as far north as Jammu in the territory of Kashmir and as far south as Madras and Tuticorin. Coming into contact with Indians of all grades I got an insight into native life accorded to few Europeans.

As the best mode whereby to test the efficacy of the Theosophical movement, let us ask a few more questions. How far does it succeed in promoting its first object, viz., the cultivation of the principle of Universal Brotherhood? In reply we may state that there are men of all shades of opinion, members of the organization. There are Brahmins, Parsees, Buddhists, Christians and Mahomedans. There are materialists and Spiritualists. A well known member is a Jew. There are members in San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, Rochester and New York; in Edinburgh; in London; in Paris; in Germany; in Australia; and in all the cities of India; all recognizing the great principles of common humanity and freedom of thought.

Then how far is the movement a success as regards its second object, viz., the study of Aryan literature and science? The answer is to be found in the *Theosophist*, one of the most advanced metaphysical periodicals in the world, and in the contributions to literature by prominent members. Does the study of Sanskrit receive due prominence? There are a number of Sanskrit schools under the superintendence of the society. Can the members of the organization be said to have average intelligence? There are members from the Indian, German, English, Scotch and American Universities.

Then how far has the society succeeded as regards the third object, viz., the exploration

tion of the hidden mysteries of nature and the development of the psychical powers latent in man? The success in this direction is indicated by the number of students in different countries devoting themselves to self development.

The general metaphysical teaching of the Theosophical Society is that in the realm of relativity knowledge is a growth, that there are latent powers in man applicable to hyper-physical and spiritual planes. One finds these ideas inherent in the Indian mind. Whether the object of admiration be a Buddhist Arhat or Brahmin Rishi, he is one who has risen to heights in spiritual science by force of will, and Indians will tell you that the reason why there are no Rishis visible to the ordinary world-to-day is that this world is in a state of spiritual darkness. "This is Kali Yug," they say, "the age of Iron."

Now in regard to the "phenomena," of which so much has been said in the "Occult World" and in the public press, I have experienced "phenomena" when Madame Blavatsky was a thousand miles away. On the 19th of November, 1883, for instance, at Lahore I see a man who impresses me as being Koot Hoomi, and on the morning of the 20th I am awakened by the presence of some one in my tent. A voice speaks to me and I find a letter and a silk handkerchief within my hand. I am conscious that the letter and silk handkerchief are not placed within my hand in the customary manner. They grow "out of nothing," feel a stream of "magnetism" and lo! it is "materialized." I rise to read my letter and examine the handkerchief. My visitor is gone. The handkerchief is a white one of the finest silk, with the initials K. H. marked in blue. The letter is also in blue in a bold hand. The matter of it is as follows: "What Damodar (a Brahmin) told you at Poona is true. We approach nearer and nearer to a person as he goes on preparing himself for the same. You first saw us in visions, then in astral forms, though very often not recognized, then in body at a short distance from you. Now you see me in my own physical body so close to you as to enable you to give to your countrymen the assurance that you are from personal knowledge as sure of our existence as you are of your own. Whatever may happen, remember that you will be watched and rewarded in proportion to your zeal and work for the cause of humanity which the founders of the Theosophical Society have imposed upon themselves. The handkerchief is left as a token of this visit. Damodar is competent enough to tell you about the Rawal Pindi Member, K. H."

Now who was the writer of this note? Was he Colonel Olcott? Colonel Olcott is incapable of the imposition, besides being unable to produce the K. H. writing, which is known to at least a hundred people. Was he Damodar? Damodar was not aware that on the previous day I had seen anybody "at a short distance from me," as I had communicated the fact to no one, and he was in addition incapable of producing the writing. Again, on the evening of the 21st November, there appeared on the open plain the same figure which I had seen on the 19th, and on this occasion Damodar and Colonel Olcott were by my side. Damodar (who is a neophyte or *chela*), in the sight of Colonel Olcott and myself advanced to the figure, conversed with it, and returned to us with the information that the figure was K. H., and that he had received instructions from him. Was there anybody in Lahore sufficiently interested in the Theosophical movement and in Colonel Olcott, myself and Damodar to give himself over to impersonation? Not that we knew of. Where was Madame Blavatsky? In Madras. Where was Coulomb, the originator of the absurd scandal, known as "The Collapse of Koot Hoomi"? In Madras. These circumstances took place between the morning of the 19th and night of the 21st November.

I have experienced "phenomena" also when Madame Blavatsky was at hand. On returning to Madras, about the middle of December, I wrote a letter to Koot Hoomi, asking the favor of another personal interview. This letter is put into "the shrine," a sort of astral postoffice at the Theosophical headquarters at Madras, by the aforesaid Damodar in my presence. He shuts the door of the shrine and in less than half a minute opens it. The letter is gone. There is no trace of it. There was somebody concealed in the wall behind, who opened a door from behind and abstracted my letter? If so, the person so concealed must have been content to pass his life there, as letters, often unexpectedly, as mine was, were put into the shrine at all hours, morning, noon and night. Damodar hears, or pretends to hear, a voice, clairaudiently, and informs me that his Master (meaning K. H.) requests me to be patient. Next evening (17th December), in the presence of Blavatsky and friends, including an army general, a lawyer and a doctor, on turning round in my seat I find on a ledge behind the identical letter which Damodar had placed in "the shrine" on the previous day. The envelope, to all appearance, has never been opened, the address only being altered from "Koot Hoomi Lal Singh" to "W. Brown F. T. S." On cutting open the envelope I find my own letter, and in addition, a letter of eight pages, purporting to come from K. H. Now it is to be observed that this letter was received through Madame Blavatsky, that is to say, when Blavatsky was in the same building and in the same room. How does this letter compare with the letter "materialized" into my hand at Lahore, when Blavatsky was at the other end of India? The writing is the same, and the matter proves its author but the author of the Lahore letter also. The author is neither Col. Olcott, nor Damodar, nor Coulomb, nor Madame Blavatsky, he is none other than the veritable K. H., the Buddhist Initiate, the author of the beautiful and scientific letters in the "Occult World."

Koot Hoomi says:—"I have told you through Damodar to have patience for the fulfillment of your desire. From this you ought to understand that it cannot be complied with, for various reasons. First of all it would be a great injustice to Mr. Sinnett, who after three years' devoted work for the Society, loyalty to myself and to the cause begged for a personal interview and was refused. Then I have left Mysore a week ago and where I am you cannot come since I am on my journey and will cross over at the end of my travels to China and thence home. On your last tour you have been given so many chances for various reasons. We do not do so much [or so little, if you prefer] even for our chelas until they reach a certain stage of development necessitating no more use and abuse of power to communicate with them. If an Eastern, especially a Hindu, had even half a glimpse but once of what you had he would have considered himself blessed the whole of his life. Your present request mainly rests upon the complaint that you are not able to write with a full heart, although perfectly convinced yourself, so as to leave no room in the minds of your

*It is worthy of note that K. H. omits my second initial, T. My middle name, Tormay, was assumed in my twenty-first year. I had not communicated this fact to any one in India.

countrymen for doubt. Pray can you propose any test which will be a thorough and perfect proof for all? Do you know what results would follow from your being permitted to see me here in the manner suggested by you and your reporting that event to the English press? Believe me they would be disastrous for yourself. All the evil effects and bad-feeling which this step would cause would recoil upon you and throw back your own progress for a considerable time, and no good will ensue. If all that you saw was imperfect in itself it was due to previous causes. You saw and recognized me twice at a distance. You knew it was I and no other; what more can you desire?... If you are earnest in your aspirations, if you have the least spark of intuition in you, if your education of a lawyer is complete enough to enable you to put facts in their proper sequence and to present your case as strongly as you in your inmost heart believe it to be, then you have material enough to appeal to any intellect capable of perceiving the continuous thread underneath the series of your facts. For the benefit of such people only you have to write; not for those who are unwilling to part with their prejudices and preconceptions for the attainment of truth from whatever source it may come. It is not our desire to convince the latter; for no fact or explanation can make a blind man see. Moreover our existence would become extremely intolerable if it were impossible for all persons to be indiscriminately convinced. If you cannot do even this much from what you know, then no amount of evidence will ever enable you to do so. You can say truthfully and as a man of honor, 'I have seen and recognized my Master, and approached by him and even touched.' What more would you want? Anything more is impossible for the present. Young friend, study and prepare. Be patient, content with little and never ask for more if you would hope to ever get it. K. H."

There were received on August 2nd, 1884, two letters in the well-known writing, one to Dr. Hartmann, F. T. S., and Mr. Lane-Fox, F. T. S., jointly, and the other to Mr. Lane-Fox alone. Copies of these letters taken by myself at the time are in my hands.

The letter to Dr. H. and Mr. L. F. refers to a dispute which had arisen between Damodar (the neophyte aforesaid) and myself. "Damodar," says K. H., "has undoubtedly many faults and weaknesses as others have. But he is unselfishly devoted to us and to the cause and has rendered himself extremely useful to Upasika (Blavatsky's occult name). His presence and assistance are indispensable necessary at the Headquarters. His inner self has no desire to dominate, though the outward acts now and then get that coloring from his excessive zeal, which he indiscriminately brings to bear upon everything whether small or great. It must, however, be remembered that inadequate as our 'instruments' may be to our full purpose they are yet the best available, since they are but the evolutions of the times. It would be most desirable to have better 'mediums' for us to act through; and it rests with the well-wishers of the Theosophical cause how far they will work unselfishly to assist in her higher work, and thus hasten the approach of the eventful day. Blessings to all the faithful workers at the Headquarters. K. H."

The following passage is from the letter to Mr. Lane-Fox:

"Yes, you are right in your supposition. We leave each man to exercise his own judgment and manage his affairs as he thinks fit. Every man is the maker of his own Karma, and the Master of his own destiny. Every human being has his own trials to go through and his own difficulties to grapple with in this world; and these very trials and difficulties assist his self-development by calling his energies into action, and ultimately determine the course of his higher evolution."

Now it is interesting to inquire—Where was Madame Blavatsky when these notes were received? She was in Europe. Where was Col. Olcott? In Europe also. Coulomb had been expelled from the Theosophical premises. Did Damodar write them? Damodar is not the man to admit that he has any "faults and weaknesses" whatever.

I remained in India till January, 1885, and along with other investigators received the fullest satisfaction. Of the existence of the adept Koot Hoomi I obtained all the proof desirable, and was convinced of the soundness of the Theosophical teaching.

It only remains to add that I left India, about the same time as Mr. Hodgson, the investigator from the English Psychical Research Society. I believe Mr. Hodgson to be quite sincere in the report which he prepared regarding the phenomena of the Theosophical Society, but am sorry that, by his inexperience for dealing with occult and psychic subjects (probably arising from a materialistic training), he has totally misled a very important body of thinkers.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Seance with Home.

I send you an account of a seance which testifies to the continuation of our identity after death. It took place at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1876, with William L., the celebrated painter. There were present seven persons, all strangers to each other, and all having made the acquaintance of Mr. D. D. Home the day before. They were seated around a large table on which we touched our hands. In an instant a vibration was felt by all; even before our hands touched, the spirit instantly struck five blows on the table for the alphabet which Mr. Home placed at their service for spelling. Then leaving the table, the blows were struck on the knees of Mme. P., but so rapidly that it, to her, was impossible to note the letters. I copy verbatim a letter reciting the incidents of the seance and written by Mme. P.

There were two influences in opposition, each one trying to express themselves. Mr. Home asked them to rap more slowly, and on the table, which, being accomplished, he put this question: "Will you answer on the accordion?" Instantly the instrument was placed on the table by its own movement, and rendered three clear sounds to express the affirmative. The rest of the evening the answers to our questions were given by blows struck on the wood of the instrument. I put my hand under the table and asked the spirits to touch me; the five fingers were touched, one after the other, and a warm hand came and placed itself in the palm of my hand. I folded the fingers in mine with gentleness, and pressed them, but the hand rested tranquilly in mine for the space of some minutes. Then I could find it no more. It did not go all at once, and it did not diminish gradually in oblivion.

"Since then I have more than once experienced the same strange attachment when I have accompanied Mr. Home, when the conditions and people about us have been good. They cannot have success if they do not employ less of the mechanical and artificial. Mr. Home in obedience to the raps, took the instrument in his hand, in such a manner as

to find that the handles were reversed toward the floor. The instrument commenced to play in a most ravishing manner, a melody that they would like to listen to always. Mr. Home proposed to place a lamp on the floor for more light. The movement of the instrument which had swelled itself out, and the touches and movements were like the touches of a hand invisible; then the music ceased. Mr. Home withdrew his hand, but the accordion continued to play, and seemed to have an attraction for the mistress of the house, sitting on the other side of Mr. Home; it remained suspended like a balloon the rest of the evening. I ought to say that the room was as light as day. I obtained to many of my mental questions correct answers, accompanied by the names of, and Christian names of friends or parents, deceased. Certain details were struck, of which the assistants, as I have said, were perfectly unacquainted twenty-four hours before. Finally Mr. Home entered into a somnambulistic state, and proceeded to describe the incidents and the malady of which one of my parents died; then he said: "There is a portrait of my mother."

"I said nothing, but I thought to myself: 'No, there is not.' That thought was impressed by the spirit, and Mr. Home replied, 'Pardon me, there is one.' I did not wish to furnish any indication, and I continued to keep silent, saying to myself, 'That which you are receiving is deceiving you.'"

"No," replied Mr. Home, as if replying to my most intimate thought, 'we are not deceiving ourselves. There is a portrait of her, with a Bible open upon her knees.' "I remembered then, and only then, that a daguerreotype had been made of my mother, but it had been thirty years since. It is certain that Mr. Home, who knew but little of me, could never have seen the portrait; if he had seen it, he would not have been able to tell the kind of book the person held on her knees, and which resembled any other volume as much as a Bible. The celebrated artist, Irving yet on the hill of St. Jean, companion of Wm. L., made the subject one of profound thanks to God that we were allowed the supreme joy of knowing that we are not separated from those that are dear to us. I have seen a great many sorrows consoled by the seances of Mr. Home, and have often seen the tears dried in the eyes of those believing not in the life after death. God will illuminate the world by this light! Happy are those who, having profited, have the courage of their opinions and who support with prudence this great truth."

This only one of very many experiences, and not by any means the most striking.
J. D. HOME.

SEEING SPIRITS.

Remarkable Experience of a Cleveland Travelling Man.

The Phenomena of Materialized Apparitions—What Took Place in a Buffalo Hotel—A Spirit Appears and Identifies Himself by Relating a Long Forgotten Incident—Remarkable Manifestations Under Test Conditions.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

It is a question about which there is a difference of opinion among Spiritualists whether or not, granting the genuineness of the phenomena in a general way, it is ever possible for a spirit to manifest itself visibly and take on temporarily the form it wore before the spirit left the body. That is to say, as the phrase goes, whether or not it is possible for a spirit to materialize itself, or a visible form for itself temporarily. There are those who say that this is an impossibility and that the so-called materializations are cleverly combined frauds in which the medium personifies the supposititious materialized spirits either with or without the aid of confederates. These point to the long array of instances where these alleged materializations have been exposed by some grabbing the alleged spirit and finding it very palpable flesh and blood. On the other hand the great body of believers in spiritualistic phenomena accept materialization as a reality, and notwithstanding the outrageous frauds and humbugs that are perpetrated by the credulous in its name, have evidence that they consider sufficient to demonstrate the fact that spirits can and do, under proper conditions, manifest themselves in visible and more or less material forms. Outside of both classes are those students of

OCCULT PHENOMENA,

who, without accepting the conclusions of the Spiritualists as to what these forms actually are and who have a theory of their own about them, have had that experience with them which leaves no room for any doubt whatever that the manifestations are real, that the forms do appear, coming out of the invisible and returning thence again. In this connection the experience of a well-known travelling man of this city with these apparitions, upon a recent occasion, as narrated to the writer, may be interesting. The phenomena were witnessed by him, together with others, in the Continental Hotel of Buffalo a few weeks ago, the medium being a lady from the East, an old and intimate acquaintance of the proprietor of the hotel and his wife and stopping on a visit with the family.

WHERE THE GHOSTS WERE SEEN.

The seance was held in one of the rooms of the hotel. There was no cabinet, such as is usually employed in these manifestations, but a string was stretched across one corner of the room and a white quilt hung over it. Behind this curtain a chair was placed. Beyond this there was nothing but the bare wall of the room, without door, window or any opening. This arrangement was made by guests of the hotel, and obviously in accounting for the phenomena that followed, no theory of confederates, trap doors, closets, or hidden paraphernalia will answer. The fifteen or twenty people who witnessed the phenomena, nearly all being skeptics in regard to the reality of such things, are one and all absolutely certain that nobody went behind the curtain except the woman who officiated as the medium, and that she had with her nothing except the clothes she wore. What came out from behind the curtain will appear in what follows.

WHO SAW THEM.

The company that witnessed these manifestations was made up of the proprietor of the hotel and his wife, a number of travelling men stopping at the hotel and a few guests and others specially invited. There were fifteen in all. They sat in a semi-circle about the curtained corner of the room, between the corner and the door, which was locked, and one of the company had the key in his pocket. The medium, a large and rather heavy woman about forty-five years of age, clad wholly in dark clothing, went behind the curtain and sat in the chair. Each member of the circle went up to the curtain and, looking behind it, saw nothing there but an

elderly lady sitting on a chair. The curtain was drawn and all sat down.

A CHILD APPEARS.

In less than one minute the curtain was swung back and something came out into the semi-circle formed by the sitters. It was not the woman who went behind the curtain. It was the figure of a little girl apparently not more than six years old. Slight of form with fair face and golden hair, and clad in a robe of white glittering with stars and shining with a peculiar phosphorescent glow. That this child, plainly seen by all, was not behind the curtain a minute before, that she was not in the room, that she did not go behind the curtain from without at any time and that there was no other physical means of getting there, all knew beyond a doubt. Yet there was the figure, plain, palpable, conscious, a living reality. That at least was a physical fact beyond controversy.

OTHER MANIFESTATIONS.

The manifestations that followed need not be particularly described, it being the purpose of this article to call attention to one or two incidents of peculiarly remarkable character. It is enough to say that the most pronounced skeptics were staggered by what they saw and heard. The child form was succeeded by many others. Men, women and children, some brilliantly illuminated and some less distinct. Some simply came and went, some talked to friends who recognized them, and some sang in Italian, French, German and other tongues with none of which the medium had the slightest acquaintance. One, representing himself to be the great Italian singer, Brignoli, sang in his own tongue an air in a voice of such wonderful power and compass as to be heard in all parts of the hotel, and bringing several persons from the hotel office to inquire the source of the wondrous music. At times two voices were heard singing a duet and once there were heard singing together three different parts of the music. And all this while no one had stirred from his seat, and nobody had gone behind the curtain but the one woman who went there at the beginning. Forms came out and talked with persons in the circle, and at the same time voices were heard talking with each other behind the curtain. Sometimes two and three forms came out together, and some came out and standing within the semicircle vanished there into thin air and nothingness before the very eyes of the astonished company.

A REMARKABLE TEST.

The writer's informant, the Cleveland travelling man, while astonished at what he saw at the first sitting was perplexed in mind because nothing came to him personally and was inclined to believe there was some hocus-pocus about it, although he could not see how there could be. So he went back the second night full of doubt, and not expecting much. The manifestations had hardly begun, when "Daisy," the child-spirit before mentioned who had come, came out into the circle and said: "Mr. E., there is a spirit here who says he knows you."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. E.
"He says he thinks you ought to know him. He will materialize so you can see him." With that the form of a man came out from behind the curtain, the little girl remaining outside at the same time. Mr. E. asked the form to come closer and it did so, extending its hand.

"I took the hand," says Mr. E., "and looked close at the face, recognizing it at once. It was an old friend of mine that I had known in this city, where he was connected with a daily newspaper. I said in amazement: 'It is Jack H.'"

"You know me, then, Dick," spoke the form before me, calling me by my name, which I am sure the medium did not know.
"I think I do," I said, "but if that is indeed my old friend Jack H— tell me something that only you and I know of and I will believe."

"I can do that," he answered. "You remember that you and I were on the steamer ten years ago crossing the lake from Detroit to Cleveland when a big storm came up and we thought we were going to be wrecked? I had forgotten all about the circumstance and had not thought of it for years; but I remembered it then, and said so."

"We were in our berth in a stateroom, were we not?"

"I acknowledged that this was so."

"When we thought the boat was going to sink we got up and I seized the only life preserver in the stateroom and rushed up on deck, you after me shouting to me to let you have the life preserver?"

"I remembered that also."

"Do you remember what I said?"

"No. I could not recall that."

"I can tell you," I said, "I'll let you have it when I am done with it. Can you remember now?"

"I remembered. Those were the very words, I had forgotten them. I had not thought of the circumstance for years; yet here comes a shadow from the land of shadows, claiming to be my friend who died, and who brought with it the form, the features, the voice of that friend, telling me of something that only my friend and I knew and something that I had forgotten myself. Was it not my friend? Was it not what it pretended to be? If not that, then what was it? If it did not come from the invisible world, bringing with it the conscious individuality of that friend of mine, whence was it?"

"Whence indeed? It is easy to sweep all this aside and say that it is all humbug, fraud and delusion, but those who dispose of it that way only confess that they do not know what they talk about. But our travelling man was destined to be surprised again that evening."

THE FORGOTTEN SONG.

The form of a young girl came out and came up to where Mr. E. was sitting and was recognized by him. Years before they had been intimate friends and each was accustomed to call the other by a pet name known to themselves only. His astonishment may be imagined when the form called him by this name, which he is sure no living person upon the earth knows. But that was not all. The girl form said: "You still don't don't you, Dick, that it is indeed I? Well, I'll show you so you will not doubt. You know we sang together in the choir at the old church in C—, don't you?"

"It was so. Years gone by this was so."

"We had a song we used to sing together, don't you mind?"

"And that was so, too."

"Well I'll sing it for you."

The form, spirit, whatever it was or whence, in a voice of pure and unearthly sweetness, sang from first to last that half-forgotten song. If that was not the spirit of the girl with whom this man had sung this song years before, what was it and who else could have known of that song?

"Are you happy?" asked E—, framing almost unconsciously the question that comes first in our minds when we think of those from whom death has separated us.

"In space, in time no more, but the same

always, eternally," answered the form as it faded into empty air and was gone.

Facts are stubborn things. We may account for the facts as we may but these are facts.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

FAITH.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft,
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Steadfast, though tempests rave or winds blow soft.

Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief,
For darkness passes, storms shall not abide,
A little patience, and the fog is passed;
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long, and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold His world above despair;
Look to the East, where up the lucid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

—Celia Thaxter.

FROM MANY SOURCES.
The census of England and Wales records 7,668,000 women as wage-earners.

Mrs. Huxley, the wife of the professor, has written a child's book which her daughter has illustrated.

Miss Frank Chandler, a Coldwater lady, has invented several surgical instruments.

There are forty-eight women in Dakota holding the position of bank cashiers.

Miss Julia Pease, a Vassar graduate, and daughter of the late Ex-Governor Pease, has charge of six thousand acres of land in Texas.

The New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, teaches "tuning" as a science to young women. They are found to be particularly fitted for it. This is a new business for women.

Miss Isabella V. Waldo has returned from the city of Mexico, where she has been painting types of Mexican life and character during the past year. Several of them were recently shown in the drawing rooms of Mrs. Chief Justice Waite, in Washington, and were greatly admired. Previous to going to Mexico, Miss Waldo studied for five years in Paris.

Mrs. Clara S. Hays and Miss Nellie E. Rawson have received the degree of Master of Domestic Economy (M. D. E.) from the Iowa Agricultural College, having completed the post-graduate course of study in its School of Domestic Economy. They are the only college graduates in the United States who hold diplomas entitling them to the degree of M. D. E.

The drug business is beginning to attract the attention of women. An account was recently published of the success of a New Orleans woman in this line, and Miss Sarah A. Troy of New Haven, has just passed a brilliant examination before the Connecticut Pharmaceutical Commission.

Of the 2,700,000 women engaged in various occupations in this country, 595,000 are engaged in agriculture, 632,000 in manufacture, 282,000 are milliners, and 82,000 are tailors. There are 2,473 female surgeons as against 525 ten years ago, 75 lawyers as against 7, and 105 clergymen as against 66.

Miss Martin and Miss Ingalsbe of San Francisco, under the firm name of Martin & Ingalsbe, announce their readiness to undertake household decoration in all its branches, and to fill orders for articles employed in this field.

THE FIRST VOTE.

Woman Suffrage Societies have been greatly agitated by the first vote cast by a woman in November last, Mrs. Lucy S. Barbour of Alfred, Allegany co., N. Y. was the pioneer. She has been indicted by the grand jury for fraudulent voting, and her case will come to trial in due season.

With such an act the writer has little sympathy. When women can fairly and squarely take the duties and privileges that belong to citizens, all good women will accept the responsibility and rejoice at their power to further the best interests of society. But it must be done legally and squarely, or not at all. Yet Mrs. Barbour has received congratulations from many sources. Orlando B. Potter, one of the foremost men of New York, writes his congratulations for her persistence in claiming the right to vote, and closes in these words: "I have long been of the opinion that the most important thing for the interests of our State and country, is that the homes of the country should vote and that candidates should be selected and their fitness discussed and determined upon at the fireside in the domestic circle. When this is done, the country will be no longer represented by bad men, our liberties will be safe and civilization itself will find in this its best security for advancement."

WOMAN IN CO-OPERATION.

The editor of this column, without the least assumption of expert knowledge upon the matter, believes that co-operative industries and profit-sharing by workers, will one day solve the problem of suffering among poor working-women.

It is needless to say that she has no sympathy with that anarchism which has been brought to these shores by the ignorant or unprincipled. Our people and institutions will have none of them. But, speaking for herself alone, she believes that changes are imminent—changes which can and must be worked out for the highest interests of all classes and conditions of men and women. The hearts of all humane people are stirred to their depths by the actual misery of hundreds of thousands of our sisters. Statistics of the labor bureau give the plain, cold facts; such investigators as Helen Campbell put them into specific forms. With her we enter foul tenements, we see the drooping forms, we hear the tales of cold, hunger, loneliness and overwork, such as should drive men mad, or make them sane enough to find some way to a better state of things.

Spiritual philosophy is good for nothing, unless it makes us better and wiser. It is a failure, unless it inspires us to help others to help themselves. It stops short of fulfilling its mission, unless it makes this life the healthy, sweet, pure and invigorating preparation to the next. We have not reached it at all, unless it prepares the body and its environments to develop the spirit in the best possible manner during its sojourn in matter.

Believing in these truths, wholly or in part, a band of men and women uniting in a "Sociologic Society," have established a small quarterly paper, called *The Co-operative News of America*, with headquarters at Fall River, Mass. On the heading are these two sayings: "Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own," by Imogene C. Fales, and "Always act so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings," by Kant.

The leading article by Helen Campbell gives the key-note of the work, only two sentences of which we make room for:

"There are a few, who see in the present movement toward co-operation, the downfall of competition, the rescue of the wage-worker from enforced poverty, the only hope of a peaceful progress toward the better day for which we work and wait. Every successful co-operative enterprise, no matter on how small a scale, is one more step toward the education of the worker and away from anarchy and its horrors, and this conviction must be the spur to every one whose faith in humanity is strong, and who seeks to make men know that only in mutual helpfulness and mutual understanding can progress remain possible."

It is only for women that we have to do in this column. But, women are human beings, and what raises the worker is what we want; whatever affects one sex, affects the other, though one may endure greater suffering than the other.

No doubt the day is not far distant when women workers will unite in industries, for instance in laundry work, shirt-making, dress-making, fruit and vegetable canning, in fact, all manner of woman's work. Training in business methods and a development in organizing and executive ability must come first. This little quarterly defines the principles of co-operation, gives the declaration of principles, and names of some of the co-operative societies that are in a prosperous and flourishing condition.

The Sociologic Society also publishes rules for the establishment of retail co-operative stores, which can be had for three cents, by addressing the general secretary, Mrs. L. B. Sayles, Killingly, Ct. These rules are compiled from the experience of successful co-operative stores, and are really valuable. Some of the best thinkers and most practical minds in the country have been engaged in the compilation. We shall look with interest at the development of the co-operative principles of "mutual helpfulness" to be put into substantial form by women during the next two years.

January Magazines Received.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) A quaint contribution to historical knowledge is The Doves of the French Revolution, by Henry Bacon. Sarah Orne Jewett contributes a long Christmas story. A notable feature of this number is the Longfellow literature which is fully illustrated by drawings and photographs. There are two articles written about the Civil war, and one about fairies. The serials are excellent and the poems are up to the general standard. There are some delightful bits of humorous verse, and with the department of The Contributors' and the Children, fill many pages of interesting reading.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The Life of Lincoln still grows in interest; the current part relates to his life in Springfield and will be familiar to many. A sketch of George Bancroft will find many readers, it being the first authoritative biography yet written of a man of the most attractive character and career. Mr. Edward Atkinson contributes The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations; in Comets and Meteors the author gathers up the most recent scientific knowledge of his subject; the paper on French Sculptors deals with Saint-Marceaux, Merci and Falguieres. Henry James gives his impression of Coquelin, the French Actor. In addition to the above there are serials, poems, illustrations, and also the war serials.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. (New York.) This number is replete with bright, readable articles, poems and notes. Ella Wheeler Wilcox adds a poem; Laura C. Holloway has a description of Miss Cleveland's home life. A sparkling series of stories and memories of Washington is begun. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage tells a characteristic story; and a classic of President Garfield describes the future President's college life. Mrs. Beecher has a talk upon the manners and language of some young women and also on girls as housekeepers.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York.) John A. Fluke writes interestingly of Victor Hugo in the January number of this sterling magazine, and Professor Calderwood adds Philosophy in Britain. The Past and the Future of the Irish Nation; General McClelland; The Extirpation of Criminals, and many more articles of importance, complete a most interesting number.

THE FORUM. (New York.) Contents: National Divorce Legislation; Unsolved Problems in Woman Suffrage; How I was educated; The Religion of a Rationalist; Submarine Navigation; The Convict System of Georgia; Substitute for the Census; The Morality of Ministers; Literary Log-rolling; Confessions of a Congregationalist; A Letter to the People of Philadelphia.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) To those interested in philosophic and mystical literature this magazine will be welcome for its scope includes Oriental as well as Occidental philosophy, philological investigations, translations and interpretations of the later writers and the utterances of gifted and enlightened individuals.

THE COSMOPOLITAN. (Rochester, N. Y.) Contents: Under the Mistletoe; My Lady Pokahontas; The Cowboys of the Northwest; A Little South American; The story of my Escape from a Russian Prison; The Young Folks; The Household; Etc.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: The Great Refusal; The Revival of Learning; Man Infinite; An Old Boston Preacher and Wit; Has the course of Religion been a Progression or a Degeneration? Editor's Note Book.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) Contents: Seven New Governors; The Outer and the Inner Man; Familiar talks with our Young readers; Colorado Canyons; Evolution and Religion; A dangerous Drug; Editorial Notes.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (New York.) With the January number this magazine comes out in a new cover and is much improved. The articles and notes are timely and suggestive.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) Contents: An Unknown Country; Jacques; By the North Sea; The Daughters of George the Third; Undine; A Secret Inheritance.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) Mothers and those interested in the care of children will find many hints and suggestions in this month's contents.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston.) Short stories and poems with illustrations, will please the little ones this month.

MIND IN NATURE. (Chicago.) This popular monthly contains much psychological, medical and scientific information.

THE SIBERNAL MESSENGER. (Northfield, Minn.) Interesting articles will be found in this monthly.

HE WAS NOT IN A TRANCE. Strange Circumstances Surrounding an Old Man's Death.

John K. Fowler, an old steamboat man who was known from the source to the mouth of the Ohio, died Jan. 13th, at his home in a little shanty boat, on Elm, between Shelby and Campbell streets Louisville, Ky. The circumstances surrounding his death were very remarkable. About two weeks ago Mr. Fowler became ill and daily grew worse. Saturday morning Mr. Fowler arose from his bed, and, kneeling down offered up a fervent prayer that his life might be spared a little longer. While in this position he was afflicted with paralysis, and his wife lifted him back into bed. On Sunday he felt that death was approaching. He called his wife to him and said he felt that he was about to leave. This, perhaps for a short time and maybe forever. He was inclined to believe, however, that it would simply be a trance, and made his wife promise that, in case he seemed to die, she would keep his body for three days before making the fact known. At the end of that time, he did not recover consciousness, he would certainly be dead. At 10 o'clock Monday night he kissed her affectionately, and fell back upon the bed a corpse. Mrs. Fowler then undressed and retired to sleep as usual. The next day she spent in prayer and in communion with the spirits. On Wednesday night she again lay down to sleep beside the dead body of her husband. When Wednesday morning came she sent for Dr. Newman and Corcoran Miller, who examined and pronounced the man dead. Not satisfied, she sent for a Mrs. Hauck, a medium, who called up his spirit from the "unseen world." Mr. Fowler said that he was dead; the pleasures of the hereafter were so great that he had no desire to return; that they might bury his body and he would wait patiently until his dear wife joined him.—Ez.

Quantity or Quality—Spirit Return.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
I see in this week's JOURNAL that one of your subscribers alludes to the answer he gets when he solicits subscribers for the dear old JOURNAL. Just before I read this, I had made the remark to my daughter that this week's JOURNAL pays for one year's subscription. If any one should tell me how much, or rather how large a paper he could get for half the amount the JOURNAL costs, I should tell him very quietly that we are not after quantity but quality. We all know that skim-milk sells cheaper than cream.

I have only known of spirit-return for two years. A very dear sister, who passed to spirit-life with the promise to come back if she could, which we thought at that time impossible, fulfilled her promise; and my knowledge of Spiritualism dates from that time. I can now converse with the Spirit-world every day.

I had a long conversation from Thomas R. Hazard three days before the news reached this place of his death.

I never saw a public medium, and never heard a public lecture on anything pertaining to Spiritualism. What little I know of its teachings I have learned from spirits in my own home, and from your excellent paper. May you live many years to carry on your good work, and may your subscription list double.

WALLA WALLA, W. T.

Telephone Prophecy.

The prophet Isaiah, in the fewest possible words, describes the construction of railroads: "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough place plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."

The prophet Habbakuk, in the fewest words possible describes the telephone. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."—Second chapter, 11th verse; 14th verse: "For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Both of these prophecies are located in a class of dispensational prophecies, easily identified.

Few who see men asking questions and receiving answers from the solid wall, with its little mouth-piece, can doubt what the prophet had in his mind when he wrote these words.—Hartford Times.

New Books Received.

We have received from John B. Alden, New York, the following:

ALDEN'S HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD. Price, 25 cents.

NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD. By Henry Drummond. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. From the earliest times to 1848: By M. Guizot and Mme. Guizot de Witt.

ART AND LIFE. A Roskin Anthology, compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Price, cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the man who originated it. Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest and reliable.

Prof. William James, of Harvard College, will occupy the first place in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February with an unusually readable paper on "The Laws of Habit." A very clear explanation, on physiological grounds, of the way in which habits are formed, and the influence of the organism, growing with its growth, and hardening into permanency as it matures, makes this article invaluable reading for youth and for those who have the care of the young.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the remedies experienced by dyspeptics are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged by good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 29, 1887.

A Co-operative Colony.

Fourteen years ago a surveyor in Mexico came across Topolobampo Bay, an excellent roadstead near the mouth of the Gulf of California, on the Pacific Coast. He found it to be the only safe harbor between Guaymas and Mazatlan, both poor roadsteads, and saw at once the rare advantages it offered to labor and capital, if they could be coaxed in that direction.

Less than two years ago he set about securing the land adjacent to the bay, with the intention of founding a co-operative city in the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, and of attracting thither those of like aims and views. Enlisting the zeal of a New Jersey couple in behalf of the project, the "Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" was launched on the public, and the socialistic colony loomed upon the western horizon as a possibility.

During the last eighteen months a small paper devoted to exploiting the project has been published. Both the editors have written upon socialistic and reformatory topics, and one of them has given to the public, from personal observation, detailed accounts of Godin's Industrial Palace, at Guise, France.

Through this and other means, nearly 5,000 persons have subscribed, or are represented through the subscriptions of the heads of families, to the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa. They have taken up about one-fifth the capital stock, of \$1,000,000, in shares of \$10.00, each. Most of the proposed members are from the West, and represent two hundred trades and occupations. The Credit Foncier allows no middle men, being itself sole owner and manager of land and improvements. Each colonist deals directly with the State, never with a person. These two sentences form an epitome of the socialistic doctrine under which the organization is made:

"Collective ownership and management for public utilities and conveniences."

"The community responsible for the health, usefulness, individuality and security of each."

The association intend to "make its own circulating medium and use it only as an aid to industry," which will be but little needed, since there are to be neither servants nor masters, creditors nor debtors within the corporation. It proposes to have "evolution" and not revolution; co-operation and not competition; equity and not equality; duty and not liberty; employment and not charity; eclecticism and not dogma. Monogamic marriage is preserved and religious belief is respected.

So far the internal economy. Externally, the city is to be laid out with wide, intersecting streets and diagonal avenues, and beautified with squares and circles containing flowers, trees and fountains. Houses will be built in the Moorish style, as best suiting the climate. Domestic animals are to be kept outside the city limits, and it is expected that cable cars will be used for travel.

But the proposed city is only a center of operations. The chief director has purchased 15,000 acres of farming land, situated upon the bay at cost of \$10,000. The 15,000 city lots were secured for \$25,000, and the leader, with the advance guard, is already upon the ground, laying out the city and dividing the lands preparatory to the expected arrival of the bulk of the colonists during the ensuing spring.

It would seem in some respects that the site of Topolobampo is all that could be asked. As a harbor, it is only exceeded by San Francisco on the Pacific Coast. It lies on the most direct but possibly not the best line from New York, Chicago and St. Louis, to the Western coast, and with its maritime facilities, the projectors of the scheme think it promises unparalleled commerce between the East Pacific coast and the islands be-

yond. A railroad eastward from Topolobampo is begun, which, when finished, is expected to secure the coasting trade of Mexico.

The natural productions of Sinaloa are cereals, tobacco, rice, cotton and sugar cane; all the fruits, and, toward the mountains, timber of many kinds. Two crops can be raised on the low lands, and the bay is stocked with fish.

So much for the advantages of Topolobampo. But the eager colonists have much to contend with, which it is to be hoped, they may fully consider beforehand. They are to settle in a foreign country, under a government which may give them trouble. Complete isolation will enable them to work out their problem unhindered by competition; it will also entail hardships and trials. That portion of Mexico has but little rain, and is without irrigation, arid and desert-like. Water for all purposes must be brought in pipes, thirty miles or more, from the Fuerte river. Members of the association are from many sections, carrying with them varied tastes and habits. Few or none have had experience with similar conditions, and they must establish their lines upon a new basis. Under the stress of unforeseen exigencies, the jar and strain of individualities will be greater than in older communities. In adapting means to ends experiments must be made that may prove disastrous and involve waste and friction.

Still, there is something both pathetic and inspiring in the dream of a better social state—a dream which must sooner or later be realized. It is the pathos of high hopes, of brilliant promise and of disheartening failures; the inspiration of that inexhaustible belief in a simple, loyal, happy idyllic life, where selfishness and greed shall be reduced to their minimum. The great purpose of human culture, which can only be obtained through establishing life on a basis of wisdom and fraternity, like a magnet attracts the great and tender heart wherever found. Whether Sinaloa will further this end, or whether it will go down like so many other beautiful and untimely visions of what ought to have been and one day may be, all will unite in wishing that the highest hopes of its friends may prove prophetic. At the same time experience teaches that the restless and adventurous should proceed with due caution, before embarking in the very doubtful future of co-operative life in Mexico. Lack of wisdom would involve in terrible ruin hundreds and thousands of the confident and innocent.

Democrats to Effect Woman Suffrage.

A Prediction Made by the Purported Spirit of Stephen A. Douglas, Through the Mediumship of Peter West in 1869.

One day in 1869 an unkempt, dull-eyed man known as Peter West, dropped into the JOURNAL office and then into a chair. Mr. Jones and the writer were busy as usual and left the caller to himself. The room was very quiet and work went on for a half-hour uninterrupted, when suddenly West began to describe a spirit form which he said was standing at the side of Mr. Jones. The description was so accurate and life-like that the writer at once scribbled "Douglas" on a blotting pad, and waited to see if Mr. Jones would recognize the description. He did not recall it as fitting any one he had in mind. "He stands," continued West, "at your side, and in his right hand he holds a scroll on which I see words." "They are," said West, slowly spelling them out, "L-e-o-n-a-r-d-o, C-o-n-s-t-i-t-u-t-i-o-n, M-i-s-s-o-u-r-i, C-o-m-p-r-o-m-i-s-e." He then attempted to pronounce them but made sad work of it. Mr. Jones still failed to recognize the spirit, and West persisted: "He says he knew you well, used to meet you in Washington and elsewhere and that his name is Stephen A. Douglas." Mr. Jones at once recognized his old friend, as he would certainly have done sooner had his mind been disengaged from his work, and wondered how he could have been so dull as not to have recalled the familiar and striking appearance of the "Little Giant." Immediately West seemed to pass into a state of profound trance; his expression wholly changed, his face lit up with intelligence, his manner became dignified, and in a voice marvellously like Douglas's he went on to talk. To all appearances he was under the control of Douglas, and proceeded to recall some incidents in his acquaintance with Mr. Jones. Then with still greater impressiveness he began to speak of politics and declared that women ought to have the ballot but would never secure it under the regime of the Republican party. He asserted that in time, women would see this and that eventually through the active assistance of the Democratic party they would be successful and attain the goal of their long struggle. Then followed what appeared to be an effort to hold control of West and an apology in these words: "You see the trouble I have to express my ideas through this poor, illiterate medium, whose brain at its best is not capable of clear thinking. If you want pure lake water you must go to the lake for it, for after it flows into your filthy river and mingles with its slimy contents you cannot separate it. This will illustrate the difficulty I have in giving you the clear and unimpured thought of the 'Douglas you knew in earth-life.' The influence, then receded and in a few minutes West returned to his normal state. So far as could be discovered by close observation and severe cross-examination, he had never seen Douglas, knew little of his history and had no knowledge of any acquaintance between him and those present.

The Last Issue of the Index.

The issue of December 30th of the Index, was its final number. It had a varied existence, not unlike that of most reformatory journals. While in the West it was the organ of F. E. Abbot, and when rescued by the trustees from threatened financial wreck, and at length removed to Boston, it became the medium for the best thinkers of the vanguard of Free Religionists. B. F. Underwood became associate editor in 1881, with Wm. J. Potter. It was a union by difference, yet as Mr. Potter says, although "of somewhat different types—of thought, they have been able to do their editorial work together in an entire amity."

Mr. Underwood has contributed able editorials and articles to every number, and has shown himself quite equal to the requirements of Boston culture. At the same time his intimate friends intuitively felt that he was hampered and restrained, and they rejoice that he now has the opportunity in the great metropolis of the West, to make a journal equal to his ideal. The course of the Index was always dignified. It made the scholarly study of principles its leading aim and, if criticism were allowable, it might be said the paper was too solid, and cold, for public acceptance. It is sad, now it has reached the end of its career, that it should disappear in the muck of passionate discussion. In its final number Mr. Abbot indulged in a twelve column protest of most tedious reading, which will make his friends regret that the author could not have been restrained from slandering his good fame by the writing. To this Mr. Potter was compelled to reply. He did so with the reluctance and pain an intimate friend feels for one who has by word and action brought on a great antagonism. Sincerely, and passionately he applies the caustic and scalpel; and when he closes, the admirers of Mr. Abbot—and they are many—the more regret that he forced the subject before the public. It is a bad ending of a great project, for if the Free Religionists cannot support a paper so ably and fearlessly edited, what hope can any other free thought journal have of a sustained existence?

Yet we must not measure the value of the services of a paper by its list of subscribers, nor its length of life. A journal is published to carry forward a certain reform, or extend a certain line of thought. It finishes its work. Its usefulness comes to an end. It is foolish to mourn the inevitable, and we are comforted by the assurance that there is no hiatus, no backward movement; that new journals will commence when the old come to their end, and carry forward the megis of the best and most exalted thought.

The Index failed because it brought not to the great questions of religion and morality, the refining solvent of Spiritualism. Religion, however free, becomes a sapless trunk when cut from its fundamental support in the dearest hopes and highest aspirations of the human soul, the blessed assurance of immortal life. Agnosticism, with its constantly repeated assertion that it does not know, has not the assurance to affirm that the mystic realm of the hereafter cannot be known, will not be known even before the day ends. The hope of this may be an intangible ghost in the shadow of its pride, but that poor ghost is its only life, and its single hold on the hearts of men.

The Index will come to its readers no more, but it has sown wide the good seed, and trained an army of thinkers. It has done pioneer work, and made the labor of those who follow less difficult.

"An Unexpected Witness."

Is what the Christian Union calls Mr. Huxley, that eminent scientist having clearly declared that there is a consciousness deeper than the senses, and that certain matters of moment can be verified by that inner sense. This seems to the editor "quite conclusive of the fallacy of the philosophy which puts aside as unverifiable everything which the senses cannot verify." In an article on "Science and Morals" in the "Fortnightly," Huxley says:

I may venture to admire the clear and vigorous English in which Mr. Huxley expresses his views; but the source of that admiration does not lie in anything which my five senses enable me to discover in the pages of his article, and of which an orange-juice might be just as aptly sensible. So it lies in an appreciation of literary form and logical structure, by aesthetic and intellectual faculties which are not senses, and which are not unrequitedly waiting where the senses are in full swing. My poor relation may best me in the matter of sensation; but I am quite confident that, when style and syllogisms are to be dealt with, he is nowhere.

This surely admits something finer than our outward senses and something which can verify things which those senses are too limited and imperfect to judge of, or even know. Our inductive scientist sneers at any proofs of anything save what is tangible to our external senses, and this logically leads to atheism, to materialism and to a repudiation of the possibility of immortality. The methods and statements of Huxley have been in this materialistic line, but he must find it narrow and inadequate, good so far as it goes, but not equal to the discovery of all truth. What is called consciousness might better be called intuition—the soul's power to know and to see. This consciousness the Christian Union thinks "affords an adequate basis, if not for all orthodox theology, at least for all Christian experience." The word Christian in so broad a sense one might agree with, yet human experience is better, for these discoveries of spiritual truths reach wider than the Christian pulse, and farther back than the Christian era.

The Christian Union says: Immortality is not a conclusion deduced by processes of argumentation. I am conscious that there is something in me more than brain or nerve, something not subject to brain and nerve decay, something as strong as reason and as true as the wisest and demands reason. And if my neighbor has no such consciousness, there is nothing to be said except what

the French Christian said to his deistic friend, after listening to an argument against immortality: "Probably you are right; probably you are not immortal—but I am."

This is well said. The spiritual philosophy recognizes man's inner life, and illustrates it by clairvoyance and kindred faculties. As to his immortality, while agreeing with the statement just quoted, the Spiritualist verifies this consciousness and responds to this voice within by facts tangible to the senses and in accord with so-called scientific methods. Spiritual science is inclusive, recognizing both the soul and the senses, cognizant of spirit and matter and of their relations; the science of the schools is fragmentary and external, recognizing the senses, but not the soul, knowing of matter but ignoring spirit, and of course repudiating any interior and shaping power or intelligence, any soul of things, or any immortal life of man.

Of Spiritualism, the Christian Union, really broad and excellent in some vital respects, seldom speaks, and seems to have no fit comprehension or appreciation of its importance. We can bide our time for recognition, which is sure to come unless the religious world lapses back to materialism.

An English Spiritualist Directory.

James Burns, the indefatigable and earnest worker, sends out a handsome number of his Medium and Daybreak, with blue cover, which contains an annual directory of marked value and interest. Over a hundred towns and cities in England and Scotland, in most of which some society or company of working Spiritualists exists, send in brief reports of their condition, filling several pages and giving a general view and idea of what is doing all over the kingdom. With each report is a name and address. It is the old story—the long and persistent struggle of the faithful few—toll, disaster, triumph; on the whole, encouraging growth. There, as here, the gain of private interest is marked, as is the gradual breaking down of prejudice. There is less gain in public efforts, yet so many places report fair audiences to hear good speeches and trance discourses, that our transatlantic co-workers may well take heart of grace. There is as much devoted earnestness there as here, and of this we are glad for their sakes.

On the opening pages are the Institutes of Spiritualism—a general and comprehensive statement of its main ideas and aims for the discovery and diffusion of the truth, with excellent emphasis on the application of truth to the benefit of humanity and the regeneration of society. Suggestions and directions as to teachers, mediumship, circles and best methods of working, are also given; a word on Children's Progressive Lyceums, a letter from Spain, some more extended relations of experiences with Mr. Eglington and other mediums, and a letter from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, full of the same earnestness and strength which made her so many friends in this country. On the last page is a quite full directory of meetings in London and the provincial districts.

Mr. Burns deserves praise for his work, which must have cost him much labor. The encouraging thing really is that there is so much to report—so many persons and places alive with spiritual light. It would appear that in Great Britain, as here, Spiritualism has come to stay. This is true the world over. It is no fleeting excitement, but a great truth, to hold on its way and gain as the years roll on. What the form of this growth is to be is not clear, but the fact is more than the form, and every day there is need and room for every true Spiritualist to put hand and heart to the good work as do our English friends of the Medium and Daybreak.

Sunday Newspapers.

To the great class of hardworking men of the large cities, and of the country, the Sunday papers come as teachers and sources of amusement and information, taking a place that nothing else will fill. That they are demanded—most earnestly demanded—is shown by enormous circulations, and the expense and care lavished on them by their publishers. They have, it is claimed, a fault; the clergy see that fault—they are too good, too interesting. They occupy the minds of their readers, deeply interesting them, and keep them from church. The Rev. T. W. Chambers in the Homiletic Review, enters his strongest protest against them. He thinks the Sunday paper is "very injurious;" it tends "inevitably to break down the sanctity of the Sabbath;" the Sabbath "is to be kept holy." "It is to be put to a religious use."

The Sunday paper diverts from that use and purpose, and the Reverend Chambers is so much in earnest that he makes the following astonishing assertion: "The better a Sunday paper is in a literary point of view, the worse is its influence, because it is better adapted to catch the unwary and lead them away from the proper use of holy time."

This religious sanction of the Sabbath is what the Sunday issue of secular journals habitually undermines; hence the deliberate assertion that "such issue is evil, only evil, and that continually."

The reverend gentleman does not make a strong case; but, on the contrary, he shows the animus which actuates him, and which he strives to instill into his clerical readers, that they may proclaim it from numerous pulpits. Evidently he would have everything taken from the people on Sunday except the bare privilege of attending church, and with "God in the Constitution," make that privilege compulsory. The arguments from the Bible which he advances in favor of keeping the Sabbath, may be unanswerable;

and then we ask, Why do you not keep the Sabbath? By what authority do you ignore the true Sabbath and keep the first day of the week? If the Sabbath is holy, Sunday is no better than Monday.

The Sunday paper has come to stay, and to say "the better it is, the stronger it is for evil," savors of the common ministerial saying that "a moral man is worse than a thief."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Geo. H. Brooks has left Kansas City, Mo., and is now at Wichita, Kan., where he is to deliver a course of lectures.

Mr. E. H. Dunham writes that Mrs. Emma L. Paul of Morrisville, Vt., will speak to the Spiritualists of Providence, R. I.

The name of a Connecticut Salvationist is "Little Johnny Bull, the devil-killer, man slayer, devil-hater, and son of a king, fresh from the old country."

Fifty years ago Abraham Lincoln publicly declared in favor of Woman's Suffrage. So say his biographers in the interesting history now publishing in The Century.

G. V. Johnson of Roseburg, Oregon, writes: "George P. Colby visited our place twice this fall, and made quite a stir among the church people. He will make converts wherever he goes."

Cyrus Buckman of East Portland, Oregon, writes: "George P. Colby has been here with us for several months. As a speaker he gives general satisfaction, and has given some wonderful tests. The cause of Spiritualism in this vicinity has been greatly enhanced by his labors."

The Golden Gate says: "The increasing interest in Mr. John Slater's meetings is indicated by the fact that at his two meetings last Sunday his receipts at ten cents admission were \$197—representing nineteen hundred and seventy people. At his Sunday evening meeting there were over fifteen hundred people present."

The Scottish Protestant Alliance has sent to Queen Victoria a memorial setting forth that the aggressions of the Papacy in Great Britain and the supremacy of the Pope are subversive of the Queen's authority and of the people's rights and liberties, and that the avowed aim of the Papacy is the Vatican's conquest and subjection of Great Britain.

Wm. Mason of Fond du Lac, Wis., writes: "We are progressing here with our home circle, comprising a few devoted members, and have succeeded in producing independent musical tones on a small harp-like string instrument, by laying it on a dining table strings down, the fingers of two of the members of the circle being placed on the back of the instrument."

The Standard is the name of a paper just started by Henry George of New York City. It will be devoted to questions that not only interest Mr. George, but the whole people. The labor problem and the dangers arising from the immense aggregation of capital in the hands of a few individuals, as well as other live issues of the day, will receive careful attention. Terms, \$2.50. Address the editor at 25 Ann street, New York City.

Isaac Kinley says: "I caught the glimpse of a truth. It was but a shimmering light, and soon the clouds floated over it and all was dark. I had seen the light and knew it was there. But because their eyes had not seen it, some doubted, some smiled, and some mocked in derision. I peered and peered into the darkness. Rifts came and closed, and came again in the cloud, and with each reappearance the light was more brilliant. At last, oh, joy! the clouds dispersed. The fair orb was unobscured, and the whole horizon became luminous."

A few weeks ago we published an account of a colored man, brilliant in intellect, who, while blaspheming, fell down dead. Now there comes a report from Xenia, Ohio, stating that Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sparks attended a protracted meeting that is being held in the Methodist church near Bowersville, on the morning of January 14th, and Mrs. Sparks arose to speak in the meeting. She had proceeded but a few sentences when she fell to the floor and immediately expired. Rev. Talmage's attention is particularly called to the case of this good woman, and he is requested to put it with his blasphemous who went out of the world by spontaneous combustion.

The Moral Education Society of Chicago, is now doing a most excellent work. Its object is to develop higher standards of parental obligations, to prepare better material for society through a better educated parenthood and as a first step toward changing habits, to change the thought of community on vital points. Heredity is the most important study, not only as a historic and scientific problem, but a means of ethical culture and moral advancement. Its aim will be to promote the dissemination of more elevated ideas in regard to marriage and the importance of enlightened parenthood, and, as the most effective means to secure this, a better teaching and training of children and youth to prepare them for these relations, that they may be able to exercise the creative office in accordance with the Laws of Life and Health, and to cultivate in community a sentiment promotive of a true understanding by the parties to marriage of the conditions and duties involved in the partnership. The society will work for the abolition of vice, the elevation of social relations, and individual purity, physically and morally. Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler is president of the society; Mrs. Mary Dye, secretary and Treasurer, 373 Washington Boulevard. The regular meetings of the M. E. S. are held in Parlor 23, Grand Pacific, on the 2nd Tuesday of each month, at 2:30 P. M. All ladies are cordially invited.

L. Jeff Melbourne & Co., Baltimore, Md., have issued a Calendar-Diary for 1887. It is so constructed that it can be used either as a book or be folded at the back so as to bring one page only to view, and then be suspended.

St. Louis is being—it is said—started by a spectre, consisting of a horse and carriage, the details of which make the remarkable phenomena related by Dr. J. C. Hoffman appear insignificant. If we find, on investigation, that this account is not a hoax, we shall publish it in full.

The deposed New York priest, Father McGlynn, is posing as a martyr. His congregation are almost unanimous in his favor. The choir refuse to sing for his successor; the altar boys will no longer perform their duties; the pocket books of the members refuse to open to assist financially, and the leading ladies of the church have openly boycotted the new priest. A funny time is anticipated. Father McGlynn was deposed on account of his socialistic notions.

The February New England Magazine (out Feb. 1st), will contain an authoritative article on the Episcopal Churches in the United States by Rev. Geo. W. Shinn, D. D.; an illustrated article on "The Father of Boston" (Rev. John Cotton), by an Episcopalian; "In two acts," a complete and fascinating story by J. V. Fitchard; "Northfield and the Evangelist Moody" (illustrated); "Canoeing among the Kennebec County Lakes"; "The British Cake in 1812," war story; "Wooster Historical Society Papers," etc.

Mr. T. Vijja Raghava Charlu, as Secretary of the Theosophical Society, at Adyar (Madras), India, has our thanks for an invitation to attend the ceremony of opening the Adyar Oriental Library on the 28th of December last. Had our kind brother only bethought him to have enlisted the services of a letter carrier of one of those mysterious and powerful gentlemen said to live in his country, and thus have notified us in time, it is quite likely we should have taken a vacation for a day and run over to Adyar; as it is, we can only extend our brotherly wishes for the permanent success of the library.

There died lately in the City Hospital at Vicksburg, Miss., a very remarkable negro, John Henry, who had invented a piece of agricultural machinery of which great things are expected. Before his death he gave the model to his nurse, who constructed it under his direction. Henry was the victim of a spinal disease, which had destroyed some of the bones of his neck, and for some time before his death he had no control of his muscles, and was practically dead as far as motion and sensation were concerned from the neck downward. A post-mortem examination was made, and showed that the spinal cord was divided by the disease. John Henry's invention is a combined cotton scraper, chopper, and cultivator, and is said to display evidence of great inventive talent. Henry was a pure blooded negro.

The annual report of the agent of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, whose settlement is at Oldtown, Me., shows an increasing degree of physical deterioration. There is much sickness all the while, and lung troubles are especially prevalent. The yearly census showed less than 400, and yet the deaths last year were twenty-six. Out of the total appropriation for the tribe, of less than \$9,000, the expenditures for the sick and poor were \$2,500; while medicine, doctors, and their burial expenses call for about \$700 more. There is a certain pathos in this disappearance of what was once a powerful tribe. No humorous suggestions about their \$50 Governor and \$40 Lieutenant-Governor, or thoughts of the diverting aspect of the modern Indian, can make one forget that while the Penobscot River flows steadily on with its old volume the men whose ancestors owned the woods and the river are fading away.

"The sudden death of Miss Fannie Barclay, of Bedford Avenue, after a brief illness, and while preparations were going rapidly forward for her approaching marriage to a well-known young business man of this city, presents a case in which death was foreshadowed or caused by a dream," writes a Pittsburgh correspondent of *The New York Sun*. "About six weeks ago Miss Barclay had a dream, in which she saw her dead body laid out in a beautiful casket, amid flowers, and surrounded by her sorrowing friends. This dream was solemnly narrated to her father and mother, and said that it was a warning that she would soon die. At the time she was in the best of health and looking forward with happy anticipations to her wedding day, which was not far distant. The belief inspired by the dream seemed to grow upon her, and, notwithstanding the efforts of friends, she seemed unable to shake it off. She was taken ill, and then declared that it was her last sickness, and so it proved."

At the time Bishop Merrill was holding forth here in opposition to the wild and extravagant teachings of that fossilized body designated as the "Prophetic Conference," Dr. Adam Miller dropped in one forenoon to hear him speak. In the afternoon of the same day he had occasion to visit the residence of Mr. Bangs (father of the Bangs sisters, mediums) in a professional capacity, and while there wrote the following question on a bit of paper: "Where was I this forenoon?" Carefully folding the paper, the medium being out of the room at the time, he placed it between two slates. The following response, which was correct, was then written while the medium was holding the slates: "You was down town and heard Bishop Merrill deliver a regular old orthodox discourse." The next question was: "Who is right—Bishop

or Merrill or the "Prophetic Conference?" The response was: "Bishop Merrill is nearer right."

J. F. Snipes of New York, writes: "Mrs. J. O. Goodwin, musical medium, is stopping in this city. She is a stranger to New York Spiritualists, formerly of California, daughter of Judge Enoch Wadsworth, and sister-in-law of the city editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. Thursday evening, January 20th, she gave an introductory musical séance in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Gray. In addition to her musical phase, she is said to have clairvoyant, clairaudient and trance gifts, although they were not exercised on this occasion. Mr. Titus Merrill of 1212 Broadway, the well-known spiritual book and paper provider, is acting as her agent. I am promised opportunity for investigation of materialization, the crowning and most questionable of latter-day phenomena, and if conditions and results favor, shall report in due time, fairly and justly, according to the facts. There has been considerable discussion lately in the afternoon conferences about the claims of a medium for materialization. Although championed by some of very deliberate, scientific, and close methods, visitors have been much divided in opinion, and I understand the circles have been suspended. I attended two of her séances at her home sometime ago. The cabinet was a closet, with a trunk in it, and the adult form that appeared several times, in a very subdued light, representing different spirits, was precisely alike each time in size, feature, and temperamental movement, yet among others, it was recognized as the wife of one, the sister of another, and by another as his daughter who died when an infant."

The New-Yorkers have a novelty, it is a ladies' walking club. It daily sets forth from the house of a member, gathering accessions as it travels by the houses where other members are waiting to fall in line, and by the time it reaches the park it is quite a formidable as well as fascinating squadron. The daily spin is not to be interrupted even in the worst of weathers. The only effect the elements are permitted to have on the club is to shorten the walk.

THIRTY YEARS AND NO ADVANCE.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

Not long since, at a meeting of a Massachusetts Medical Society, attended by medical, scientific and literary gentlemen, the subject of mind reading was discussed. Col. T. W. Higginson was among those present, and took occasion to say that he "believed that mind reading, like Spiritualism, runs on a low moral plane. During the last thirty years Spiritualism has shown no advance."

At Jacob's well, Jesus met a woman that came to draw water. He read her mind so correctly that she was greatly astonished. "The woman left her waterpot and went her way into the city, and said to the men, come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" Did Col. Higginson intend to place himself on record as saying that whenever Jesus exercised his power of reading the mind of any one near him, that he was acting on a low plane of thought? Was he not rather exercising one of the highest attributes of the spirit? It is said that God and His holy angels read our thoughts. Is their plane a low one? Mr. Higginson said he "was inclined to the theory of fragmentary survival, and judged that the well known intuitive apprehension of children as to the mood of mind of their elders, and the dog's instinct are similar when he reads his master's wishes in his face, or by his manner."

I presume no one will think of denying that we enjoy our soul attributes in common with children and dogs, but are such attributes, consequently reduced to a low plane? Balaam's ass saw an angel, but Col. Higginson should see an angel, it might cause every hair of his head to stand erect, but not necessarily reduce him to the plane of that famous animal. He would still remain a literary gentleman of high standing, with an honorable military record. Dogs, in unflinching affection and integrity of spirit, challenge the world of humanity to surpass them in these qualities. When loving friends manifest similar traits of character, are they degraded thereby to the plane of dogs generally? If animals do not possess all the attributes of soul that we do, such as they do possess, they enjoy to a greater perfection.

When the Colonel was bravely leading on his regiment, during the late war, doubtless he exercised firmness in common with his pack mules, but how handy it would have been to have possessed the clairvoyant vision which that animal sometimes manifests. With such a gift he might have peered fifty miles away through the swamps, and noted just where, and how the enemy were located. The carrier pigeon, riding up in to the air, either through clairvoyance, or some other occult power, looks away hundreds of miles to its home, and pursues a pretty straight line to find it. If a commanding General could be sent up in a balloon, and exercise the powers of the pigeon in viewing the landscape so far away, he would not be likely to think himself degraded by using the valuable gift.

Touching the matter of spiritual intercourse, the Colonel says: "An exceptional few possess the power, and even they will not submit to any adequate tests." This remark proves very clearly that the Colonel does not read the Spiritualist papers which publish so many excellent tests. It seems to be the misfortune of nearly, if not all, the individuals that in public attack Spiritualism, not to understand the subject they would disparage. Their lack of knowledge concerning the facts in the case, are at once patent to all who are properly informed; consequently, in the place of gaining reputation for intelligence, they lose ground. The Colonel could hardly have made a greater mistake than to say that Spiritualism has made no advance for the past thirty years. If on the field of battle he had blundered so badly, I presume the "Southern Gray Coats" would have relieved him of all skepticism about ghosts by making him one of that ethereal company that come and go at pleasure.

During the past thirty years the literature of Spiritualism has been increased by hun-

dreds of volumes; and more or less of these are almost exclusively made up of well authenticated tests. Thirty years since, I am not sure that there were over half a dozen spiritual papers printed in the world, but now of weekly, semi-weekly and monthly, there is said to be some four hundred. At that time there were but few persons sufficiently educated in the philosophy of spirit-intercourse to write on the subject. Where one such person could then be found, there are at least twenty now. Halls have been built, camp grounds purchased, cottages built and grounds improved. Can any one point to a religious movement in the past that made so much headway in so short a time? This has been done in the face of the most virulent opposition from the old schools of thought.

All new waves of progress that tend to disintegrate old institutions have to pass through fierce trials. Spiritualism in this country has to contest theological grounds with some eighty thousand clergymen. These men are sharp enough to see that if our philosophy of life here and hereafter prevails their three hundred thousand barrels of old orthodox sermons—be the same, more or less—would scarcely be worth ten cents a barrel; but if this new wave from out the spirit-world can be turned back or stamped out, then the old stock on hand might to them, be worth almost its weight in gold. They have made a vigorous fight for bread, not for truth, and will continue to make it, so long as any hope of success remains. The turning of the soil in the fields of religious ideas, is pretty sure to bring to the surface many unbalanced intellects. These come in with all their hobbies, crudities and idiosyncrasies, and will float for a time like trash, in a high spring freshet. It takes time for these to sink out of sight or drop away into the low marshes, leaving the main stream the clearer for their absence. I don't say that the movement is free from all this obstructing element, but I think the larger portion of it has departed. The churches can't afford to smile much over our difficulties in such matters, since they have seldom been free from contentions about doctrines. After having paid out hundreds of millions of dollars upon the shameful proposition that the heathen are in hell, they are now in danger of letting them all out. They are about making the discovery that the heathen are not now and never were in any wise dependent on them for their future happiness. It was very natural that they should find this out, since for the last thirty-eight years, returning spirits have been so well agreed on that point, and they, if anybody, must know the facts in the case.

MIND READING IN BOSTON.

BY PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The exhibitions of Mr. Bishop have very completely and publicly demonstrated the psychic perception of one man's mind by another, leaving only a few incoherent skeptics like Colonel Higginson to entertain any further doubt. Col. H. is so far gone as to rejoice over the dead failure of the American Society for Psychical Research as a proof of their superior wisdom! In other words, the Society has been hunting for a mare's nest, and show their sagacity by not finding it! The Boston branch understand the art of "how not to do it," as well as anybody. The principal performance of their last meeting was an imitation of mind-reading by several members, of honorable titles and peculiar wisdom, whose names I will charitably omit, who succeeded in showing that by collusion between the operator and subject, a certain programme could be carried out which would imitate mind-reading. If they supposed the society would be instructed by showing this little trick before them, their estimate of the intelligence of their confederates must be singularly low. As nobody had ever suspected Mr. Bishop of collusion, it is not apparent what could be the object of showing this very simple trick before the grave and reverend gentlemen who witnessed it. Such performances show the close association in philosophy between ultra skeptics and wilful stupidity.

It is easier to lead the horse to the water than to make him drink when he is not thirsty. Mr. Bishop has led his Boston mob of the elite, to the borders of psychic science, but they don't drink much from "the Plerian Spring," from which the "shallow drafts" intoxicate the brain, but drinking largely sobers us again. There will be a great struggle on the borders of the fountain before the scientists can be induced to drink freely.

A correspondent of the *Transcript*, Mr. E. C. Towne, has taken the lead, and quaffed more deeply than any of the Boston literati, but he needs to drink much more deeply before his head is entirely clear. Mr. T. relates very fully some cases of clairvoyance and the success of clairvoyant practitioners, which I was rather surprised to see in a Boston daily. He says in behalf of his clairvoyant doctor, who has a practice of fifteen or twenty thousand a year, if he could have a large hospital and the aid of subordinates for a great part of the work (there being persons enough who have a good deal of the necessary power), "he would make as notable a mark as any of the great doctors of the time." Thanks, Mr. Towne, for your candor and appreciation. Pray, go a little further and you may come out a psychic philosopher indeed; but when you insist that a psychic perception of any part not reached by the senses, is a case of electrical transmission, you are confusing phenomena, which are very plain if impartially examined. It is the unanimous opinion of the scientific world that electric and nervous forces are entirely distinct and different, and there was surely no transmission of electricity in the cases of clairvoyance described by Mr. T., who seems to have gone wild on his electrical theory.

The fact that copper wires may be used as a connecting link between the psychic and the subject, gives no support to the electric notion, for the human nerve aura has a conductivity quite similar to that of electricity, as I demonstrated forty-five years ago in connection with Dr. David Dale Owen, in his laboratory at New Harmony. Copper is a very good conductor for the nerve aura; but the higher forms of the psychic aura have a conductivity vastly beyond that of electricity, which no physical media can obstruct.

Mr. Towne's suggestion that this imaginary electric conduction by which he would explain the transmission of thought, may explain all the phenomena of Spiritualism, shows so profound an ignorance of the subject, that we can only say there is no other subject than Spiritualism upon which such ignorance would be tolerated in a writer for the press. Let Mr. Towne inform himself by witnessing state writing and materialization, and he will write something worth reading.

THE USE OF THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

The Psychograph is an instrument to facilitate spirit communion, but it furnishes only one of the many necessary conditions. Those who expect it will give them communications as a clock points the hour, will be disappointed. That it is capable of giving astonishing results, has been repeatedly proven by experiments. To give the best results, sensitive persons must sit with ardent desire and patient determination to obtain communications. Many séances may be given before any result is obtained. These séances should be held at stated and appointed times, and given the serious attention the subject demands. The formation of circles cannot be too strongly urged on the attention of Spiritualists or those seeking evidence; not only for this purpose, but for spiritual growth, aside from the séance proper. There will be in a circle formed from a family group, and a few friends outside, at least one person sufficiently mediumistic to obtain results after a few sittings with the instrument, and the phenomena will increase with each séance as long as no disturbing element is introduced. A friend who has become an adept in communion through the instrument, became discouraged because it gave him false communications. He said they came so readily that he thought they must be true, but found them entirely false. He had the same experience with Planchette. He sat at all hours, and came to the strange pass of putting the communications in place of his reason. He consulted on the most common affairs, and the intelligences wishing to answer such triviality, may readily be supposed to be trivial in character and careless of telling the truth. The same may be said of communications received by whatever method, when brought to the level of vulgar affairs.

The Psychograph will assist in the developing of mediumship, and give communications with a lower degree of sensitiveness than can be obtained in any other manner. Its work will be more perfect as mediumship increases, and the harmony of the circle becomes established. The inventor of the Psychograph.

General News.

At a farm-house near Salem, Illinois, John Phelps killed Grant Pool with a pocket-knife, and made his escape from the vicinity.—The Brewers' Union of Detroit has ended a long strike by agreeing to receive and protect the men who had taken the places of their members.—It is predicted that Allen W. Thurman, a son of the Ohio statesman, will be one of the inter-state commerce commission.—The assassins of the Harris brothers, who were thought to have been released from jail at Warren, Arkansas, by masked men, were promptly lynched on the river bank.—By the burning of a cotton-shed on the corner of Shelby and South Streets, Memphis, property valued at \$300,000 was reduced to ashes.—A jury in the Federal Court at Chicago convicted "Bobby" Adams of robbing the postoffice at Minneapolis of stamps worth \$12,000.—The Texas house has passed a bill forbidding the acceptance of railway passes or orders for transportation by judicial, executive, administrative, or legislative officials, except sheriffs or constables, under penalty of a maximum fine of \$1,000.—The Republican club, of New York, will give its first annual dinner on the approaching anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Among the invited guests are to be James G. Blaine, General Sherman, Robert T. Lincoln, and the Republican governors of the several States.—A British steamer collided at Shanghai with a Chinese transport, causing the loss of several mandarins and one hundred soldiers.—A court at Edinburgh divorced the Marchioness of Queensberry, the Marquis entering no defense.—General Boulanger is denounced by the *Journal des Debats* as an associate of the party of revolution, whose presence in the war office is dangerous to the republic.

The Court of Queen's Bench at Montreal has ordered the extradition of J. F. Hoke, the bank embezzler, of Peoria, Illinois, who has expended over \$2,000 in an attempt to secure his freedom.—The cabinet crisis in France has probably been averted by the withdrawal of the supplemental budget of \$75,000,000 introduced by the minister of finance.—Volney C. Turner, late President of the North Chicago City Railway, has been sued for \$600,000 by George Schneider and the brothers Peck for failing to deliver to them a controlling interest in the road at \$600 per share.—President Cleveland gave audience to the President of the National Cattle Growers' Association and other representatives of the livestock interest, who explained the provisions of the pending bill for the suppression of pleuro-pneumonia.—On the ground that the contract was based on a gambling operation, the County Court at Milwaukee dismissed the suit of Daniel Wells against Peter McGeech for \$200,000 alleged to be due on the famous land deal of 1880.—Dr. G. Patterson, of Beloit, Wisconsin, having been a wreck from the use of cocaine, has been sent to jail for twenty days, on a charge of vagrancy.—The deeds filed for record last week in Chicago covered \$1,305,240.—The strikers in Lorillard's tobacco factory at Jersey City have declared their intention to resume work.—Amos L. Hopkins, of New York, demands of the Supreme Court a jury trial of the divorce suit recently brought by his wife, the daughter of George L. Dunlap, of Chicago.

The combination, proportion, and process of preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

Notice to Subscribers.—We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

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makes practical the correct principle in making coffee. To boil coffee in the ordinary manner extracts in a little time the caffeine, rendering it strong and unpleasant to the taste. The process of Distillation brings out the aromatic flavor of the Coffee, while the caffeine and nutrient matter is left behind. Directions sent with each Distiller. In ordering send \$1.00 for coffee pot. Price by mail 40 cents. Address

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

The Brooklyn Magazine has deferred its change of name to the *American Magazine* until April 15, in order that the publisher may have suitable time for properly developing the many plans necessary to the successful launching of a high class illustrated magazine.

Food for Consumptives.
Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvelous food and medicine.

James Parton is to have an article in the *Forum* for February, on "Outgrown City Government," showing the inevitable mischief of political methods in municipal affairs, and advocating the necessity of a strong centralized administration, with ample powers and a long term of office.

Illustrated Tourist Guide to Mammoth Cave and the Southwestern Resorts Free.

The passenger department of the Monon Route (J. N. A. & C. Ry.), has just published a finely illustrated guide to the South in the form of a romance. It depicts the travels of the Gorman and Bonbright families, the places they visited, points of interest seen and descriptions thereof. The description of the Mammoth Cave is worthy a place in our Tourist literature to say nothing of the beautiful illustrations. The book will be sent to you on receipt of four cents in postage. Address E. O. McCormick, P. O. Agt., Monon Route, 183 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Kieckhefer Brace Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1914.

Pearl Cure for Consumption is the best Cough Medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Business Notices.
SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Chicago Meetings.
The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon, 1:30 sharp, at Martine's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd Street and 1st Avenue.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.
The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock at 118 West 43rd Street, New York.
The People's Spiritual Society of New York City has removed to Spencer Hall, 714 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 2nd Street, N. Y. H. Striker, services Sunday at 11 a. m. Officers: Geo. D. Carr, Jr., President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Vinton, Secretary; F. S. Macdonald, Treasurer.
Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 14th Avenue. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Conference every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.
Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Lecturer: Mr. J. J. Moore, of Los Angeles, Eng.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.
W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.
Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Room 11, 14th Street, corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.
H. W. FAY, Pres., 629 N. Iowa St.
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GENERAL CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.

I.—That attested by the Senses:
II.—From the Writing of Languages unknown to the Psychist.
III.—From Special Tests which preclude previous Preparation of the Writing:
APPENDIX: Conjectures on Physical Processes; Testimony of Renowned Persons; Advice to Inquirers.

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The address of Prof. William Crookes before the British Association upon the "Generation of the Chemical Elements" is one of the most important contributions to chemical philosophy that have been published for a long time. Reasoning from the recently discovered law of periodicity among the elements, he discusses the possibility of their being formed from the cooling of one primitive form of matter which he calls "protyle." While he admits that we have no direct evidence that the elements are different manifestations of the same form of matter, yet he thinks that the observed phenomena of chemistry and physics point very strongly to such a conclusion, and agrees with Faraday that "to decompose the metals, then to reform them, to change them from one to another, and to realize the once absurd notion of transmutation are the problems now given to the chemist for solution." We consider Prof. Crookes to be one of the wisest and most sagacious now living, and any views he may have are entitled to serious consideration. — *Pam. Rev. Assoc.*

The End Of The World and Christ's Coming.

It is a curiosity that in the recent discussion in this city of eschatological questions, or questions relating to the end of the world, (says a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*), somebody did not treat historically. Christ has been coming for the last 2,000 years. In the early ages of the church his advent was expected daily, and the further we go back the more certain were his disciples of his immediate coming. Even Paul, speaking on the subject, "We which are alive shall be caught up together with Him in the clouds to be forever with Him." It is evident that Paul believed that Christ would come in his generation. I do not wish to discount Paul's inspiration, but we know that Paul sometimes expressed his own opinion and that at others he was taught by the Spirit. In the first three centuries of the church Christ's coming was the sole of the disciples, contending as they were against the power of the Roman Empire. It was the sole of the poor Christians hidden in their nightly meetings from the persecutions of Diocletian; it was the sole of the Christians of the catacombs. Later, in the last thousand years there was a general expectation throughout all Europe that the end of the world was at hand. So general was this belief and so potent that it paralyzed everything of a secular nature. People ceased to build houses; Emperors ceased to think of conquering. There was a general standstill of earthly affairs. But when it was discovered after the close of the last millennium that the end of the world had come a new era of activity began. The Crusades were entered upon; the Norman Barons crossed over the English channel and conquered England, and there was noticeable everywhere a new activity in earthly affairs. In our own time, or at least a little over forty years ago, another epoch of a similar kind existed as the result of the teachings of a Mr. Miller. These teachings were known as the *Millenarian doctrine* of the end of the world. At that time an unlooked-for comet appeared of large dimensions, which added to the terror of the anticipation.

A historical view of the subject would certainly modify the opinion of many of the present believers in the immediate coming of Christ and the end of the world. Christ himself taught that when it was most expected it would not come, but its appearance would be as a thief in the night. The end of the world would come to each individual when death comes. That event may be sudden or it may be postponed. It seems to me idle, in view of the historical side of the question, for men to argue that there are events which indicate the approach of the end of the world. Of course, almost anything can be proved if the proper premises are isolated and disconnected texts of Scripture are earnestly studied. The Bible will lead the student to believe that the date of the end of the world or the personal coming of Christ. I think Christ himself taught the true doctrine where he says: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be present in their midst." And it seems to me that this peculiar doctrine of the immediate coming of Christ and the end of the world is a result more of the current materialism than of the spiritual life.

A "Spirit" Sings "Rule Britannia."

While the congregations of many of the churches and chapels in Newcastles were last night holding their annual soirees, bazaars, and concerts, the *Spiritualists* of the city were at their rooms in Pillington Street celebrating the Christmas holidays in their own peculiar way. Mr. Everett, a manufacturer of Brooklyn, New York, a gentleman identified with American spiritualistic circles, is at present on a visit to this locality. One of the objects of his temporary sojourn in England is to inquire into and collect facts relative to all the phenomena bearing on the subject, and in order in some measure to satisfy him, the gathering of last night was arranged. The circle was a select one, consisting only of members of the society and their wives, Mr. Everett being the central guest. At 8 o'clock the séance was formed, a cabinet being used in the usual way by certain suspended from an iron rod in a corner of the room, the ladies and gentlemen present forming two horse shoe circles. A lady belonging to the city acted as medium. The first of the room a fairly good light was shown by a red-headed lantern. Devotional exercises having been gone through, the first "spirit" to appear was that of a lady about 5 feet 9 inches in height, who wore on her head a peculiar hood, somewhat after the style of those worn by French or Belgian peasant women. This lady wished to be introduced to the American gentleman, to whom she spoke in a whisper, and then signed her name on an envelope, which together with a pencil had been placed in her hands. Mr. Everett stated in the room that he recognized the form and spirit as that of a former lady friend of his own. "Slay," the little black girl, so familiar in local spiritualistic companies, next appeared, and amused by her half-breton English and childish prattle those present. Some of the timidity she had before displayed was gone, and the child advanced to the side of the circle and took from the hands of some present the little Christmas gifts that had proffered for her acceptance. The form of "George," the Scotchman, next appeared, and was evidently in a more than usually good humor, for he not only had no complaints to make regarding the light in the room, but actually complimented the gentleman who presided over the séance, but satisfactory glow afforded to the circle. For about three-quarters of an hour "George" kept up an interesting conversation with those present. He was jocular as usual in many respects, spoke in a complimentary manner of the season, and, in reply to invitations, favored the sitters with stanzas of *Rule Britannia*, *The Keel Row*, and with quotations from Shakespeare. "George" with his drollery, after quotations and vocal powers, having disappeared, a girl from three to four feet in height appeared, and was presently gone, and it was then stated that the magnetic power was exhausted, and that the séance was virtually at an end. The materialization was said by experienced persons to be very perfect, the light was all under the circumstances that could be desired, and the Christmas gifts, big and little, male and female, grave and amusing, were all duly received. At the close of the séance, Mr. Everett delivered an address on Spiritualism in America, giving a historical account of extraordinary manifestations he had witnessed in Boston, Philadelphia, and Troy.—*The Evening Chronicle, Eng.*

Hosford's Acid Phosphate.
Hundreds of Bottles Prescribed.
Dr. C. B. Drake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have prescribed hundreds of bottles of it. It is of great value in all forms of nervous disease which are accompanied by loss of power."

Miss Ada Kurtz has been reappointed Deputy Sheriff of Franklin County, Pa. She has served one term with credit, and prisoners say she has a remarkably taking way.

"Well, well—the world must turn upon its axis, And all mankind turn with it, heads or tails; And live and die, make love and pay our taxes, Is the way Byron looked at it; but 'It is not all of life to live.' A healthy life is the only one 'worth living for,' and that 'depends on the liver.' If the liver is not in good working order, pimples, blotches, skin diseases, scrofula, catarrh, and a long list of dangerous diseases result. 'Cleanse your liver,' says Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and free your system of all impurities of the blood by restoring your liver to healthy action. By Druggists."

Congressman W. L. Scott of Pennsylvania, like Senator Gorman and Dick Townsend, began life as a page. Now he is worth \$30,000,000.

Honors Promptly Believed.
The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Trochee" explains itself:

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 12, 1894.
"Gentlemen: The writer, who is a senior singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desert from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Trochees' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published."
"Brown's Bronchial Trochees" are sold only in boxes, with the names of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price, 25 cents.

Queen Margaret of Italy does all her shopping in person, with no more fuss than any of her subjects, and goes early in the day to avoid the crowd.

The Hair May Be Preserved

To an advanced age, in its youthful freshness, abundance, and color, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. When the hair is weak, thin, and falling, this preparation will strengthen it, and improve its growth.

Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely. She used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor, which not only prevented baldness, but also stimulated an entirely new and vigorous growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace.—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburg, Iowa.

On two occasions, during the past twenty years, a humor in the scalp caused my hair to fall out. Each time, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor and with gratifying results. This preparation checked the hair from falling, stimulated its growth, and healed the humors, rendering my scalp clean and healthy.—T. P. Drummond, Charleston, Va.

About five years ago my hair began to fall out. It became thin and lifeless, and I was certain I should be bald in a short time. I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. One bottle of this preparation caused my hair to grow again, and it is now as abundant and vigorous as ever.—C. E. Sweet, Gloucester, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and, though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation creates a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft and pliant, prevents the formation of dandruff, and is a perfect hair dressing.—Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

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For months I suffered from Liver and Kidney complaint. After taking my doctor's medicines for a month, and getting no better, I began using Ayer's Pills. Three boxes of this remedy cured me.—James Shale, Lambertville, N. J.

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Thorough action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Cathartic Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies, for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

As a mild and thorough purgative, Ayer's Pills cannot be excelled. They give me quick relief from Bilious and Sick Headaches, stimulate the Liver, and quicken the appetite.—Jared O. Thompson, Mount Cross, Va.

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CAN SPIRITUALISM SPIRITUALIZE?

(Continued from First Page)

pulpits. To drag the high truth which you profess to teach through the mud which clings to so much of the practical history of Spiritualism is to deny yourself or to deserve to deny yourself the commonest respect of the veriest materialist who keeps clean hands and a pure heart before the altar of his unknown God.

This is good, sound advice, and so far as "clean hands and pure hearts" are concerned, we believe Spiritualists may compare favorably with any class or denomination. As for "turning off paid mediums!" this is a free country, and there is no power, *per se*, in Spiritualism to thrust them aside. We might reply that it would be better for the church to turn off its paid clergy. They preach absurd and obsolete doctrines, and are as a class not as "clean" and "pure" as the laity.

The article under consideration is remarkable more for its implications than its assertions. The author ignores the great fact that beneath the phenomena—good, bad, and indifferent, true or false—there lies a grand science of life, here and hereafter, and that Spiritualists in their own way, following their own methods, are working out that science into actual life. Casting off the restraints of the old beliefs, may produce strange anomalies, and the eagerness to receive communications from the dead departed may induce us to accept unclean water from broken pitchers. Yet we do so under protest, and demand purity and integrity of character as the goal. As sensitiveness to spirit control does not depend on morality, we are not choosers, but accept the conditions imposed.

In conclusion, we say to Miss Phelps that her advice to true Spiritualists in regard to morality, is entirely uncalled for. Spiritualism is the embodiment of all the moral teachings of the past, and the grand army of its supporters have pure hearts and clean hands, and aspire to the highest and noblest attainments.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

MRS. RETTA S. ANDERSON.

In the *Inter-Ocean* of January 11th, appears an article bearing the above heading, from the pen of the noted authoress, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which will be read with surprise and disappointment by thousands who have for years regarded her as a just and liberal woman. She says, "It may be worth while to say, precisely, here that the writer of these columns is not a Spiritualist." This concise assertion cannot fail to startle those who have read her Spiritualistic books, have drawn hope and comfort therefrom. Her "Gates Ajar" was received by the public with loud applause, not (as is often remarked) because of its literary excellence, but because of the golden thread of spiritual thought which glories it from preface to finale, and the same is true of other productions of hers. Now isn't it a little ungrateful in her to revile Spiritualism, after having been borne to the pinnacle of fame upon its broad shoulders?

But upon re-reading her article carefully, I am led to conclude that she does not know what Spiritualism is. Were she an obscure woman (like the writer of this), living "way out in Kansas," we could excuse her and say: "Poor dear! she has no means of becoming informed, and nothing better should be expected of her;" but coming as it does, from one who has time, talent and advantages, we have no excuse ready.

For a person "who looks upon so oblique a subject squarely from the outside," she certainly shows wonderful skill in distorting that subject and in overlooking facts. She has not in her article given Spiritualism one single blow; but she has reared "a Man of Straw," labeled him "Spiritualism," and flogged him severely. For instance, she says that "You Spiritualists" invite her into a filthy house upon a back street, and take her up a flight of dubious stairs into the foul den of a disreputable woman—"a celebrated medium." There she is shut in and forced to undergo the torture of seeing that woman have a prolonged epileptic fit; or she is obliged to sit in a dark circle, clapping hands with people of the lowest morals, while the names of her beloved dead are hurled about in the loathsome atmosphere. Then she pays for this revolting gibberish, at the rate of two dollars a gibber.

Now, if any of "you Spiritualists" have ever inveigled Miss Phelps, or any other young and confiding lady into such a place, you ought to be sent to the penitentiary. If you are really a Spiritualist you have been reading the *JOURNAL*, and through it have been warned against such transparent frauds time and again; therefore you committed a double wrong in thus deceiving the lady. You know that all intelligent Spiritualists, as well as other moral and refined people, avoid such vile slanders, for they have too much self-respect and honor to contribute toward their support, beside too much decency to be willing to come in contact with such beings. If it were not for the extreme gullibility of ignorant people who are anxious to pay two dollars, occasionally, for being humbugged, those foul places would crumble to the earth, and tolling Spiritualism would be freed from its most hateful foe.

But why did such a cultured lady as Miss Phelps, seek to investigate this great modern science, in a place of low repute? Why did she not go into the parlor or study of some educated person, where the glorious, life-giving sunlight streamed through broad windows, and where the atmosphere was as pure as an angel's breath? Would she, with her knowledge of botany, expect to find fresh spring violets growing in a dark, moldy, airless cellar? Why did she not seek communion with the "loved and lost," where she would be likely to find it?

She writes: "Because a man desires a thing, it is not the less reason that the more, why he should reverse this species of sacredness. An immortal soul is a good thing to have, but it is not the more likely to be had by bad logic. The personal presence of a dead friend is a glorious possibility, but wishing for it does not prove it." Of course we all agree to that. If the sentiments thus set forth had been written by a less superior person, we would accuse him of plagiarism, as they have been worked up with different arrangement of words, by those who own that they are Spiritualists, so often, that the necessity of having a "cheerful bell" in every well regulated household, becomes daily more imperative. Spiritualists are waging a constant warfare against all kinds of frauds, and all that they desire is the truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. People ought not to condemn until they have evolved enough discernment to know whether they are condemning a genuine thing, or a disordered edgy.

Miss Phelps says, also, that it is as ruinous to your faith to admit a medium to your fellowship on whose life rests the stain of known moral errors, "as it were for the Christian

Church to keep evil men behind her pulpits." Well, we think so too; but why does she not say as it is for the church to keep evil men behind the pulpits? "Were," in this connection, savors too much of the past tense to agree with the weekly accounts of the present rascality of the clergy. It would be sacrilegious to do as she suggests—drag unsullied Spiritualism into "the house of God," to be prayed over by such a pulpitier.

Some time ago a very able article appeared in the *JOURNAL*, written by A. E. Carpenter, who criticized something which had been written by Miss Phelps. The editor, I remember, wishing to deal fairly with both sides, suggested that we "read between the lines." I have done so with the article before me, and find what seems to me to be a desire to mislead in regard to the claims of Spiritualism, and to cast a foul cloud over the cause.

My reason for failing to introduce argument into this too lengthy communication is, there is nothing against which to argue. Miss Phelps charges Spiritualists with being low, indecent, epileptic creatures, and it is the duty of all justice-loving people to contradict such statements. The fact that there are such low resorts as she mentions, is no proof that we do not live beyond the grave. Even though that rickety flight of stairs had been strewn with orange peels and drenched with superannuated dish water, it would not prove that respectable people have not received messages from the so-called dead, in their own airy, clean homes. She cannot abhor such mockery and filth more than I do; but she ought to call it by its right name, instead of dignifying it by the name of Spiritualism.

Concordia, Kan.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Mathematical Theory of Human Enlargement.

BY JOHN E. PURDON, M.A. LATE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Spiritualism will never pass into the scientific stage until those who advocate its doctrines are agreed as to the nature of the fundamental conceptions they must adopt to enable them to interpret its varied and, at times, apparently contradictory phenomena. The main idea, the central principle, is not so much related to the salvation of the soul, and its upward progress through other and more varied regions of subjective experience, as it is to the doctrine of Human Enlargement, which is a matter of fact about which there will be no dispute when once the well trained scientific mind grasps its full significance. The ethical and doctrinal side of Spiritualism will, humanly speaking, be always a field of contest and a theater for the exercise of dialectical powers; but the physical side of modern Spiritualism, which deals with extraordinary matters of fact, which introduces us into the sphere of miracle, is simply a question of *yes or no*, and demands no more than a fair investigation to compel us to read into our ordinary formulae a meaning wide enough to embrace all interpretations which do not involve us in fundamental contradictions. Mathematics is a language, in using which disputants cannot hide themselves in a cloud of words and at a pinch escape the consequences of their assertions; through a confusing logomachy. Here, as with matters of fact, it must be *yes or no*; and this is the organon or instrument that must be impressed into the service of Spiritualism before it can assert its true dignity as a legitimate branch of human knowledge—the science of the extraordinary.

What public lecturer has ever taken up the subject of modern Spiritualism in its mathematical bearing? I know of none, and yet I am bound to say, that here the great advance is to be made: the man of spiritualistic tendencies, weak or strong in his nature, as the case may be, believes in certain doctrines and accepts, as representing matters of fact, certain statements on evidence that would not convince a mind which demanded a more purely demonstrative proof to the exclusion of the light of intuition as valid evidence. What does "this come to?" To no more than demanding a proof founded on universal consent, a race proof, as I may call it, to one founded upon the modification induced in the personality of the individual by its own enlargement. The one leans to the objective, to the external, to the crystallized, to the universal; while the latter deals more purely with the world of causes, with that fluent state where individual effort counts for all its worth without having been leveled down to the gigantic average in the universal mill of matter. And after all, true men need not differ, though the difference between them may be great when the truth is the only object of their pursuit. A geometer and an algebraist may be taken as the types of these two classes of minds, and certain among the very great mathematicians have notably illustrated the possibility of the combination of both orders of intellect in the operations of the one brain. It would hardly be too much to say that genius essentially depends upon the influx of the inner and higher light owing to the sensitive nature which enables it to grasp the floating fancies from the world of causes, combined with a robustness of the organs of expression, which enables the thinker to hold in terms of consciousness those primitive elements of truth, and after a process of manufacture, however laborious, to present them to his fellows worked up into the language of the permanent, to be understood by all nations and ages of men.

There are various lines of speculation which might be followed with great benefit to the student of modern psychic science, could he but be induced to make theory and practice go hand in hand. The mere numerical accumulation of examples of the various orders of wonder-work will do nothing to convince the inquirer, who is of a materialistic turn, that it is the science of human enlargement with which he stands face to face. The mere weight of an induction may stupefy him into the conviction that there is something with extended powers but ten to one, if he do not think for himself at first hand, he will wonder about the "power and potency" which we heard so much about in the celebrated Belfast address of years ago. To overthrow such arguments in favor of the inner and secret powers of matter, to the exclusion of those of spirit, it will be the province of the Spiritualist of the future to explain how it is that matter is at the same time a language and a limitation; a medium of communication and a wall of demarcation, according to the status of the individuals into whose relations it enters as a factor. The strange and mysterious significance of the identity of the orders of the most general laws governing the operations of the intellectual and physical worlds, cannot be too strongly insisted on in first approaching the study of Spiritualism by the method of mathematical analogy; but it is a subject too wide for an article like the present, merely intended to call attention to a

new and stupendously powerful method of investigation.

The very great interest attached to the translated work of the late Prof. Zollner shows how the thinking public in England and America would eagerly welcome anything like a firm basis from which to work up a scientific structure large enough and true enough to hold all the hope and glory of the modern revelation through enlarged experience. But alas! the intrinsic difficulty of the application of the idea of space of four dimensions, as a theatre of human activity, has prevented the theory from becoming very popular, at any rate with those who attach a vital importance to understanding the "meaning of the hope that is in them."

Space of four dimensions may or may not ultimately prove to be an essential factor in the explanation of the *modus operandi* of the modern miracle; and thereby hangs a tale: The late Sir W. R. Hamilton of Dublin, one of the very greatest mathematicians, if not the greatest, since the time of Newton was haunted, to use his own words, by the ghost of space of four dimensions until, on the discovery of his system of quaternions the ghost was laid never to return; he found that though four units were required for the full elaboration of his mathematical instincts into work-a-day terms, yet three of them only were space units (corresponding to length, breadth and depth) having direction, while the fourth unit which he ever afterwards regarded as related to time, proved to be undirected and of the nature of an ordinary *plus or minus* number. Knowing this many years before Zollner had ever met with Slade, I had used the idea of four dimensional space as an illustrative symbol to show certain circumstances might obtain without violation of the order of nature, but I did not attach weight to the four dimensional notion, as an explanation; considering that, as it involved a breach of continuity of thought, it was useless as an intellectual bridge to enable us to pass from the present to the enlarged state either actually or symbolically; since we cannot picture or imagine affairs as they exist in space of four dimensions. Of the justness of my conclusion I had a strange confirmation in after years when I found that the late Prof. W. Knigdon Clifford proved that the geometrical algebras of all complex spaces, flat and curved, were necessarily reducible to the quaternion form or that of four units, three directed and one undirected.

Nor was that all. I found that in following out a hint derived from some of the earlier writings of Hamilton I had constructed from a square matrix of eight order symbols, united in pairs and obeying the law of polarity, two hundred and ten single or one hundred and five double squares, each of which corresponded to what Clifford called his system of bi-quaternions, constructed to represent, as it were by means of a mathematical model, space of four dimensions in finite in extent through the mathematical analogy of its algebraic equivalent, curved space of three dimensions; the most prominent, and easily understood properties of which are, that a line returns into itself having been produced to a finite extent, and that every line has a polar line from every point of which it is a quadrant distant. My system of equations gave the fundamental equations of Hamilton's system for what Clifford, who generalized the subject, calls the odd and even algebras; whereas, applied to Clifford's system, it gave only the even algebra of a system of four units, all of them directed. I further found that the next extremes of my system gave Clifford's odd and even algebras for a system of four directed units, and the even algebra of a system of five directed units and so on for higher systems.

I think, therefore, that I may feel justified in cautiously advancing the following hypothesis to the scientific Spiritualist in the hope that it may meet with the consideration I feel that it deserves: "There is a higher state of activity which we may call the state of Human Enlargement during life, which involves the idea of a reversible process, since those who enter it may return to the normal condition. There is further a more or less mathematical equivalence between this state and that *post mortem* state of Human Enlargement, which involves an irreversible process. The ordinary forms of consciousness are space and time as we know them, and into times of which all higher states must conform to be apprehended by us—space and time thereby remaining, as in the days of Kant and Hamilton, the two knowledge forms. Curved space of three dimensions, involving four separate directed units for its algebra, is the form of the pure sense of vision and presumably also of audition, when free from the conventions of ordinary experience, involving co-ordination with the muscular system from which the sensorium becomes disassociated in the higher state. During this state of freedom the representative faculty is active, and a mathematical picture is constructed of the positions and motions of another order of existence not directly translatable into terms of earth-life, but submitting themselves to a translation into the symbolic language of an intermediary, partaking of the nature of both." When I add that my space of three dimensions, flat or curved, infinite or finite, may be regarded as a locus in space of four dimensions, the nature of my theory and its relation to that of Zollner (which, by the by, is an old English hypothesis regarding the physical status of spirits rehabilitated in a German dress), is apparent. Finally I state it as my firm conviction that no theory of Enlargement will be found satisfactory which has not a physiological side to it. Our communication with beings in any higher order of existence can only be effected by the aid of living nerve tissue and, therefore, I found it absolutely necessary to devise a mathematical system of representation corresponding to the reversible process.

Abram James—Man and Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was in the summer of 1863, that I first met this marvelous medium, one of the very best in the way of intellectual development that I ever saw. James was born in Pennsylvania, of Quaker parentage. He inherited the simplicity, candor and truthfulness of the sect. He had absolutely no guile in his nature. He had had but six months' common school education, but possessing considerable natural ability, he had to some degree remedied his deficiencies in this particular. He wrote a fair hand, spelled well and conversed with some facility on ordinary topics, but was absolutely ignorant of any language but his native English, and had no knowledge whatever of scientific subjects; this I know to be a fact. James was above the medium height, very thin and spare, blonde complexion, light hair and blue eyes—a natural negative organization. When I first made his acquaintance he was employed in the yards of one of the railroad companies in Chicago, making up trains or some employment of that character.

Of James's original development as a medium I know nothing, as I first knew him in his abnormal character, in which he was truly marvelous, being perfectly familiar with all languages, living and dead, and with all subjects—religion, science, philosophy and ethics.

I have heard this man speak and deliver long discourses in German, Spanish, Italian, French, Latin, Greek and other tongues which I did not know. I have taken scholarly linguists in his presence and to them he demonstrated that he spoke in foreign tongues.

I have heard him deliver lectures on a great variety of scientific subjects, on political economy, theology and natural philosophy. His thought and method of treatment were of the very highest types of intellectual ability. Of course James did not profess to do this of himself, he was in fact, wholly unconscious of doing anything. When entranced, the controlling spirit would say, for example: "The Baron von Humboldt will address you this afternoon on the Cosmos." Then in a discourse or lecture of an hour's duration he would give a condensed history of the origin and development of the world. I remember on one occasion he took up the nebular or La Place theory, adopted it as the true one, and traced the rise and progress of the earth through the evolution of matter to its present condition, in a most comprehensive and masterly manner. At another time it was said: "John Quincy Adams will speak to you to-day on the political condition of your country," and with all the grace, dignity and eloquence of the famous old Senator from Massachusetts when addressing the Senate of the United States, this medium delivered a speech of which Adams himself would not have been ashamed. It was in the war times, and fully embodied the sentiments which we know were predominant in Mr. Adams's mind—the permanency of the Union and liberty for the slave. It was before the emancipation proclamation, but the speaker assured his hearers that the day was close at hand when the oppressed and abused slave should walk out in freedom before all the world.

I remember one very remarkable occurrence. James was entranced by the spirit of Michael Angelo, and a lady medium present was controlled by Raphael, and these two, partly in Italian and partly in English, discoursed upon art, painting, architecture and sculpture in a manner calculated to produce a lasting impression upon the minds of those who were so fortunate as to be witnesses of the scene. The spirits were evidently fearful of losing control of the medium, and in their hasty desire to speak constantly, interrupted each other, but they referred to the great works in which they had been engaged while on the earth, and the monuments they had left behind them. I remember Raphael particularly speaking of his last great painting of the Transfiguration, which he declared he had left in an unfinished condition in Rome, and which he desired to complete if he only had the opportunity. I regret that I am not able at this distant time to give full details of these, their marvelous revelations. I had short-hand notes taken which were afterwards written out, but unfortunately they were all destroyed in the great Chicago fire in 1871.

James was also a drawing medium, and as such he executed many fine pictures. His method of work in this direction was quite beyond the capacity of any human being. He operated with six pencils, three in each hand, each pencil doing a separate part of the work at the same time; the consequent rapidity of execution was something wonderful. James once drew a colossal picture of Lincoln, which measured seven and one-half feet in length. The sheet of paper was laid upon the floor, and upon it, without any outline or measurements, he first made an eye, and then in its proper relative position a boot. When the outlines were completed, these came into their proper places. The picture was a fair likeness of Lincoln, and represented him in the act of reading the emancipation proclamation. The pictorial heading of your paper, with its name in the letters as they now stand, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, all finished and complete as it is, was done by James in the manner above stated. The engraver who reproduced it, has not altered one line or mark; yet this man in his natural condition could not draw the outline of a barn.

James located the first artesian well which was bored in Chicago. He declared by his clairvoyant sight that a stream of water could be found many hundreds of feet beneath the surface. The boring was done and the water found, and this well was the originator of the numerous other wells which now supply our parks and factories. James afterward went to the oil regions of Pennsylvania where he was successful in locating productive oil wells. Since 1869, I have lost sight of him, but wherever he may be he is a marvelous intellectual medium, and as honest and truthful as the sunlight.

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